

## Prologue

In a cave somewhere on the coast of Dover the future of a young wizard was discussed. "They are full of rage Sir, they would be easy for us to control. They blame themselves for many things that happened these past years. Just imagine if we got someone so powerful, someone so beloved by the people." Lucius Malfoy was honored standing in Voldemort's presence. "My son says that at the Yule Ball they were obsessed with someone they couldn't have. If we could manipulate those feelings we could have ourselves an ally unlike any other. After what happened when you came back they are weak, they could be ours!" Lucius shouted this last part drawing the rage of Voldemort.

"Shut it Malfoy. It would take a great deal to do what you propose. If we could turn them on their friends, Dumbledore, the whole Ministry of Magic, it would be a great victory to turn an enemy into an ally. They blame themselves for my servant Pettigrew being free, that rage at themselves has been building up inside of them these past years." He bellowed a deep cold laugh causing Lucius to shiver.

"Yes my Lord, it would be our greatest victory yet." Voldemort waved Malfoy off as he sat in his chair whispering to himself.

"Potter...."

Many miles away a boy woke up in bed pain searing across his scar. "Voldemort." He was awakening from a nightmare of another boy dead by the same wizard that woke him up. He hated what he had done. If he had just grabbed the trophy without Cedric, if he had just been selfish enough to take it, if only... "Damn it damn it damn it!!!" He pounded his bed as the hatred flowed through him. "Damn it, I guess I'll read some more, I'm turning into bloody Hermione." Opening his book the thought of Hermione warmed him.

## Chapter 1 Summer Swells and Lover Bells

It was another hot day at #4 Privet Drive as Harry lay on his bed sweating in his boxers and sleeveless shirt. Hedwig had left a week ago and Harry felt jealous because Hedwig could leave for some

place cooler. He was bored out of his mind; Aunt Petunia had made him stay upstairs while the gardeners and designers she hired fixed up the backyard. He wished he could go out there, and one time made his window disappear just like the time at the zoo. Thankfully it reappeared when he thought about bringing it back. "I can't believe that I am a wizard, famous all over the wizarding world, yet I can't do anything here! I did all my homework, even did more than was asked, and now I have nothing to do!" He kept thinking to himself. He started looking over his homework checking for misspelled words and added more onto what he already had. He looked over what he wrote again and sat it down.

Doing homework made him think of Hermione and all the times she had hounded him and Ron to do the homework when they first got it. "Well now that I have she's not here to see it." He tossed it onto the floor remembering the train station; Hermione had kissed him on the cheek, something she had never done before. The thoughts in his head brought him to Cho, someone he wished he could have kissed, danced with at the Yule Ball, he had a crush on her but now it was different. Cho had been with Cedric who was dead because of him. "No way will she even want to be near me let alone date." Thinking about it more passed the time quickly.

Harry heard grunting outside then screams followed by something breaking. Harry looked outside to see three workers yelling at Dudley. "What are you doing you tub of lard! I told you to hold onto that rope until I said so!" Dudley just laughed and ran back inside as the mess he left outside was being cleaned up by the workers.

"I can't believe Dudley, he couldn't hold onto a rope?" Ron would get a laugh at that. I Might as well write him since I have nothing better to do." Harry decided as he got to his desk with a quill and parchment.

Hey Ron

Right now Hedwig is out flying somewhere cooler so not sure when this will get to you. It is really hot here; hope it is cooler at the Burrow, or at least more fun. My Aunt and Uncle have me locked in my room until the gardeners and designers leave every day. I did my homework I was so bored, even added some extra lines on my

Transfiguration homework and Potions. Professor Snape will probably think I cheated and had Hermione write my paper it is so long. By the way, you didn't see what Hermione did when we got off the train, did you? It was strange, I don't know why she did it, might write her after I get done with this, not that it matters since Hedwig isn't here. I wish I could go outside; even if it was just to help the people that are working on the garden, just to be outside would be enough. Well, write me soon and send a Daily Prophet or some sweets if you can, anything would be better then being here.

P.S. We know Hermione is a Prefect, no way she wouldn't get it, but who do you think the other one will be? After all the things I've done I doubt I will. Probably Neville since you were usually right behind me in everything. I hear someone coming up the stairs so I am going to stop writing, bye Ron.

Sincerely Bored;

Harry

Harry just gets his quill and parchment away when a large burly man walks in. "Oh sorry boy, I was looking for the bathroom and your mother told me it was up here at the end of the hall." Harry smiles and tells him it is at the other end of the hall. Putting away his books he goes to lie back on the bed when the door opens again.

"The bathroom is on the other side of the hall." Harry points out his door. "Then to the right."

"No no, I know that now. I was just wondering if you could help me outside boy. That tub of lard living here is about as useless as a pygmy with no arms. How about you come down and help? Wait, are you grounded or something boy? I haven't seen you outside, or downstairs, or anywhere else." He looked around the room thinking about how small it was for a teenage boy. Harry sits up and smiles at the large man.

"No I'm not grounded or anything, it is just my Aunt and Uncle didn't want me getting in your way." The Large man laughs deeply.

“Boy, you worried about getting in the way? Then why did they sic that lump of lard on us? Aunt and Uncle? I guess that is why you don’t look like that other dolt. He was to hold on to a rope so the other guys could get the mulch dumped off the back of the truck. Now we need to shovel it off which will probably take us another hour. Then again, you’re Aunt and Uncle is paying us by the hour so not too bad.” He points at Harry “You look like you could lift something more than cake to your mouth.” He mimics Dudley making Harry laugh “Come down boy and I’ll meet you to the guys.” Harry gets up and walks over, but before he leaves he taps the man on the shoulder.

“Sorry sir, I forgot to introduce myself, I’m Harry Potter.” He sticks his hand out and the large man grabs it.

“I’m Mr. Spinnet, nice to meet you Harry. Hmmm, Potter, name sounds familiar. No, couldn’t be.” He turned around as Harry followed close behind.

Outside for the first time in four days Harry was working hard and trying to prove himself to the others. He was surprised at how strong some of them were and was kind of ashamed of his body. For a wizard his body was great, but for working outside like a muggle, just pathetic. “Maybe I’ll start using some of Dudley’s weights, not that he ever used them.” Harry thinks to himself. Straining to pick up a bag of sod his back strains and shoots pain up into his brain.

“Boy, that’s not how you do it, like this!” A large black man named Michael picks the bag up with ease. “Do it with your knees, not your back boy, unless you want to be crippled when you get to be 30.” Michael walks over and sets the bag down. “How about you unload the mulch from the back of the truck? Should be easy enough on your scrawny self, the shovels should already be in there.” Harry jumped up and got to work.

Harry helped the landscaping workers for the rest of the day, and by the time they left was happier than ever since he been home that summer. Pain and happiness kept him going and was glad he was able to shower before he went to bed falling flat on his face, not even seeing that Hedwig was back. Hedwig hooted twice but Harry heard nothing. Hedwig saw the letter Harry had written earlier and grabbed

it. It was cooler where Ron lived and Hedwig had no problem flying there to deliver a letter. Leaving Harry behind sleeping on the bed sweating Hedwig hooted once and left.

Harry woke up when Hedwig started pecking him on his ear. His dream was rather a strange one he had at least twice a week since he had gotten home. He shooed her away and rolled over onto a large envelope. Debating whether or not to get up and read the letter and stay in bed ended when Hedwig started pecking him again. He shooed her away again and grabbed the envelope. Harry was on the front of it and felt rather thick. He tore it open to find a letter and several pictures pouring out of it. He picked up a picture and saw Hermione waving at him in front of what looked like old ruins which he realized were Roman when the Hermione in the picture pointed to a sign saying "Welcome to Rome". He grabs the letter and unfolds it and is surprised that the letter shimmered in different colors.

Dear Harry

Hi Harry, I did an enchantment on the ink; hope it stayed on long enough for you to see it. If it is shining never mind this part.

Anyways, I have been having fun! Just left Rome and heading for Romania! Lord Dracula's castle there and I hope we get to see it. Supposedly there are old runes and I can't wait to see them, going to right them down for Professor Vector and see if they can be translated. We were going to visit Victor but now we aren't, I'll tell you about that later.

Before that we were in Spain, beautiful beaches and the water was so nice. I was amazed that there are wild monkeys in the cities, at least the ones we visited. My mom and dad say hi by the way. I have been taking a bunch of pictures and using special laments to make them move instead of being regular pictures. I was hoping to see Viktor but well, I guess when he left Hogwarts he decided I wasn't good enough for him. Made me so angry, he sent me a letter to break up with me! What a coward, couldn't have told me before he left that he didn't want to date anymore. But I guess I knew it was going to happen, why I wanted to write you.

I know I made you feel awkward when I kissed you, and you didn't say anything. I just wanted to tell you that I like you, but couldn't so I showed it I guess. But I guess you like Cho and probably shouldn't have done it, sorry about that Harry. You probably just see me as a brain you can pick apart for help with your homework, just friends, right Harry?

Write me when you get a chance! And be better than Ron, he sent a letter that was only one paragraph long, like he is so busy he doesn't have time to write more. Wonder what he is doing though since he didn't tell me much in his one paragraph, just that Bill and Fleur are getting married.

With Love;

Hermione

"Wow" Harry whispers not wanting to wake anyone else up. "I didn't know she felt like that. She's Hermione, my best friend; could she really like me like that?" The kiss back at the train station was in the letter, did it mean more than just as a friend? He put the letter down and goes through the pictures, mostly Hermione and her parents in front of different buildings, but one picture felt different than the others. He saw it was two pictures stuck together and peeled them apart. He was amazed at the other picture, the one he couldn't see before. It was Hermione on a beach, tanning in a bikini while the waves washed up around the chair she was laying in. She opened her eyes and waved at him smiling. "Wow" was all Harry could say. He shoved the picture into his Transfiguration book for safe keeping. With Hermione in the bikini being the last thing in his head he went to sleep.

Harry wasn't sure if he wanted to get up anymore. He remembered yesterday and all the work he did and how hard it was. But if he wanted to be outside it was what he was going to do. "I need to get in better shape. Some of those guys look like they could take a Mountain Troll and a Blast Ended Skrewt with no magic." Harry gets his shoes on and creeps out of the house and decides where to run. Looking back and forth he decides the park a mile away would be a good place to go, wouldn't look out of place there. But as he is

running he gets tired and by the end of the block was too winded to go any farther. "I better go back before I am too tired to work today." Harry mumbles to himself jogging back slowly.

Harry continued working and running, muscles building and he was proud of himself. "Boy, you look a lot better now! All you needed was a good job and people to give you the work they didn't want to do!" Michael laughs at his joke. Harry didn't mind it for Michael was right, Harry was tan, he had muscles, and he could run all the way to the park and back without stopping. Dudley didn't like the new Harry because now Harry could beat him up if he wanted to. Harry didn't though for no matter how bad Dudley had treated him Harry didn't want to be like that.

"Who knows Michael, when I go back to school I am going to have to find something to do so these don't go to waste." Harry flexes the muscles he developed. Michael laughs as Harry strikes a pose.

"Boy with muscles like that the women will be all over you, although snogging doesn't take up a lot of muscle." Michael chuckled lightly. "Or do you already have a girl?" Harry blushed and Michael thought he had the answer. "So you do? I bet she'll be a cute one isn't she? What's her name? How long have you been dating? My woman and I have been together for over three years now, she says she wants to get married but we just haven't had the money for it. But she got a job this year over at the Maggie In All the Hall Store in Dover, and with all the work we have had this summer I'll be able to buy that ring she wants." He smiled at Harry; his face becoming blank as he became lost in thoughts of his girlfriend, but Harry wasn't sure what to say about his situation with Hermione. Thinking of her made him realize he hadn't written her back.

"She might get mad if I don't soon and she is one witch you don't want to make mad." Harry realized he hadn't said anything when he saw that Michael was looking at him funny so Harry replied. "Well, we aren't really dating I guess, we've been friends for years and last year she kissed me, but I'm not sure about it. I have another friend who likes her, but he hasn't told her and I am worried about him. He is such an Immature Git when it comes to anything nowadays; he got to be eleven and just stopped growing which is getting annoying now

that we are old enough to know better.” Harry was mad at himself for saying such things about Ron, but they were true.

Harry thought about Hermione, she did look beautiful at the Yule Ball, where she was with Victor Krum. She was one of his best friends, next to Ron who had a crush on her. She was the smartest most beautiful witch in Hogwarts now that he thought about it, so why would she like him? Sure he was the famous Harry Potter, but she liked him for more than that. “She’s been with me and Ron for just about everything so it’s not about me being famous. He did like her but did he like her like that?” The thoughts distracted him as he tried to imagine himself kissing her, snogging, more.

“Well Boy, break is over, we have to get the cement in so we will start putting in the pedestals your Aunt wanted.” Michael gets up and walks away leaving a dazed and confused Harry who tried to get Hermione out of his head but failed.

The cement in place the four pedestals to be placed at the four corners of the garden. “Easy there boys, take it back slowly.” Mr. Spinnet was giving orders as three of the other workers were placing one of the large pedestals into place. Suddenly one of the workers slipped and Harry ran over to grab the pedestal before it fell onto the others. Somehow Harry had held it and slammed it into place as the other two had backed off. “Wow there ‘Arry” and “I can’t believe it.” Were heard by Harry.

“What did I do?” he thought to himself, he did wandless magic in front of muggles! “The Ministry will know, I am in so much trouble, please don’t expel me! I won’t be able to see Ron or Hermione next year.” Mr. Spinnet grabbed Harry by the shoulder and drags him over to the front of the house.

He sits Harry down as he gets out a pack of smokes. “Harry Potter, I knew your name sounded familiar when you told me. My daughter goes to that school of yours, Alicia; I think you two know each other.” Harry sat there open mouth ready to catch flies. Never had he thought that a wizard had been so close to him all this time, someone like him.



"You mean you are a wizard too?" Mr. Spinnet laughed at the thought.

"No Harry, I am a muggle, Alicia and her powers, I don't have a clue where they came from. If I was a wizard I would be able to do a spell to help me quit these damn things." He shakes the pack to get a cigarette out, offers it to Harry but took it back when Harry waved it away. "But Campbell is; the guy over there at the truck. Don't worry; we can blame testosterone or whatever that's called. You know, it was just last week I read about an old woman who lifted a car off a man, the panic button just gave her a boost of power and saved the poor guy from being crushed. Amazing what a human can do when they need to." He looked at Harry trying to calm him down.

Harry sighed a little, but knew it wasn't over. "Sir, it's just that I am under age, I can't perform magic at home, and the Ministry will know. I don't want to get expelled." Mr. Spinnet got a worried look on his face, but then he got an idea.

"Hey! Campbell, get over here, now!" Campbell jogs over to see what the problem is. "Campbell we have a problem."

"Wha' it be Sir?" Mr. Spinnet looked at him.

"Listen, this boy just did magic under age, says the Ministry will want to get him in trouble, since you are a wizard and old enough was wondering if you could tell them you did it." Campbell looked at his feet.

"Well Sir, I guess I could, but the Ministry won't be liking me doing magic in front of muggles." Mr. Spinnet puts his hand on Campbell's arm.

"Don't worry Campbell, I think a pay raise could make that sting go away." They both laughed understanding that there would be no pay raise, this was for Harry, the best worker they had in years. Thankfully for Harry; Campbell agreed just as a Ministry of Magic worker Apparated in the front yard.

"Wotcher, Harry, what do you think you are doing? Magic in front of muggles! You are lucky I came or you would very well be getting your

wand snapped now!" Harry was astounded by a woman with bright pink hair and purple eyes.

"Who are you? I don't even know who you are." She looked at Campbell completely ignoring Harry.

"Well then Campbell, was it you who did it? Because if it was you Campbell I wouldn't have to do any paper work when I got back." She smiled sweetly at him batting her eyes. "Well Campbell?"

"Well Tonks it is sad to say but yes I did do it." Campbell tried to keep himself from laughing "There was an accident while I was working and I used magic to save a couple muggles. I know I will have to pay a 25 Galleon fine for it, but don't worry Tonks, it wasn't Harry." She stopped smiling as he winked at her.

"But who are you? I've never seen you before have I?" Harry said louder this time but again she ignored him.

"Alright then Campbell, I'll see what I can do about the fine since it was to save muggles. Well, guess I will get going then, nice to meet you though Campbell." With a loud crack she Apparated.

"Well then Harry, problem solved I take it?" Mr. Spinnet smiled and laughed. "How about we get back to work?"

"Oh, problems? Well, this one is over for now." Harry thought as he realized it has been close to a week since Hermione wrote him. "Sir, can I quit for the rest of the day? I have something I really need to do." Mr. Spinnet thought about it at first but smiled easing Harry's worries.

"Fine, after that bit of work I can't ask much more from you can I Harry? With a show like that, did the work of three men! Go on Harry, you probably have to do your homework with those quills your type use." Harry nods then runs into the house and into his room thankful for a break. Passing a rather large Dudley Harry flexed his muscles to get Dudley to jump. "If only I had started this earlier." Harry turned and walked to the stairs. When he got up to his room he saw a letter on his bed. "Good, Ron wrote back. Wonder what took him so long,

not like he is busy with anything. De-Gnoming a garden isn't that hard or takes a lot of time. He opened the letter.

Hey Bored

I feel bad for you, I asked my mom if you could come for the summer but she said no. Have you heard from Hermione? She wrote me and said she was in about to be in Rome. I wrote back, but guess she is having too much fun in Rome to write back.

Anyways, I am going with my dad to work and been really busy too. In fact, don't write me back just yet, I will send something when I have it. You are going to love it! Should show up around August 1st if I get it when I think I will. Just wait till then to write me back so you can thank me a hundred times over.

P.S. Bill is getting married! Him and Fleur were working at Gringotts and started dating, but Bill popped the question and she said yes! Mom isn't too happy about it, but I don't care, Fleur is so beautiful, and she makes Bill happy. Of course, no one could be anything but happy if they had Fleur all to themselves for the rest of their lives. I'm going to stop now, that thought is too much, lucky Bill.

Your Friend;

Ron

Harry folded it back up and put it away. "Well, looks like he is too busy to write more than one paragraph. Hermione was making such a fuss about how little he wrote. I guess he didn't tell her about going to work with Mr. Weasley. Wonder why though, it's not that big of a deal to keep it from Hermione." Hermione! "Oh no, I still have to write her back." Harry thought to himself as he went to his desk. "I am too tired for this." Harry went back to his bed and took a nap.

The dream came to him again in the same place every time. In a cave near the ocean, he could smell the salt from the ocean. He comes up behind a person who looks like him, same hair, same clothes as his first year in Hogwarts, but then they turn around. It's not him but a girl with his hair, with his eyes. She screams for help reaching out

towards him but he can't move. She doesn't look much younger than him, a year at most if that. Her eyes remind him of his mother as people always told him he had his mother's eyes. "Who are you? Where are you?" He asked himself as the light faded away, the girl became smaller...

When he woke up an hour later he went back to the task at hand. Sitting back at his desk with quill and parchment Harry was stuck on what he wanted to say. He read over Hermione's letter again to try and think of some way to reply to the last part of her letter. That she liked him as more than friends was something Harry had never dealt with. Well, past Ginny's crush on him. He sat there thinking and actually fell asleep. When he woke up an hour later he still had to write the letter and decided he will think of something as he was writing. "This is harder than History of Magic homework. She is going to be mad at me, been over a week since she wrote me. Better make the apology good." Harry mumbled to himself as he began to write whatever came to his head.

Dear Hermione

Sorry it has been so long, I have been busy working on the garden here, been so nice to be outside working with my hands. I have been running every morning to build up strength so I can do more outside with the others. You'll be surprised when you see me I bet, I have muscles! But it is no excuse for not writing you back, I'm sorry. I didn't really know how to respond to your last letter. I'm glad you are having fun wherever you are, but I don't know what to say about the other part.

I was embarrassed by the kiss but it wasn't all that bad. I just wish I had known it was coming to give one back. It's just that we have been friends, and while I knew you were a girl, well, a woman, I wasn't going to ask you because I was kind of obsessed with Cho. I mean, sorry....

Ron was wrong when he got mad at you because someone else realized you were a woman before he did, but I still wasn't going to ask you because I didn't know if you would say yes anyways. Now, knowing how you feel, and Cho was nice, but after Cedric died she

changed, she isn't the Cho I know, but you are the Hermione I know. Maybe next time we see each other I can show you what I want to say in this letter. You are more than just a brain I can use for homework Hermione. You are my friend and if you want to be more we could try. But you are Hermione, my best friend, after Ron, and if we do this it might change us. I'd hate for us to stop being friends if things don't work out.

But you realize that Ron might not like this. As much as he is our friend he is an immature git. He hasn't grown a bit since he first went to Hogwarts. What happens if we do decide to try and be more than friends and when Ron finds out he snaps? You've seen how he reacts to little things and this won't be a little thing. You also know he likes you now that he has realized how much of a woman you are, but he is just too much of an Immature Git to say anything. Hell, he didn't even think of you as a woman until he was desperate for a date last year. Maybe we can go get our things at Diagon Alley at the same time, talk about how you want to take this and all.

Write back when you get a chance Hermione, and am still sorry for taking so long. You probably are so busy learning so much you didn't even notice it's been a week. Did you get those runes written down like you talked about for Professor Vector? I've never taken Ancient Runes, what do they look like? Show me when we see each other, I'm actually curious about what runes Dracula used. I've seen all those movies with him and nothing is mentioned about runes. Like I said, write back when you get a chance, bye Hermione.

Sincerely;

Harry

"Hedwig, take this to Hermione please." Harry tied the letter onto Hedwig's leg after giving her an owl treat from under his bed. Just as he was getting ready to lie down again someone banged against his door.

"HARRY! HARRY! Let me in! Come on Harry, open up!" Dudley was pounding so hard Harry was afraid he would break the door down. The door burst open after it had cracked in several places and Dudley

waddled in scaring Harry and Hedwig. "Harry, these people just showed up and said they are friends of yours! You better get down there before my dad throws them out!" Dudley waddled back out and Harry ran out of his room to hurry down the stairs. When he got there he was dumbfounded. There stood his God Father Sirius Black with Mr. and Mrs. Granger and Hermione. She had bruises on her neck and a deep cut on her arm making Harry not see her coming.

"Harry!" Hermione yelled and ran towards him hugging him hard as she ran into him. He was shocked at first but then realized she was crying.

"Hermione, what's wrong?" Sirius spoke up.

"Well Harry it seems the Death Eaters were after Hermione and her parents. They were in the South of France when they were attacked in the middle of a muggle market by three Death Eaters. But luckily there were some of our people there who weren't worried about doing magic in front of muggles and scared them off." Harry let Hermione go as she kept crying and sat down.

"Why are you bringing her kind here?" Uncle Vernon roared pointing at the Grangers. "They aren't welcomed!"

"Vernon, for your information they are Muggles, just like you. They are dentists as a matter of fact." Sirius pointed out making Vernon shut up for the moment. "The reason we are here is because Hermione was attacked and needs to be kept safe. The charms and protection that we have used for Harry these past years will be used to keep Hermione safe. Before you ask we will pay you for the expenses." Sirius pulled out a briefcase and showed the Dursley's what the Grangers and Sirius had gotten to pay for keeping Hermione for the next couple months. "But if not we could always take her somewhere else."

"But we don't have any place to put her." Aunt Petunia said before anyone else could say anything.

"But what about the guest room upstairs?" Harry asked, getting a death stare from Aunt Petunia. "No one is using it."

"That is for guests, and she is not a guest!" Uncle Vernon grabbed her and took her into the kitchen where the others could hear yelling through the door. Finally they both walked out and said that yes, Hermione can stay. Just then Hedwig flew down the stairs and into Hermione's arms delivering Harry's letter.

"What is this Harry?" Hermione looks at the letter. "You just now got around to writing me back? Well, I will read it when I get my things upstairs, Sirius could you put a levitation charm on my trunk?" Sirius flicked his wand sending the Dursleys into panic mode but it did what Hermione asked him to do. She walked upstairs after Harry told her where to go trying not to cry the whole way.

Harry looked back at Sirius, "How did it happen? Was anyone hurt? How did it happen!?" Harry was sweating as his voice cracked and he didn't remember why he was like this, he just was.

"Harry, ask Hermione, she needs someone to talk to." Sirius patted Harry on the head then walked out the door with the Grangers. "Well, help her get her stuff sorted out, make sure she doesn't get any of her things in the rest of the house." Uncle Vernon replied to Harry's look of disappointment.

"Sirius, what is he doing out in public? He is still a wanted man and I didn't even say hello to him. He risked being seen just to see me and I didn't even say hello. I can't believe I just did that, sorry Sirius." Harry mumbled to himself.

Harry went upstairs to check on Hermione, not because Uncle Vernon told him to but because he was afraid of what had happened to Hermione and wanted to be sure she was ok. "Hermione?" Harry called out as he knocked on the door.

"Come in." She replied in between sobs. As he did he noticed his letter in her hands and the tears running down her face.

"Hermione!" Harry rushed over and sat next her, wrapping his arm around her shoulders letting her cry on his shoulder.

“Harry, it was so horrible, they killed kids and women, and they even killed this little old woman who was at a vegetable stand. Then these two women pulled wands out and hit some with spells and made the others run away. One had me, his arm was around my neck and he was dragging me towards a portkey until a muggle man came up and tackled him. I still have the bruises on my neck.” It was hard for Harry to understand the rest as she broke down crying burying her face into his chest.

Harry didn't even realize that he had fallen asleep next to Hermione whose eyes were red and puffy from crying. He didn't want to wake her up but when he moved she did. “Harry?” She reached her arm out and hugged him into her. “Don't leave me, not yet.” She sniffed a little but kept herself from crying. After fifteen minutes of laying there she rolled over and sat up. “Sorry Harry, I was really messed up from the attacks and I was having a nightmare. Thank you Harry, I was nervous about coming here since you hadn't written me back. I thought you might have tried to hex me when you saw me or wouldn't let me stay. But your letter, I read it and I couldn't stop myself from crying, thank you Harry.” Hermione leaned down and kissed Harry on his forehead, tip of his nose, and then on his lips. Harry blushed from the kisses and from the thoughts in his mind.

“Why did she do that? I liked it but she, we, I don't know what the hell is going on.” His face blushed some more.

Hermione saw Harry's face go bright red and laughed. “Oh come on Harry, what's so embarrassing about it?” Harry seeing her laugh and smile leaned up and did the same to her, forehead, nose, and lips.

“So Hermione, what's so embarrassing?” Hermione's face became red, though not as much as Harry's.

“Shut up Harry.” Hermione laughed and shoved him off the bed. “What are your Aunt and Uncle going to think about this? We didn't do anything but we were here all night. I don't even remember falling asleep.” Hermione yawns as Harry gets back up but he wasn't worried about it.



"I doubt they even know we are in here Hermione. As long as I don't blow something up in my room they don't notice that part of the house and now you are here this room just disappeared." He laughed at the thought of this room disappearing and how the house would look completely abnormal, something the Dursley's would never allow if they had anything to say about it.

Harry left Hermione in the guest room and went to his own room so he could change into his running clothes. As he comes out of his room he sees Hermione standing there. "What are you doing Harry?" Harry stopped and saw she was wearing shorts and a tank top with running shoes.

"Looks like you know Hermione." She smiled and looked at her feet.

"I was pretty sure what you were going to do Harry. Um, and I wanted to ask you if I could come along." Harry looked at her some more, shook the images out of his head then replied.

"Sure, you may not be up for my usual run but I bet you will be better then when I first started out."

Harry found out he was right on both assumptions. Hermione was able to go farther then the end of the block, and even made it to the park. But as they got there Hermione had to sit on a bench to catch her breath. "Wow Harry, you do this every morning?" Harry nods "Then you go to work in your back yard? I can't believe I am this out of shape." But Harry didn't agree with that.

"Hermione, when I first started I couldn't make it to the end of the block without being winded. Besides, you saying you are out of shape is unbelievable, just look in a mirror." Looking up and down her body, the sweat making her shine again made Harry have to shake his head to get the images out of his head. "She's Hermione who was just attacked and you think of her like that." But the letter boy, what about the letter? The kisses? Harry shook his head at the voice. He had never heard it before.

That night they were back in her room sleeping together, holding on to each other. Harry tried not to once but woke up when he heard

Hermione screaming. Since then he hadn't left her alone. She acted strange sometimes as though Harry was leaving and never coming back. One morning Hermione wouldn't let him leave the bed; Harry was worried but stayed with her. "Harry, don't go, don't leave me."

"Hush Hermione, I won't leave you." She shook her head.

"You don't understand Harry, You-Know-Who is back and he will be after you. He attacked me and he might go after you next time. You-Know-Who wants you dead. I don't want you to die; I don't want you to leave me." She started to cry "Sorry Harry, you have work, go." She started to push him.

"Hermione I won't let him kill me or hurt me. He has tried for years, I fought him face to face and I lived. I'm not leaving you that way anytime soon." He kissed her on her forehead and got ready for work hoping that he was right about Voldemort.

As the weeks continued it got closer and closer to Harry's Birthday. Harry and Hermione continued running and as she caught up to his level they began to go farther and farther. One day they went into the town and saw a restaurant that reminded them of Hogwarts during Halloween Feast. "Wow, wonder how much all that costs." Hermione pressed her face up against the window to get a better view.

"I don't know, and even if I did I don't have any money." Harry put his hands into his pockets.

"But Harry, how long have you been working? I thought they were paying you? I didn't know it was volunteer work or slave labor. What about all the money in your vault? You know you can get it transferred into muggle money. Although they usually charge rates no muggle bank would dare dream of charging. But if you haggle with them you can usually get it down to eight or nine percent." Hermione smiled at him and grabbed his hand to pull him off the sidewalk. Looking around she got a pouch out. "You know what this is Harry?" She showed it to him but he just looked puzzled. "It's a bottomless pouch. I did the charm on it last year for extra credit in Charms. I got my money in here, make up, brush, things like that. But you know it

will be your birthday soon, so how about I take you out for dinner?" Harry was embarrassed thinking about it.

"But isn't the guy supposed to pay for dinner? Like in the movies or shows?" Hermione laughed.

"But it's for your birthday Harry! Besides Harry, I want to eat there and I don't want to go alone." Hermione suddenly looked like she was about to cry. Harry hugged her, feeling the heat come off her skin not caring about how it looked to anyone who saw them. "I don't want to go alone."

"It's ok, they can't get you here, and they don't know where you are. Alright, on Thursday we can go and eat here. But I'm going to ask Mr. Spinnet about money since I have been working for him for awhile."

They walked around some more holding hands before deciding to go back. "Do you want to run or walk back?" Hermione asked as they left town limits.

"We can walk; give us time to be together." Harry liked these moments best, why he hadn't asked Hermione to be his... Wait, he hadn't asked her out. "Hermione, you want to go out with me? I know we have been doing things but I didn't actually ask you if you wanted to go out." She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him deeply.

"Yes Harry, I would love to go out with you." They continued walking towards #4 Privet Drive hand in hand.

Harry woke up the next day and decided he would ask Mr. Spinnet about getting paid. He knocked on Hermione's door to see if she was ready to go running. "When no reply came he opened it to see if she was sleeping. No one was in there! "Hermione? Where are you, it's time to go running." Harry walked in and still couldn't find her. Her running clothes were laid out on her bed, but no Hermione. He heard a door close and looked behind him to see Hermione coming out of the bathroom in nothing but a towel.

“Harry! What are you doing in here?” She glared at him but Harry could see her face becoming red from blushing and not anger.

“Well it’s time to go running and I went to see if you were ready and I didn’t get an answer so I opened the door to see if you were still sleeping....” Harry was suddenly interested in his shoes and the way he tied them and started to leave the room.

“Sorry about that Harry, I got up late and been rushing myself, give me five minutes and I’ll be ready.” Harry waited for five minutes, then ten minutes, then longer. He was starting to get worried when he heard Hermione come down the stairs. “Ok Harry, ready to go.” She had her hair up in a pony tail and looked like she had put lipstick on.

“I thought you said five minutes, been closer to twenty.” Hermione stuck her tongue out at him and went out the door. “Hurry up Harry or you’ll be late for work.” Harry got up and chased after her.

Harry walked up to Mr. Spinnet having just got back from running with Hermione. “Mr. Spinnet? Can I talk to you alone?” Mr. Spinnet set down his tea and glanced at Harry.

“Well, we are now, what is it Harry?” Harry sat next to him at the work bench. “I’ve been working for you for awhile, I wouldn’t ask this because I have had such a great time just being outside, but there is something I want to do and I need some money.” Harry entwined his fingers looking at them so he couldn’t see Mr. Spinnet’s eyes.

“Well Harry, you have been working hard, and you have done everything me and the others have asked. You have done all the work that none of us wanted to do. Do you know how much we hate unloading and spreading the mulch? But you do deserve something. Let me see what I have.” Mr. Spinnet got up and walked to one of the work trucks. “Harry, how much do you need?” Harry thought about it and really wasn’t sure.

“Well, there is this restaurant in town I wanted to take my friend to, you’ve seen her. I’m not sure how much it costs though.” Staring at his feet Harry could feel the heat rise up his neck. Harry heard a laugh coming from the work truck.

"I see, taking your girlfriend out for dinner? When are you going?" Harry blushed and replied.

"On the thirty first, it's my birthday and we saw a restaurant when we were running and I thought it would be nice to take her there to celebrate." Mr. Spinnet got up from the truck. "And I'll need money for that."

"Well, I'll get you some money on Thursday then since I don't have much now. Is that ok Harry?" Harry nearly jumped up to hug him but calmly said.

"It's ok Mr. Spinnet, thank you." Harry went over to the shovels and grabbed one so he could start digging holes for the shrubs and flowers to be planted in.

It was nearly lunchtime when Hermione came out of the house with a plate full of sandwiches. "If anyone is hungry I made sandwiches. I have turkey, baloney, ham, and I'll be back out with the mustard and mayonnaise." Michael and Campbell laughed as they walked over.

"Gee Harry; she sure is nice making us food. She ever let you eat anything else?" Harry blushed at the innuendo and replied.

"No, we haven't even really kissed let alone anything like that."

"To young I guess for that, huh Harry?" Michael punched him in the arm and laughed as he tried to eat. "Although," he said in between bites "These are really good. Maybe we could get her to make some more tomorrow." Harry nodded

"Sure, I'll ask her later tonight. I've never tasted a sandwich like this before. I wonder what she did to it." Harry continued eating until the lunch break was over returning back to work in the backyard.

But it wasn't really working to Harry, he loved it. Work was to be something hard, something you didn't want to do, something you regretted every morning. This was paradise for Harry, never having more fun in a summer then this. All his worries of Voldemort were

gone. The Death Eaters far away where they couldn't get him. And Hermione near him with food and kisses.

When it was around seven that evening Mr. Spinnet and his crew began to pack up for the night. "Harry we are almost done. After tomorrow we are going to go work on a woman's house about three blocks from here. If you'd like to keep working for me I would appreciate it." Harry's face at hearing this news was all Mr. Spinnet needed. "Alright Harry, and tomorrow I'll get you some money for working on this job. Best damn worker I had in years, not one complaint about anything this whole time. Maybe your girlfriend could bring some of those sandwiches to the job site since the guys really seemed to like them. Have to admit they were pretty good." Harry went back into the house to see Hermione.

He went up the stairs to take a shower when he saw Hermione go into her room. "It looked like she was coming from my room." Harry thought as he followed her. "Hermione, what's going on?" He saw Hermione on the bed crying and Harry went over and put his arm around her. "Hermione, what's wrong? Why are you crying?" Hermione kept crying but tried to tell him

"Harry, I was getting the mail from the owl that came in, you'll never believe it!" She showed him a letter crumpled up from her holding it.

Dear Student

Congratulations Student, you have been selected as the Prefect for your House. Your Prefect badge will be in the package attached to this letter. You will be expected to ride in the Prefect car on the train when you first get on the Hogwarts Express September 1st. You are also expected to wear your Prefect Badge when first getting on the train and when entering Hogwarts for the first time and at all school events. If you lose this badge before you get to Hogwarts or while at Hogwarts you will be stripped of all Prefect powers and honors including Prefect bathrooms.

As a Prefect you have the ability to take points from other students who break rules in your presence. You can only do this when wearing your badge, any attempts at trying to take points while not wearing

your Prefect Badge will result in no points being taken. Along with that you have access to the Prefect Bathrooms and will have to attend meetings held once every two weeks for the rest of the school year. With Prefects, the Head Girl and Boy along with the Quidditch Captains of each team will have access to the Bathrooms. This is a privilege and not a right!

All Prefects will be expected to perform certain duties as in helping first year students, keeping other students in line, and to be a role model to all other students at Hogwarts. Abuse of Prefect powers will be punishable by detention, loss of Prefect Bath privileges, and in extreme cases loss of Prefect Badge and powers.

Until then, Congratulations Student on your achievement and honor and hope you will be able to uphold the name of your House, of your position, and yourself in the coming school year.

Harry couldn't believe it! "Hermione, why are you crying? You are a prefect! Isn't this what you wanted?" Hermione kept crying and handed him the badge "Harry Potter" was on the front. "Oh, well, where's yours?" Harry looked around for another letter, another badge. Hermione burst into more sobs as it dawned onto Harry. "Wait, you mean you didn't get one? But how is this possible? You're the best witch in our year! Hell, you're the best witch our school has, how can you not be a prefect? I can't believe this, I don't want to be a Prefect without you, it's not right." He held her some more while going on about how it was wrong for her not to be a Prefect. The greatest muggle born witch in his year, the best witch really at school, he told her that but it didn't help, she kept crying.

He was stroking her back while she cried when something banged against the window. Harry looked to see it was an owl with a large package and an envelope. "Hermione, look!" He pointed and Hermione saw it. She rushed over to the window and grabbed the package rather roughly. The owl screeched at Hermione and nipped her hand before Harry could get it untied from the owl's leg. Hermione tore it open as the badge fell out and landed in her lap.

"I did it! I'm a Prefect! YES!" She jumped on Harry and kissed him hard on the mouth knocking the wind out of him.

"Yes, you did, and if you don't be quiet my Aunt and Uncle are going to be mad." She hugged Harry harder and kept talking into his chest as more tears flowed. "Told you that there was no way you wouldn't be a Prefect." When Hermione was done crying Harry noticed two more letters. "Where did they come from? I didn't see them before." He picked them up and saw it was what they needed for the new school year. "Hermione, it says here that Prefects need Dress Robes, I wonder why." She looked at the list and saw something that Harry didn't.

"Look Harry, we are having transfer students from the States!" She was right, at the bottom of the list it noted

This year will be the first year Hogwarts has transfer students in over twenty years. When they arrive they will be given your best behavior and although they are not first year students you as a Prefect will be expected to help them.

Harry sat the letter down "I guess we are the only ones who got that part. I wonder who they are, or what house they will be put in." Harry wondered about the Sorting Hat and what he will do with students who aren't first years.

"I don't know Harry; do we really want any more students then what we already have? With You-Know-Who back they might be in danger if they come here. Why are they coming here, did their parents move here or something?" Harry tapped her on the shoulder and shouted at her.

"Voldemort!" When she turned around.

"Sorry Harry, Vol-Voldemort."

"If you fear the name what can you do about the person it belongs to?" He wasn't afraid of Voldemort or his name, just his actions. Harry held her to him as they lay back on her bed and fell asleep.



Far away in London sat two parents alone worrying about their only daughter. "Honey you sure it was ok to leave her with Him?" His wife looked over.

"Sure, why wouldn't it be?"

"Well they are teenagers, and being in the same house together, I can remember what it was like being a teen." His wife laughed

"I'm sure that you do remember and I do to. They are growing up dear and they may do things I don't to think about but our daughter is a good girl and from what we have heard about the boy these past four years he will be just as honorable." He grunted

"I guess, I still don't like it though, she is my baby, I remember seeing her come out of you so small." Tears started coming in his eyes as he thought of the happiest moment of his life.

"I know dear, but she is mature enough to make her own decisions." He growled at the memory of his daughter, his baby, talking about some boy she knew at her school.

"I don't care how much she talks about him we barely know who he is. Supposedly famous for doing something when he was younger, but the only way we could stop her from seeing him is ban her from going back to school which failed." The kitchen still wasn't the same after his daughter got mad during the argument.

"You knew this was coming with the way she's been talking about him since she got home from her third year at Hogwarts."

## Chapter 2: The Perfect Birthday

It was finally Thursday, his birthday, he was now fifteen! He didn't feel any different, but knew that this year was different. He was just two years away from being an adult, just two more years of school after this, he would be an adult soon and he would have to start acting like it. With Voldemort back and the Death Eaters coming together again, this year would be different. "Today I change everything. I have to start acting older, I'm not an Immature Git like Ron, and I am a grown man. I do not let childish things get to me no matter how hard it is to keep myself from hexing Draco. I do not allow Professor Snape to humiliate me, and I apologize to him and thank him for what he did for me the next time I see him." He said trying to see it in his mind, an older, mature Harry that didn't let Draco or Snape get to him.

"Oh really Harry?" Harry startled knocked over a book as he turned to see Hermione standing in the doorway.

"Did you hear that?"

"Yes, and I like it. You are a man, you have faced You-Know-Who twice, last time face to face with him, you have killed a Basilisk, beat a Hungarian Horntail, you are definitely a man." Hermione walked over, threw her arms around Harry's neck and kissed him deep on the mouth. Harry surprised by this went to say something but all he got when his mouth opened in protest was Hermione's tongue. Harry couldn't believe it, how good it felt, his mind exploded and he was disappointed when Hermione finally broke the kiss.

"Wow, a lot better then I thought it would be." She smiled.

"Let's just say that was an early Birthday present." Hermione left his room and went down the stairs quickly. "Are you coming Harry?" Harry quickly shook the cobwebs out of his head and ran down to catch her seeing her in a completely new light. Running next to her had become to mean more to him. Tonight was going to be their first You-Know-What and he was nervous.

"I don't have anything to wear to a place like that. My best clothes are robes, and my hair, it should look better for our first, our first...." Harry

couldn't bring himself to say it, the Boy Who Lived, the boy who faced Voldemort and lived could not say that one word. "I am not a coward, it's just this is big, this is something unlike anything else. I can't do this with magic, with thinking, this is emotions. What am I going to do if Hermione isn't happy with what we do tonight? I don't want to lose a friend if it means we don't ever...." Harry shook these thoughts out of his head but they kept coming back. "If Hermione thinks this is all a mistake I will be crushed, I just know it. But it isn't it's what we are meant to do, I just feel it." Hermione saw the look on Harry's face.

"Harry what are you thinking about?" He shook his head.

"Nothing Hermione just kind of nervous about tonight, I don't have the right kind of clothes, or my hair, it's always a mess..." She started to laugh.

"Like it matters Harry? As long as you bring yourself I will be the happiest woman in the world." Hermione happy, it is what he wanted. As they ran they decided to take a different route so they wouldn't pass the restaurant that they planned to go to.

"Today I have to get the money from Mr. Spinnet, I hope it's enough." Harry lost in thought nearly ran into Hermione when she stopped in front of him. "Hermione what's wrong?" Hermione turns around.

"Harry, did you hear that?" Harry looked around confused. "I thought I heard footsteps behind us but it didn't sound like ours. I must be hearing things, paranoid about You-Know-Who and his Death Eaters." Harry clears his throat. "Voldemort." She shook her head and started running again with Harry following.

"It's ok Hermione I won't let them hurt you, nothing will hurt you with me here." He thought to himself seeing Hermione turn around looking for someone following them that wasn't there.

Around eight Harry was getting dressed into the best clothes he could round up. Although best was something Dudley hadn't worn since he was ten but fit Harry like a glove. "I have to do something about my hair; I need it to stay down for once." As he thought this his hair immediately became shorter and parted on the right. "What the? How

did I do that?" Thinking back to all the times his Aunt had tried to cut it short and how it always grew back because he wanted it to. "Oh no, please tell me the Ministry didn't pick that up." But then again, they never did pick up on it, did they? All the other times he had done it. Maybe the Ministry didn't pick up on Human Transfiguration. "Well, it does look exactly how I wanted it, except I want the part on the left." The second he thought this his hair changed and parted on the left. "Alright." He turned and left the bathroom to see if Hermione was ready.

Knocking on her door he heard a squeal "Harry wait! I'm not done yet." So Harry stood there for ten minutes waiting for Hermione to be "done", whatever that meant. He was getting ready to knock again when the door swung open. Harry was glad he had waited for her to be "done" for the sight before him was amazing.

"Wow Hermione, you look spectacular. You look even better then you did at the Yule Ball." Harry kept looking over Hermione when he heard a muffled yelp from behind. Harry turned around to see Dudley cheating on his diet with two cookie boxes and a bag of potato chips. "What do you want Dudley? Go away." Harry flexes his arms scaring Dudley back into his room.

"Is that all he does? I haven't seen him without food in his hands or mouth since I've been here." Harry chuckled.

"No, that's about all he does since he was put on his diet." Hermione chuckled back. "Pathetic isn't he? Well, ready?"

"I'm ready." Holding her hand they went downstairs with smiles bright enough to blind anyone who looked. When they got outside Harry thought he saw the grass move as though someone was walking on it, but he figured he was just seeing things.

They walked to the restaurant holding hands. "Wow Harry, what did you do to your hair? I've never seen it look, uh, organized." Harry smiled.

"I did Human Transfiguration. Since I could always make it look how it did before I figured I could change it for our, uh, you know what."

"Date! I can't believe you Harry, you can say You-Know-Who's name but you can't say date! Come on, say it!" She prodded him with a finger.

"Look Hermione, I know what this is, and so do you, do I really need to say that?" Hermione not giving up kept prodding him.

"Come on Harry, if you say date I'll say You-Know-Who's name." Harry sighed grabbing her hand to stop her.

"Fine Hermione. I am glad that we could go on our first..." Harry paused hoping Hermione would back out of the deal but she wouldn't let him have that satisfaction. "Date on my birthday. There now say Voldemort." Hermione shuttered a little when Harry said it but wouldn't break the deal, she made it and wasn't going to let Harry down. "Say it Hermione or you'll be breaking the deal."

"Fine Harry I'll say it. Vol, Vol-Voldemort!" She yelled it so loudly people on the street stared at her. Hermione laughed even louder to break the tension. "There, happy Harry?" Harry nods.

"I will be when we get to the restaurant." Holding her hand they walked the rest of the chatting about how strange it would be doing this. He thought he heard a chuckle from behind them but no one was there, he was just hearing things, or so he told himself. Nothing was going to ruin this for Harry.

"I don't know Harry; it would be great if you think about it. We have been friends for almost five years and been through so much. You know me and I know you, a lot better then trying to date someone you don't know, right?" Harry nodded.

"But what if it doesn't work out? I don't want our friendship to die because we couldn't stay together as a couple. I would much rather have you as a friend then a girlfriend." Hermione smiled and rest her head on his shoulder.

"Don't worry Harry, if you ever decide to break up with me I can hex you into something no other woman would want and make sure only I

could break the spell.” She laughed at the joke but made Harry nervous knowing she could do something like that. Hermione was lost in her thoughts holding Harry’s hand. She had been friends with him ever since he saved her from the troll in their first year. She never really saw him as the Famous Harry Potter he was just Harry to her. He was able to slay a Basilisk his second year to save Ginny using the things she found to do it. She first saw him as something more than a friend when he came back with Ginny not wanting to be a hero. He had saved Hogwarts from closing, killed a Basilisk, saved the lady in distress, and all he wanted to do was make sure she was ok. Her third year she had trouble being around him but was glad to help him save Sirius and Buckbeak even though she had to stop him from capturing Peter. She felt horrible about it but Dumbledore told them to save Buckbeak and Sirius, not stop Peter from escaping. She felt horrible her fourth year saying yes to Krum for the Yule Ball instead of going with Harry. But Harry hadn’t asked, she wasn’t sure how he felt, he was obsessed with Cho after all. Krum wasn’t that bad of a dancer or kisser but he wasn’t Harry. His eyes, his hair, he had changed it for her, for their date. She couldn’t believe she was about to go out on a real date with her best friend.

After walking and talking for what seemed to be forever they got to the restaurant. As they entered they could feel the cool air conditioned air and the humidity go away. “Wow, place looks fancy Hermione, sure we are dressed up enough?” Harry kept looking around as they walked up to a woman standing at the counter. “Uh, we are here to eat, obviously. Are there any tables open?”

“Name?” Hermione interrupted Harry.

“Granger and Potter, table for two, preferably near the back.” Harry looked at her strangely as the woman showed them a table. After sitting down and getting menus Harry looked at Hermione again.

“How did you do that? I didn’t know you could do that without your wand.” Hermione laughed and gave Harry a look.

“Idiot, I called and made reservations! Do you really think we could have just gotten in? I made reservations when we got back to your house that day.”

“Oh, I didn’t even think about that.” Harry said softly, embarrassed he hadn’t thought of something like that and immediately thought that it was magic. Getting tea and bread to start off with they browsed through the restaurant menus. “Go ahead and get what you want Hermione. Mr. Spinnet paid me today so our uh, you know, will be done the right way.” Hermione looked up.

“Harry, it’s your birthday, I’m paying, and it’s a date! Don’t make me tell you again or I’ll get you when we are back at school.” She went back to her menu and decided what she wanted.

“No, I am paying, if this is a, you know, a date, then I am paying. I am a man, and I am paying for this dinner. You are a woman, and on a date the man pays for it.” Hermione smiled trying her best impression of the cat from Alice in Wonderland.

“Fine Harry, you can pay, but I think this Fillet Minong Steak with potatoes looks really good, sure you’ll be able to afford it?” Harry found it on his menu, gaped at the price but wasn’t worried.

“Don’t worry Hermione, I can afford it.” Harry went over the menu and found the cheapest fish on the menu in hopes it would work out. Another woman waiter walked over and they gave their orders.

“Ok, should only be about twenty minutes.” The waitress left them alone and that’s when it happened. Hermione leaned over and kissed Harry again, like she had earlier, but this time Harry saw it coming and was ready for it. They kissed for almost five minutes before their lips and tongues got tired.

“Wow, thanks I guess, definitely happy birthday to me.” Harry held her hands looking into her eyes, but was distracted by the thoughts in his head.

“Yes Harry, happy birthday to you. I can’t believe that a month ago I was feeling like hell, and now I am feeling like heaven. Who needs magic when we have this?” She squeezed his hand and leaned over kissing him on his lips lightly. “I hope we can do this again Harry, it’s so nice to be together as a couple.” Harry let go of her hands as the

waitress came over with their food. After eating they sat and talked some more until the bill got their.

“Hermione, could you bring those sandwiches to the new work site tomorrow? The guys really liked them, and so did I. What did you do to them? None of us could figure it out.” Hermione set her silverware down.

“Just something I learned when in Rome. You take the bread and add pepper and ginger with some garlic to it to give it more flavor.”

“Well, could you Hermione?” Harry hoped she said yes, they were really good and he wanted to try them again.

“I guess I could Harry. Seeing you work is really strange though. To see how muggles have to do build things is something every wizard and witch should do. Make us appreciate our abilities more and not take them for granted the way some do.” Before Harry could say anything the waitress arrived with the bill.

“Wow, 112 pounds and 21 pence. That’s without the tip, that is a lot more then I thought it would be.” Harry got his wallet out and pulled the money out. Deciding that it didn’t really matter he got all 150 pounds out and sat it down on the bill. “There, that should cover it all.” But Hermione was straining and Harry started to get worried.

“Wait Harry, it’s only 129 pounds and 4 pence, not 150 pounds.” She reached over and grabbed 20 pounds.

“But Hermione, it doesn’t really matter, does it? This is our first date and after this I don’t know if we will have another one.” Hermione looked up and kicked him from underneath the table. “I mean another date that requires Muggle money.” He quickly added when Hermione looked like she was about to kick him again for saying this would be their only date. “You know what I mean?”

“Oh, well, I was hoping we could come again before we left for Hogwarts.” Looking down at her plate she was sorry for kicking him.



"Alright, but you keep it for now alright? I don't need it right now, and I should make more before we leave through the new job site." They stood up and left remembering how good of a time they just had. But before they got out the door they heard a laugh and something moving behind them, just like earlier when they were out running. They turned around but there was nothing there! "Let's get out of here now Hermione." Harry grabbed her arm and nearly dragged her out of the restaurant to get away from whatever it was that followed apparently followed them

Walking down the street they realized that they had spent a long time in there, the sun had set. It was dark and they stayed close together a little worried about what they couldn't see. Halfway there was a noise, a trash can falling over. Harry reached for his wand, but he didn't have it, he left it in his room. Hermione had brought hers out and was pointing it at the trash can. "Who's there?" A laugh came from nowhere.

"Wotcher, put that down before a muggle sees it!" Harry recognized the voice almost immediately.

"Tonks? What are you doing here?" A woman with bright orange hair appeared from underneath an Invisibility Cloak.

"Sorry about that Harry, but the Order had me following you today since it was my turn." Tucking away her cloak, Harry started to get angry.

"Tonight is your turn Tonks? You mean you have been following me and Hermione all summer or what? And what Order? What is going on?" Hermione put her wand away but was getting mad too.

"I haven't, Mundungus, Sirius, a couple others have been too. But tonight was my turn so yes I have been following you. The Order is my business and not for you to know." Hermione grabbed Harry's hand when he started shaking from his anger.

"Why the hell are you so interested in me? We were to be alone tonight and here it is I haven't been alone ever! Leave me alone now damn it, I may not have my wand but I don't need magic to take care

of you or any other Order members!” Tonks backed away when Harry broke Hermione’s grip. He was marching towards her with a fury inside of him he had never felt before. His rage built inside as he thought of all the times him and Hermione had done something, knowing they had been there watching them! How dare they do that! A loud crack was heard and Sirius appeared next to Tonks.

“Harry, calm down it wasn’t you we were worried about, well, not completely. Tonks, it’s ok.” Tonks had been hiding behind Sirius afraid of what Harry might do as his face became even redder from anger. “Hermione was attacked by Death Eaters once and we were worried that they might go after her again.” Harry couldn’t stand it anymore, his privacy had been violated, and Hermione’s.

“Leave us alone, NOW!” The glass window on the front of a TV store shattered as did car windows and the windows of a house nearest them.

“Harry calm down, we didn’t hurt anything and we were trying to keep you and Hermione safe.” Sirens could be heard from the distance. “Apparently this store had a muggle security alarm in it; we better get going before the muggle police show up.” Harry and Hermione began walking the back towards #4 Privet Drive with Tonks and Sirius close behind. “Wait up Harry; you know you can’t lose us so what’s the point of running?” They tried to walk faster but the adults kept right behind them.

When they got to the front of the house Harry turned around again. “Why are you following us? Go away and leave us alone for once this summer!” Sirius grabbed Harry by the arm and spun him around.

“Listen Harry, the Death Eaters are after both of you, you need protection so don’t be getting mad at us, Dumbledore thought it would be best.” Hermione was just as mad as Harry, all the things they had done, every time they had kissed, all watched by these perverts! “You need this protection to be safe.”

“Look, its nice and all, but your Order can go to hell for all we care. We were trying to be normal teenagers celebrating Harry’s birthday and here we are being watched by perverts! Damn you Sirius and

your Order, and you!” Hermione pointed at Tonks “What right do you have to spy on us! You stalked us all night didn’t you? It was you this morning too wasn’t it!? I knew I heard footsteps, I knew I did, and it was you!” Hermione turned around and stormed into the house barely keeping herself from screaming. Tonks started to follow but Sirius told her not to since he wanted Harry to apologize to her. Harry was also going to follow her but Sirius grabbed his arm again.

“Harry, we didn’t watch you all the time, just the times you left the house.” Harry knocked Sirius’s arm away.

“And that’s supposed to make me feel better? How dare you do this, I trusted you and now I find out you have been watching me, been only feet away, but never said anything. You’re the first thing I’ve had that was remotely close to having parents and you do this! How could you Sirius, I trusted you, I wanted to be with you, live with you, but here you are just feet away from me for weeks and you don’t say anything. I thought you loved me, I thought you wanted me to live with you.” Harry balled his hand into a fist wanting to punch him, hating him. “I trusted you Sirius!”

“Harry, I do love you, I do want you to live with me, but you can’t and you know it. As long as I am a fugitive I can’t have you near me. What would have happened if Campbell had seen me? He seems like a nice guy, he even took the rap for your use of magic. But trust me, he would have told the Ministry the second he has seen me and I would be back in Azkaban again. Is that what you want Harry?”

“NO!” Harry took a punch at Sirius but missed.

“Harry, stop it!” Sirius grabbed Harry pinning his arms to his side. Harry struggles at first but then Sirius mumbles something and Harry finds he can’t break Sirius’s grip. “Listen to me Harry. Do you want the Death Eaters to hurt Hermione? From what Tonks told me you two are together as more than friends.” Harry blushed feeling it creep up his neck his rage and embarrassment. “Do you want something to happen to her?” He shook Harry before he let him go when Harry had calmed down. “Are you going to behave now Harry?” Harry having been let go turned around and nearly yelled but caught himself. He was an adult; he was not going to act like Ron.

"Look Sirius, I am fifteen, I am almost an adult, not a child. I understand why you did it, but damn it Sirius, you could have told us." Harry tried to calm down, remembering his new idea, to become a mature adult, not to behave like Ron. "Are you going to continue watching us? Because if you are it's alright now that we know about it. We have enemies who would do more than watch us snogging and we need the protection. Tonks" Harry sighed, a sign of surrender, as he finally calmed down enough to let him think clearly, "I guess it is better you than someone like Mrs. Weasley watching us." Tonks smiled and put her hand on his face.

"Don't worry, she is too busy with all her kids to be watching another one. Although I guess you aren't a kid from what I saw." Harry blushed.

"Alright, can I go in and check on Hermione now? I don't know if it was you or me that made her mad. I'm sorry about how I reacted Tonks, and really sorry Sirius that I almost punched you. I am an adult; I can't behave like a child anymore! I am not like Ron; I am like you Sirius, a man, not an Immature Git." Sirius nodded and Harry said goodbye to both as calmly as he could straining and clenching his jaw.

"Sirius you shouldn't be worried about them. He has no self-esteem and Hermione gives it to him, and he gives her some too. That girl has no idea how great she really is, they give each other the self-esteem they need." Sirius scowled.

"I don't trust her Tonks, because of her I am still a fugitive and Harry has to live there." Sirius pointed towards #4 Privet Drive. "How could he still trust her after she stopped him from saving me." He sat down on the ground too weak to stand from his emotions. "I could be at home with Harry right now, he could be eating dinner with me, and he could have his own room. But she had to stop him from capturing Peter and I am on the run. I hate her! Why the hell did Dumbledore tell me to take her here anyways, I don't trust her?" His rage made him feel even worse getting this angry at some little girl his Godson, no Son, had apparently fallen for. Tonks sat next to him trying to comfort him.

"He has his reasons Sirius. But how can you blame her for that? She did what Dumbledore told her to do just like you did when he told you to take her here. She makes Harry happy and gives him confidence, self esteem, a smile on his face you didn't see." Sirius ran his hand through his hair like he had seen his best friend do before Voldemort killed him. "Harry's happy now."

"I guess Tonks but I love Harry, he is my son, I don't like that Hermione girl but Harry does. I hope when he gets back to school he will meet someone better, like that Cho girl, he told me about her. He had a crush on her, she is a Quidditch player maybe he will leave Hermione when they get back for her. Right now he doesn't have a choice; she is probably pressuring him into all of this. She doesn't care about Harry she just wants to be the girlfriend of the Famous Harry Potter..."

"You don't know that, they have been friends for four years has Harry ever told you anything that would make you say that?" Sirius shook his head. "Then she probably likes him for who he is not what he is. She didn't even know about Famous Harry Potter the Boy Who Lived for most her life, much better then someone who knows him as Famous Harry Potter right Sirius?" Sirius didn't want to admit she was right and apparated out of there before she made him answer.

Harry went into the house leaving Tonks and Sirius out on the front lawn. When he got upstairs he saw Hermione had already changed into her pajamas and was lying in bed. "Sorry Hermione, I wanted our first date to be perfect. I can't believe what they did to us. I'm sorry, goodnight Hermione." As he left Hermione replies.

"Come here Harry, hold me, I need you." So Harry went over and lay next to her, holding her as she cried. With his clothes still on it was uncomfortable at first, but Hermione needed him, he needed her. "Happy Birthday Harry, I am sorry they had to ruin it." He wanted to tell her what he said after she left but holding Hermione made Harry forget about what had just happened with Sirius and Tonks.

"No they didn't Hermione, no they didn't." As they fell asleep Harry listened to her heart beat, felt the warmth of her skin, her chest

moving up and down as she breathed. This is the best day of my life; I wish it would never have to end.”

The next day Harry woke up next to Hermione still in his clothes from last night. Her body felt so nice against his, the warmth, the smell of her hair, the way her chest moved as she breathed, he leaned over and kissed her on the cheek and got out of the bed. He went over to his room to change into his running clothes but decided he didn't feel like it knowing he would be followed. He went and took a shower trying to use the water to beat the anger out of him. The water cooling him off both physically and emotionally Harry figured that it was time to get ready for work. Leaving Hermione in bed Harry dressed for work and headed out.

Harry walked to the job site ready to get to work, maybe the strain and action would get his mind off of what Sirius and Tonks had done. Along the way he kept telling himself over and over “I am older, I am mature, and I will prove myself as a man. I am not an Immature Git like Ron, I am a man.” But every time he heard a noise he was ready to curse everything around him to find the person watching him. As he got there he saw only Michael was there with a woman sitting on his lap. “Michael? Is this your girl you told me about?” Harry trying to act and sound like one of the guys held his hand out to greet the woman.

“Ah Harry, this is Michelle, from France originally, and yes she is my woman!” He nuzzled her neck making her squeal and got off his lap.

“Hi Harry, nice to meet you, Michael told me about you and your strange scar.” She shook his hand as she looked at the lightning bolt scar on his forehead and went back to Michael to kiss him on his cheek.

“Sorry babe, but looks like you are going to have to work soon.” She hopped up and ran over to a small car to leave.

“Bye honey, see you tonight.” Michael mimicked a kiss and blew it to her. She laughed as she drove off. Harry seeing how they acted was writing notes in his head.

"Maybe I should call Hermione honey next time I see her, she might like that." Grabbing a shovel Harry went to work shoveling mulch off the back of the truck.

Later in the day Harry was taking a break sitting drinking a glass of water when he felt someone sneak up from behind. He turned around ready to yell at Sirius or whoever it was underneath the Invisibility Cloak he had seen last night when he knocked his glass over and spilled it all over Hermione. "Thanks Harry." She shook her shirt but it was soaked and was on her shorts also. Harry saw she had brought sandwiches and had already set them down on another table.

"Sorry Honey." Harry tried it out, didn't sound too bad to him.

"Don't try sweet talking me Harry." She tried to ring the bottom of her shirt out but all she did was pull it down and wrinkle it. "It wouldn't be so bad if I could use magic outside of school. The charm for this is so simple I could probably do it without my wand." But as her shirt stayed wet Harry figured she was wrong.

"Sorry Hermione, I thought you were one of them." Harry looks around for them. Harry then starts to feel his face turn red as it moved up his neck and to his face. "Uh, did you like it when I called you Honey or did it sound strange?" Harry blushes a little, but not as much as he would have before.

"It's alright Harry, but why did you call me that?" Harry started to explain it when Campbell came over.

"Hey Hermione, thanks for the food. We asked Harry if you could bring them over and I guess he was able to sweet talk you into it. By the way, what do you do to these? They taste strange, because the ham and bread wouldn't make it taste like this, what do you add?" Hermione smiled still trying to dry her shirt out.

"I just add spices to the bread; make it have a flavor you don't normally get. Learned about it when I was in Rome for vacation...." Her face went white with terror the second she remembered about the vacation, the attack. Harry got up and took her onto the front porch where she could sit on a large wooden swing.

"It's ok Hermione; it won't happen again, it's why they watch us, to protect us." He looked around wondering where they were right now. "You know you aren't in danger as long as I am here, I won't leave you alone." He kept trying to comfort her but all the words didn't sound right. Hermione leaned over and hugged him burying her face into his chest.

"Thank you Harry, you'll protect me with those big strong muscles won't you?" She tried to laugh, tried to keep herself from crying.

"That's right, uh, Honey. I won't let them hurt you." She hugged him again and got up.

"So, why did you start calling me honey?" He explained it to her this time uninterrupted. "Awww, that's so sweet Harry!" She threw her arms around him and kissed him leaving him speechless. He pushed her off him and backed away,

"Hermione, you know they are watching us, right?"

"You're right; we should give them a better show." She jumped on him again and kissed him deep, getting her tongue past his lips. Finished with embarrassing Harry she let go. "There, that should keep you happy until you get home." She turned around and walked away.

When he got home he put the plate Hermione used to carry the sandwiches in the sink and headed upstairs for a shower. He admired his new body in the mirror and liked how his hair did exactly what he told it to do. Keeping it shorter then before he still had it spiked up so it didn't look that different. "I wonder where she is since I didn't see her when I got home." He dressed and walked out looking for her. He had cleared upstairs and the backyard and was starting to get worried when he saw her running up to the house. "There you are! I was getting worried, where were you!" Harry stalked over to her and nearly knocked her down when he hugged her. Laying down so Hermione could rest her lungs and muscles from the run Harry began. "Why didn't you leave a note or anything, I was worried about you, didn't know where you were." Softly into her ear Harry breathed out.



"If something had happened and I hadn't protected you, I wouldn't be able to live with myself." Hermione rolled over and kissed him making him blush a bright red. Hermione stifled a laugh and pushed Harry away.

"Sorry about that Harry, I went running since I missed it this morning. I thought I would get back before you did but I caught Tonks following me and I talked to her for a little bit." Hermione looks away from Harry.

"Oh." Harry was wondering what exactly they talked about but Hermione wasn't going to give him the chance to ask.

"So you told them you are a man did you? Well, you are my man Harry, all mine." They got up and walked into the house going into the guest room. She hugged him and kissed him lightly on the lips as she left the room to take shower. Harry waited for her to come back, he wanted to find out what Tonks and Hermione had talked about, it was eating him up inside not to know.

Half an hour later Hermione walked in not realizing Harry was still there. She was going through her clothes deciding what to wear when Harry asked. "What did you and Tonks talk about honey?" Hermione jumped grabbing her towel before it fell off.

"Harry get out of here!" She threw a shirt at him as he ran out not knowing what he was doing.

"I am such an idiot; she doesn't want to talk about it. If she had she would have told me. Harry went to his room finally able to relax now that he knew she was ok. Hedwig flew to him dropping a package on his lap startling Harry. "What's this?" He tore the package open and saw a Quaffle with autographs of every living Quidditch Captain of Gryffindor. A note was stuck to it.

Happy Birthday Harry!

May not be a sack of gold or a trophy with your name on it but thought you would like it. Bill and Charlie helped me find the others to get them to sign it. Even better we need a new Captain this year so maybe you can get them to sign it too! Or even better if you get made

Captain you can sign it, wouldn't that be cool? So, find out who our Prefects are yet? Well, besides Hermione? Wonder where she is now, I think it's somewhere in Germany if I remember what she told me right.

Bill and Fleur set next summer for their wedding date saying they don't want to rush into it. But I think it's because we don't have the money to pay for it. It sucks knowing that Bill and Fleur have to wait because we are too poor to pay for it. But when Fred and George get off their backsides and get a job next year they will be able to help pay the bills. Percy could help but he is still being a bloody dolt about what happened. The Ministry doesn't want to say You-Know-Who is back and Percy agrees with them, that stupid git.

For some reason Mom and Dad go somewhere every Tuesday and Friday but won't tell us where or why. I think it has something to do with Dumbledore since I ease dropped on them a couple times to find out what is going on. It was real easy with these Extendable Ears Fred and George made. Where they got the money for all the things they've made I don't know since they said Bagman never paid them, maybe he did and they don't want Mum to know.

Oh and Ginny has become a real terror now. She has last time I counted five boyfriends Dean being one of them, can't wait to get him alone at Hogwarts. Mom keeps telling her she better stay true to her name but Ginny just tells her to shut up. Going to Diagon Alley the week before we leave for Hogwarts and want to know if you want to go together to get our stuff. I'll probably write Hermione to ask her too, but not sure if we really need her there. She'll probably act like Percy with her Prefect Badge and I still remember how annoying that was.

Your Friend;

Ron

Harry sat it down with it and read it again holding the Quaffle in his lap. "What's that?" Hermione walked in and sat next to him on the bed.

"Ron sent it for my birthday, want to read his letter?" Hermione snatched it and read it while Harry set the Quaffle up on a shelf.

"Wait a minute Harry, we never told him I was attacked! Hmpf, thinking I'll act like Percy just because I made Prefect. Wait, how did he know that I was made Prefect? I didn't tell him, and you didn't either or else you would have told him where I was. How did he know?" Harry laughed a bit.

"Come on Hermione, who else in our House would make Prefect over you?" She pushed him a little.

"Just because I am good in classes doesn't mean I was going to be made a Prefect. After all I was with you two on a lot of the things we did." She gave the letter back to Harry and left the room.

"I guess I'll write him back." But doubted she heard.

Hey Ron

Thank you Ron for the Quaffle, it is really cool and is a lot better then gold or some trophy because it comes from you, my best friend. But you need to know that Hermione isn't in Germany, she's here. She was attacked by Death Eaters while on vacation and Sirius brought her here hoping she would be protected by the same thing that protects me.

I hope you are alright, if they attacked Hermione they might come after you. By the way, I am the other Prefect, but as we knew Hermione is the other Prefect. I was going to write you and tell you all this but you told me to wait so I did. If you are mad that I didn't write sooner you have only yourself to blame Ron since you did tell me to wait to write back.

Sorry to hear you have to deal with Ginny, but what do you mean stay true to her name? Although I am glad to hear she is no longer after me but I bet it would be better if she was with me then some stranger or Dean. But she is growing up and you can not protect her all the time now can you Ron? Makes me kind of glad I don't have a sister to

deal with or brothers either really. I have you and Hermione and Sirius, what more could I want?

For Diagon, how about the second Monday before we leave for Hogwarts? We need to get our stuff and might need a place to stay. I'm not sure how we are getting there since I know my Uncle won't drive us to get our things.

See You Soon;

Harry and Hermione

Hermione crept up behind Harry as he finished his letter. Reading over his shoulder she wrapped her arms around him and kissed him on the cheek. "You know Ginny's real name is Virginia, that's the name they want her to stay true too." Harry laughed and kissed Hermione back as he got the joke.

"Well, she is only fourteen; I doubt she would be doing anything like that. We are a year older and we have only kissed so Ginny doing more then snogging probably isn't going to happen." Hermione kissed him again, this time on the lips going around the chair to get in his lap. Harry not knowing why she suddenly changed like this was lost in the moment. His mind having thoughts that had never crossed his mind before. Thinking of what Ron meant in his joke, Hermione in his arms, her skin soft....

"Whoa, back off Hermione." Harry pushed her off him and backed away until he tripped and fell on his bed. Hermione followed him to the bed and climbed on top of him kissing him again. Harry pushed her off him again rolling her over so that she lay next to him.

"What was that about? Didn't you like it?" Hermione sat up looking hurt that Harry didn't like what she did.

"It's not that Hermione, uh, Honey, but maybe we shouldn't be doing things like that. I liked it, believe me I liked it, but I don't think we should do that, at least not here." He smiled trying to make her stop looking at him like that. Hermione still looking hurt grabbed his hand and lead him to her room.

"Is this better Harry?" Hermione sat on her bed patting it for Harry to sit down but Harry doesn't.

"Look, I like you Hermione, but I don't want you doing something like that right now. I have all these thoughts in my head and have been trying to get them out but you make it so hard for me to do." He pleaded with Hermione but she didn't care.

"Listen here Harry, I wasn't going to do anything like that, and I'm not a slut! I just wanted to kiss you, really badly; I don't know why, I just did." She crossed her arms getting mad at Harry.

"All right Hermione, I'm sorry I thought that, but I have no idea how to do this. At least you dated Krum and know what to do." He tried to get her to calm down.

"Fine! I see how it is Harry, I'm just something you use and throw away, did you, the Famous Harry Potter find something better? Was it Tonks? I saw how you looked at her! Here I am talking to her, telling her how great our date had been and here you are thinking about her!" She started leaving but Harry stopped her.

"No, it's just I don't know what to do! I mean, at school if I don't know what to do I go to you, or Ron, or Dumbledore, but this is different, I can't go to anyone for this." Hermione broke his hold and turned around.

"What do you mean you can't come to me? I am right here, and if it concerns us then you should be coming to me!" She pushed him away, knocking him onto the bed. She stormed out of the room slamming the door shut. Harry thought about following her but decided to let her calm down.

"I can't believe I am such a bloody idiot. But I don't know what to do!" He punched the bed and left to work on the garden. Watering, weeding, all of it helping Harry gets his mind off Hermione, but he was done, the sun was setting, and he hadn't heard her come back. "She'll be ok, Tonks is watching after her." Harry went into the house, tired from working and from fighting.

Harry thought he was dreaming, but when he heard the breathing knew he wasn't. Hermione was massaging his back laying next to him on his bed. "You awake Harry? I came in and saw you were sleeping so I figured I would join you." She nuzzled his back wrapping her arms around him.

"What time is it?" Hermione rolled over to look at the clock.

"It's not time to go to work; I don't even think the sun is up. She went to roll over but Harry had already done so. Kissing her on her lips he hugged her and pressed himself against her.

"You had me worried last night, I got done working on the garden and you still hadn't come back, but I knew Tonks would be following you." He kissed her on her neck letting the warmth of her skin wake him up.

"Stop it Harry, I want to get out of bed today." She rolled over and out of bed laughing.

"But the sun isn't even up yet, what else is there to do." Harry got out on his side of the bed and walked to the window seeing that the sun was just starting to peak up above the horizon.

"Harry, come here." Harry turned around to see Hermione sitting in his desk chair.

"What is it Hermione?" Worried he sat down on the desk. Hermione grabbed his hands and started.

"What is it you want to know? You said you didn't have anyone to go to even though you do. Ask me whatever you want and I'll tell you if I can." Harry had a million questions in his head but he had to choose them carefully.

"Why me? Why not Ron or Neville? What am I suppose to do to keep you happy? I don't want you mad at me; I don't want to lose you as a friend, I would rather nothing happen then lose you as a friend." Hermione kissed his hands smiling.

"I chose you because I like you Harry. Ron is a friend, but I've heard you talk about him, and you're right, he is an Immature Git. Where did you get Neville from? I know he asked me last year to the Yule Ball but I think that was just because he was looking for the first girl to say yes, which happened to be Ginny." She stood up and hugged him. "And if you want to keep me happy just keep doing what you've been doing. I know we fought already but that was just nerves. I like you Harry, a lot, and it would take more than a little fight like that to break us up." She let go of Harry kissing him on the forehead. Harry couldn't accept such a simple answer after all his years of being worthless to everyone he knew.

"But why Hermione?! I don't get it of course you like me we are friends, but why! I am nothing compared to you, you are smarter than me, braver than me, you are better than me. Why should you lower yourself to be with me when you could have someone better which isn't saying much since I can only think of three people worse than me." Hermione raised an eyebrow waiting for him to elaborate.

"Like who Harry?"

"You know, Dudley, Malfoy, and Voldemort. Other than that everyone is better than me, Ron, Seamus, Dean, Neville even. He tries so hard even when he fails time after time while I just give up and wait for you to find something that saves the day. You figured out the riddle to get to the Stone our first year, you figured out it was a Basilisk our second year, it was your Time Turner that allowed us to save Buck Beak and Sirius, and last year it was you who helped me learn what I needed for the Triwizard Tournament. I am only worth being mentioned because of Voldemort, if he had never marked me I would be nothing more than Harry Potter, idiot, weakling, coward, and worthless instead of Harry Potter, idiot, weakling, coward, worthless, and the Boy Who Lived." Hermione slapped him when he finished his sentence.

"Shut up Harry you are not a coward! You fought Quirrel, a teacher and possessed by You-Know-Who! You killed a Basilisk and beat Tom Riddle! You fought off a hundred Dementors with a spell I don't have mastered yet! You dueled against You Know Who and lived! I

mean Voldemort. I only know of one Wizard who has done this and that's Albus Dumbledore."

"All because you did the hard work, you used that wonderful brain of yours to make it all possible." Harry taps her on the forehead. "I would have been dead my first year if it wasn't for you." Hermione hugged him hard.

"So would I Harry, you saved me from the Mountain Troll, you went to warn me when you learned about it, you fought a Mountain Troll with your bare hands and saved me." Harry hugged her back feeling the warmth coming off her as it comforted him greatly. Harry was trying to think of something else to ask, he had so many but knew he only had time to ask a couple more.

"Hermione, I am sorry for this but how much did you do with Krum? I've never held hands or kissed a girl until you I've never had anyone interested in me." Hermione looked in his eyes at this.

"What do you mean Harry? How many dozens of girls asked you to the Yule Ball last year?" Harry shook his head.

"They didn't ask me they asked the Boy Who Lived, the Triwizard Champion, and the Famous Harry Potter. If I didn't have that no one would have asked my ugly ass." He lowered his forehead on her shoulder breathing in her scent.

"Ugly? Are you kidding me Harry? You consider yourself ugly?" Hermione had no idea that Harry had such self image problems, that he considered himself to be useless, ugly, a coward.

"Look at me with my ugly scar, these damn glasses, stunted growth because of being treated worse than a dog by the Dursley's, why you are lowering yourself to me I don't know and I don't want you to be miserable because you think we should be together." Hermione pushed him away leaving for her room. "Damn it now I've gone and pissed her off." Harry lays down on his bed not hearing Hermione come back in. Grabbing him by his hair she pulled him up forcefully.



"Look in this mirror Harry, you are not ugly, you are not worthless, you are a great friend, a great person, and I am not lowering myself to be with you, we are equals Harry." Harry saw his reflection, his eyes, hair, face, and that damn scar.

"You don't have to lie to me Hermione to make me feel better, I am only good for one thing and that is to become a murderer. Once I kill Voldemort for taking my parents, Cedric, countless others, I will be worthless. When I kill him my life will be over and I will probably just kill myself to get it over with." Hermione was ready to cry in frustration at Harry's words. Harry lay back down wishing Hermione would go away and leave him alone, She didn't.

"Don't you dare say that Harry! Ron loves you like a brother, Ginny is a friend, and so are Neville and Dean and Seamus! What about Sirius, Dumbledore, or Remus? You are more then the Boy Who Lived to us Harry." Sitting next to him Hermione put a hand on his chest rubbing it. "You are a lot more then that to me Harry." Lying next to him she put her arm around him.

"Hermione you are the smartest witch I know and yet you can be so thick sometimes. I am not a good person, I have to kill someone, I have to for what he has done. How can you like a murderer? Someone like you deserve better then me. Besides once I kill him I can die and be with my parents again, my life will be complete with my death." Hermione squeezed his arm hard.

"No Harry it won't be, you will leave your family here. Sirius loves you like you were his own son. Remus has you and loves you like a nephew and Dumbledore has you like a grandson. Ron is your brother, Ginny is your sister, I am your girlfriend, you have family and loved ones here Harry. You don't want to hurt us do you?" Harry shook his head. "Then don't talk like that Harry. You are worth more then any amount of gold, you are a good person, and you aren't a murderer. You-Know-Who, Voldemort doesn't have enough human left in him to die does he?"

"He has me in him, he has my blood, and because of me Voldemort is back. Something else that is my fault, so are all the people he has killed since he returned. I already am a murderer, my parents, Cedric,

all died because of me.” Hermione pinched him hard on the arm this time.

“No you are not Harry for that was You Know Who, not you. It isn’t your fault and you can’t keep blaming yourself because of it! Stop thinking that Harry or you won’t be able to live. Let’s put it to rest for now alright Harry? I don’t want to fight with you anymore, at least for now.” Hermione snuggled up against him. Thinking of a way to put it so Hermione wouldn’t hex him Harry nearly shouted

“How far do you want to go with this? I mean...” She put a finger on his lips to quiet him.

“Right now I want to do what you want, if you only want to hold hands I can live with it.” Her voice cracked at the end making what she just said a lie to Harry.

“I want to do what makes you happy, but I’m not ready for some of the more serious things you might be. I’ve never gone out with a girl and the one I asked to the Yule Ball I treated like shit.”

“Harry!” Hermione snapped at the word.

“What? I’ve heard you use worse language then that when we were younger. It’s true though, I treated her bad because I was obsessed with Cho...” Realizing he had mentioned Cho reminded him of Cedric which showed on his face, Hermione thought it was there for a different reason.

“It’s ok Harry she was your first crush and if you still have feelings for her...” She looked down at her hands trying not to look him in the eyes.

“I don’t Hermione at least not like that. I still like her as a friend and a Quidditch player but I know she is wrong for me, while it took me awhile, four years worth, I now know you are right for me, perfect.” He hugged her trying to make her feel better. Harry could only think of one other question he felt safe asking her. “What do we do about Ron?” Hermione got a look of worry on her face.

"I don't know. He acts like a little kid when he hears something he doesn't like. He threw a tantrum when I told him I wouldn't go to the Yule Ball with him like a five year old. We should wait until we see him at least, and not on the train. What about at Diagon Alley?" Harry shook his head.

"No, we should wait until we are alone. Then we can let him yell and scream like a baby without anyone else hearing it. Maybe try in one of the secret passages at the school Maybe the one to Hogsmeade that is collapsed. No students, no teachers, no ghosts, no one to hear him but us."

"Sounds like you already had it planned out. Why did you ask me if you already knew what you were going to do?"

"Because I wanted to hear if you thought it would work. You are the smartest person I know Hermione and if my plan was flawed you would know it, wouldn't you?" Harry sat down on his bed when he heard yelling from downstairs.

"HARRY! You're late for work, get over there now!" Harry looked at the clock; they had been talking for over two ours!

"Sorry Honey I have to go." Harry jumped off the bed and ran downstairs as fast as he could.

Not having been late since then Harry felt alright asking Mr. Spinnet for payment since they had just finished the job. "Sir, I want to talk to you again about what we talked about before." Mr. Spinnet held his hand up to stop Harry.

"I know Harry; I already got your payment. I felt kind of bad about last time, over a month's worth of working and I only paid you 150 pounds. I know you didn't care because you didn't know, but this time I will pay you what you deserve." He reached into his truck and gave Harry 430 pounds.

"Wow, I don't need this much Mr. Spinnet, really, last time the 150 pounds was enough. I still had 20 pounds left afterwards." Harry gawked at the amount in his hands. He had a fortune in wizard

money but this was the most muggle money he ever had in his 15 years, 14 of them at the Dursley's.

"Don't worry Harry, that's not even a third of what each of us made this week. Buy your girl something nice, they like jewelry, maybe flowers for your next date." Harry put the money in his pocket wondering what he should get her.

For the past three days they had slept in Harry's bed waiting for their next date. Harry having had the three days off, no more working had allowed him and Hermione more time to run farther and farther. That day they ran for over two hours ending up in a town Harry had never seen. They stopped and walked for a bit looking around them at all the stores. It was like Hogsmeade, but no magic, just more shops. "Harry, come here!" Harry ran over. "Look at those." Hermione pointed into a store filled with rings and necklaces, ear rings, and bracelets. Harry looked them over and was glad that Mr. Spinnet had given him the extra money.

"Hermione, I know your birthday isn't until next month, when we are at school, but what if I got something from here?" Hermione was busy looking through the window at all the things they had.

"Really? But Harry, you don't have to get me something like that." She pointed to a gold necklace.

"Is that what you want Hermione?" Harry felt the money in his pocket. The necklace was only 90 pounds, what else could he get her?

"Harry you don't have to, I'm serious." But Harry had made up his mind already.

"Stay here, I'll be right back." He went into the store and got the necklace which Hermione could see him do through the window. But he sees something else, a bracelet made of gold with settings for three stones. "Sir, how much is that?" The man pulled it out of the show case.

"Without any stones it's 75 pounds, but you can add any assortment of stones you like." He pulls out a sheet with a list of prices. "Just say

what you want and I can put the stones in it right now.” He went over to another customer leaving Harry alone. Harry looking at the sheet knew his birthstone was a ruby. But what was Hermione’s?

“September, it’s not topaz or diamond, I should ask her, she would know, but this is going to be a surprise.” Harry kept mumbling to himself drawing attention from the man behind the counter.

“Sir, what is your problem?” Harry set the list down.

“Well, my friend’s birthday is in September and I don’t know what her birthstone is.” The man chuckled and grabbed the list.

“Her birthday being September makes her birthstone sapphire. Would you like three sapphires added to the bracelet?” Harry shook his head.

“No, have two sapphires and one ruby. Have the ruby be in the middle if you could sir.” Harry looked at him fingers crossed.

“Alright kid, but that will cost 270 pounds altogether with the necklace, you able to afford that?” He said skeptically.

“Yes sir.” Harry pulled out 270 pounds and laid it out on the counter.

“Alright kid it should only take me ten or so minutes to do this. Please stays here and please, please, don’t touch anything, I just washed the glass and I can’t stand people putting their grubby little hands on it.” Harry nodded and looked around the store some more waiting. Harry thought time had stopped moving, he was nervous hoping Hermione would stay outside. Finally the man came out from the back with the necklace and the bracelet. “Would you like special packaging or are these good enough?” Harry thought about it but decided they were good enough. Walking out of the store he saw Hermione talking to a Tonks with bright purple hair and bronze tips. Harry tucked the bracelet into his pocket wanting to give it to Hermione when they were alone.

“Hi Harry, Hermione says you’re getting her a necklace? Let us see it Harry!” Harry showed the gold necklace to Tonks and then gives it to Hermione who immediately puts it on her neck.

"It's so beautiful Harry, thank you!" She threw her arms around him giving him one of her deep breath stealing kisses. Harry thought he might blush with Tonks and other people right there watching but he didn't. Harry was too lost in Hermione and drowning in his love for her to care about others.

"Well then you two, best be getting back home before people start to stare." Tonks went into the alley to put the Invisibility Cloak on as Hermione and Harry raced back to #4 Privet Drive.

When the two get inside Harry takes his shower and then lets Hermione in after he was done. He gets some of his better Dudley hand me down clothes on and gets the bracelet ready. They weren't going to the same restaurant for the date. They were going some place better for this date. When Harry heard Hermione get into her room he rushed over to the bathroom mirror to make sure his hair was doing as it was told. "Alright Harry, looking good." He turned around to make sure he was set. He walked over to Hermione's room and knocked on the door, Hermione called him in. When Harry entered he went to Hermione and sat next to her on the bed. "Give me your hand honey." Harry had been practicing this in his mind since he was waiting for the bracelet to be done, "Use honey, not Hermione, get her hand and slide it onto her wrist, and hope she likes it." Hermione raised her right hand and Harry quickly slid the bracelet onto her wrist. Hermione eyes were wide with shock as she brought her wrist closer to her face to examine the bracelet.

"Harry, how much did this cost? I can't accept this, it's too much Harry, and not just money wise either. How did you know my birthstone was Sapphire?" She was amazed at the brilliance of the bracelet, the gold almost shined on its own, sapphires sparkling in the light from the lamp, the ruby in the middle just like Harry asked shone strangely, not a real red but more of an orange.

"You were born in September, that's how I knew. I didn't know if you would like it though, I'm glad you do, and you are going to keep it. I didn't spend 180 pounds just for you to tell me no."

"You spent how much!?" Harry laughed.

"It wasn't enough was it Hermione?" Hermione laughed back, her face looking like she was arguing with herself then smiled and attacked him. Harry never saw it coming but soon Hermione had him on the floor her mouth sucking the life out of him. Her tongue invading his mouth as she put her hands on the back of his head. Harry felt the bracelet against his ear when Hermione moved her mouth down his neck leaving marks along the way. "Hermione, stop this." Harry tried to say it clearly but came out more as a moan. Hermione bit into his shoulder while running her hands up underneath his shirt. Lifting his shirt over his head Hermione went onto his chest with love bites. "Honey, please stop, I don't want this to go to far, besides, we have our date tonight, we can finish this when we get back." She bit him one more time before getting off of Harry.

"Alright then Harry, let me get dressed and do my hair." She helped Harry up and nearly pushed him out of the door in her hurry to get ready for tonight. Harry having to get his shirt back right after what Hermione had done to it was busy. He had to get those thoughts out of his head.

"Why am I the voice of reason? I don't get why I am the one stopping her. Isn't the guy supposed to be the crazed one in a relationship and the woman the responsible one?" Harry muttered to himself fixing his hair. He checked to make sure he had the tickets in his pocket as he waited for Hermione. Becoming more nervous by the minute Harry began to get fidgety wondering what was taking Hermione so long.

Close to thirty minutes later Hermione stepped out of her room wearing a different dress then last time but still beautiful. He noticed she was wearing heels with this dress, making her taller then before, but looked rather uncomfortable. "Harry, could we go slowly? I'm not use to wearing these." Hermione carefully walked down the stairs. "I practiced for about ten minutes but figured we had to get going or we would be late. You said we had to be there by nine, right?" She made it to the bottom thankful she hadn't broken an ankle.

"Don't worry Honey; unless it takes us over two hours to walk there we will be there with plenty of time. I don't know if you will like it or not, but I've never been to a theater so I picked the play that had the

highest rating.” He felt uncomfortable admitting that he had been so shut in that a theater, something millions of people have gone to over the years, was something he had never seen until he bought the tickets. While it took them longer than Harry thought it would they got there with enough time to get situated before the theater room they were suppose to go in was ready. “Where do we sit Honey?” Harry looked around the theater, all those seats, which ones to choose?

“Back here Harry.” Hermione held his hand and lead him to the back, in a corner as far out of the way as possible. “If you sit to close you hurt your neck looking up the whole time. Although I don’t think we will be watching much of the play.” She sat down and Harry sat next to her wondering what she meant. He had a good idea but wasn’t sure if it was what he wanted or not.

“I wish I had something better to wear, look at some of them, wearing suits my Uncle Vernon could never think of affording.” Harry realizing that he must have been the most under dressed person there made him glad he was in the back. “I’ve never heard of Cats, but it was big in the States so I hope you like it Honey.” Harry held her hand as she laid her head on his shoulder.

The curtains pulled back as the lights dimmed down and everyone became quiet. Harry tried watching the play but Hermione was being very “persuasive” in keeping his attention. Harry surrendered to her mouth, tongue, her hands, holding onto her while snogging. He could feel her bracelet against his head, and saw the necklace; she was wearing them, looking even more beautiful then ever. “Hermione, we shouldn’t be doing this, not here.” Suddenly there was a commotion in one of the middle rows of seats. They looked up and saw a man being pushed over the row behind him by nothing!

“What is going on Harry? Are they coming? Death Eaters?” Hermione was as pale as Nearly Headless Nick looking around in terror. But Harry knew what had happened he was sure of it.

“Hermione, it’s not Death Eaters, it’s Tonks! The guy must have tried to sit where she was under her Invisibility Cloak.” Hermione kept looking around and not seeing anyone dressed in cloaks and masks started to laugh to relieve her of all the fear that had been in her.



Harry tried to keep her from getting too loud but she couldn't stop herself, she couldn't stop laughing. People started to stare at them but a couple was laughing too at what they just saw, a man being attacked by what appeared to be nothing. "Honey it wasn't that funny." Harry patted her back when she started to cough from laughing so hard.

The play stopped for a twenty minute break allowing people to get up and walk out into the lobby for a drink or food or just to stretch their legs. "Harry, think we should look for Tonks?" Harry shook his head.

"No Honey, do you know how hard it would be now? She is probably hiding somewhere so she isn't sat on by someone else." They both laughed at the image of what it must be like to sit on someone you can't see.

"Please begin to take your seats, the play will resume in five minutes." They hurried back in to get their seats at the back. Harry thought maybe after what happened that Hermione would be a little calmer in her moves on him. But shortly after the play had started Hermione was back at his throat; hand on his leg right above the knee. Harry tries to stay calm but Hermione was too much.

"But why should I? This isn't that bad, and if she gets her emotion out maybe she will be better when we get home." He thought to himself as he placed his hand on her right knee. As they continued to kiss Hermione's hand slowly started moving up his leg and he followed on hers. When she got halfway up his thigh she started to massage his leg and he did the same. "Please stop this, you can't do this in a theater, you have to stop this." He thought, trying to get himself to stop, but it felt so good, he didn't want to stop, and why should he? If she liked it then she was happy, and if she was happy he was happy. Hermione had moved up even farther, but Harry kept his hand at the middle of her thigh already having her dress bunching up from him going halfway up her thigh, hoping she wouldn't go farther, and was relieved when her hand moved back down. Harry moved his mouth to her neck, doing what she had done knowing how good it felt.

“Harry, more.” She moved her hand back up his leg getting closer to him, massaging his leg and biting his ear lobe. Harry moved his hand up like she asked, like she did to him. Harry thinks about it.

“Honey, should we be doing this in public? We know that Tonks or Sirius or someone else is watching us.” Hermione pushes him up against the wall and kisses him to get him to shut up. Harry tried to push her off but realized where his hands were and pulled them back. He mumbles an apology.

“Don’t stop Harry, go ahead.” She pushed him back into the wall again with another deep kiss moving her hand all the way up his leg. Harry felt it, he couldn’t stop himself, it was too much!

“STOP!” He kept yelling in his mind but he couldn’t, he couldn’t....

It was incredible when the play ended. Harry had kept himself mostly in check, mostly. Not really. He didn’t know what he was doing, just trying to mimic Hermione’s movements, but he was proud to know something he had done nearly made Hermione scream. It hurt when she grabbed a hold of him and bit down so hard on his shoulder she nearly drew blood trying to stay quiet. “Maybe watching all of those Muggle videos Dudley has really helped.” Harry blushed in the dark thinking about the videos he had found in Dudley’s room. Now he was getting worried about what would happen when they got back home. He crossed his fingers hoping Tonks or anyone hadn’t seen that. With his mind cleared he began to wonder about things coming up. “Hermione, we need to go to the train station, and other places soon, how do we get there?” She rubbed his arm resting her head on his shoulder as they left. Hermione was holding his hand talking about how they would get to Diagon Alley when they were far enough away from any Muggles.

“I talked to Tonks and she said that Sirius was coming to pick us up tomorrow and take us. I wonder what kind of car he will have, better not be like the one Ron’s Dad had.” She laid her head on his shoulder as they slowly walked home trying to keep from tripping wearing high heels. “Well, the play was alright, the parts I saw anyways. Thank you Harry for taking me to it, I had a great time.” She purred the last part

out getting on her toes to bite Harry on his ear again. "Did you?" Harry shakes his head.

"You know Honey; I could probably walk faster carrying you then you walking with those shoes on." Hermione stopped.

"Alright Harry, if you really think so." She jumped on his back wrapping her legs around his waist biting into his neck.

"I did not mean like that!" But it did feel good he had to admit, she didn't weigh much, and he was going to prove he could go faster then before. He ran for three blocks before he was too tired to carry her. "Ok Honey, you can get down now, I am too tired to carry you anymore." She got off his back and laughed.

"Well, at least you will be walking at the same speed as me Harry." Laughing some more she started walking as fast as she could in her heels with Harry trying to keep up. "Catch me Harry!" She laughs as Harry easily does.

"What's my prize?" Hermione kisses Harry. "I like that prize." Harry kisses Hermione back. "No more running."

"I can't run in these things."

"Then take them off. I don't need you to be hurting yourself. Although I could keep carrying you I guess."

"Ok Harry." Hermione takes the high heels off. "Much better." They hold hands as they walk back to #4 Privet Drive.

When they got back to the house Harry started heading to his room when Hermione stopped him. "Come on Harry, my bed's bigger." He wanted to join her, but what they had done at the theater, the way she made him go insane for her, and he couldn't handle it. "Harry come on. Please?"

"Look Honey, I don't think we should sleep together tonight, and I need to change anyways, you do too, right?" She frowned.

"Come on Harry, don't you like holding me at night? Your arms around me, I feel so safe, I don't have nightmares when you hold me." She looked as though she was going to cry, Harry didn't want her too and relented.

"Alright, but let me get out of these clothes Honey." He realized how that sounded but it was too late. Harry went into his room and took as long as possible to change. "What am I going to do? I don't know if I can handle this, she makes me want her too badly. I can't believe what we did with all those people there, and Tonks, I can't believe it. And now what is going to happen? We kept our clothes on there, but still felt so good, and now we will be in bed together like this, think Harry!" He was lost in thought when he felt hands on his back, small hands, Hermione. "Honey, I don't know if we should do this. I don't want you to have nightmares, but what we did at the theater, I couldn't control myself there, I felt like I needed you, not wanted but needed. What if I can't control myself tonight and pressure you into doing something you don't want to do Honey?" She hugged him from behind kissing his bare back.

"Don't worry Harry, we need to get up early tomorrow, and I am really tired. Besides Harry, I can control myself when I want to; I just didn't want to at the theater with your fingers and tongue..." She nibbled on his ear lobe laughing as she went back to her room ready for bed. Harry followed her to the guest room glad to be able to rest after the day and night of physical and emotional strain next to his girlfriend, HIS girlfriend. Hermione being his girlfriend still sounded strange to him.

### Chapter 3 The New Ones

That morning he woke up feeling more alive then ever. Hermione, his girlfriend, he was still getting use to calling her that, lay next to him. He saw the clock, another two an a half hours before Sirius arrived. He wished that they were going to the Burrow after they got done buying what they needed, but Sirius said they were to stay here until September 1st when he would pick them up and take them to Platform Nine and Three Quarters . "Hermione, I..." Harry wanted to say those words; he wanted to tell her "Hermione, I love you." She was still asleep, giving Harry a chance to practice until she woke up. "I love you Hermione. Honey I love you." He kept saying it, trying different ways, how long to say each word, what name to call her. It was twenty minutes later when Hermione rolled over.

"I love you too Harry." She hugged Harry and kissed him. She was glad she had pretended to sleep so she could hear Harry practice. "All you have to say is you love me." She kissed him again moving her hands on his bare chest. "But we have to get ready don't we? How about you take a shower first so I can get some of my things together, I need to go to Gringotts first." Harry got up and took his shower trying to get the thoughts, the memories of last night, out of his head.

Ten minutes before Sirius showed up Uncle Vernon had gotten up and was downstairs. It must have been only the second time he had seen Hermione that summer. "Witch, what are you and him doing up so early?" He growled making tea.

"Sorry Sir if we woke you, but we are waiting for Harry's God Father to come and pick us up. We need to go to Diagon Alley to get our school supplies." At hearing about Sirius, the criminal wizard that Scotland Yard was still searching for Uncle Vernon went upstairs with his newspaper.

"Hermione." Harry pointed out the window showing her a large car had just pulled up. "He's here." They ran out to the car to give the house back to the Dursley's that morning.

But Harry was sadly disappointed when he got to the car. It wasn't Sirius, at least not in human form. "Oh yeah, he's a fugitive." It suddenly hit Harry that Sirius was innocent, but only a few knew about it. Tonks was driving the car with "Snuffles" in the back seat. Hermione sat in the passenger seat while Harry sat in the back with "Snuffles". When Harry closed the door Sirius went back into his human form.

"So Harry, Tonks told me about what happened last night." Harry turned white as Tonks picked up the story where Sirius left off "I can't believe I was so stupid to let someone sit on me! I couldn't get back into the theater and was worried something might happen." Harry sighed

"Good, they didn't see me and Hermione." But he felt something on his neck.

"Those are interesting bruises you have there Harry, look like bite marks on your shoulder." Sirius laughed, he knew where they came from, and knew where Hermione's came from. He leaned down and whispered so only Harry could hear. "Be careful Harry, a woman scorn can be almost as bad as an army of trolls and Death Eaters. From what Tonks has told me Hermione would be liable to curse you into something worse than a toad if you made her mad." He leaned back up smiling at Harry, patting him on the shoulder. "So Tonks, how much longer?" Tonks waved him off and pushed a couple of buttons. Suddenly everything outside was a blur, Harry was thrown back into his seat and nearly slammed into the back of the front seat moments later. He looked outside the window again and was amazed, it was the Leaky Cauldron! It had only taken seconds to get there.

Stepping out of the car Sirius was Snuffles again and Tonks lead them inside. Harry saw that there were only two people there, neither of them did he recognize. Tonks got the passage to open and Harry walked with Hermione to Gringotts. "Harry, do you think forty Galleons will be enough?" She was trying to do the math in her head while they rode on the roller coaster like tracks in Gringotts. When they got to Harry's vault he had an idea.

"Hermione, I know Gringotts is protected, you can do magic here, could you make my bag like your pouch?"

"How did you know that?"

"I was bored and had nothing else to do but read." Hermione grinned and got her wand out.

"Infitico." Suddenly his bag became light as air, all the things in it before were still there, but now there was a lot more room.

"Thanks." Harry went into his vault and loaded up on Galleons, Sickles, and Knuts. He had always kept himself from spending too much, but he didn't care now, there was something he wanted to get Hermione. Her necklace was beautiful, but it needed something on it. Getting back in the car he smiled at Hermione looking for the necklace and bracelet. She wore the necklace on the outside of her shirt, but he couldn't see the bracelet. "Honey, where's your bracelet?" She rolled her sleeve up and showed him.

"I didn't want someone to see it and try to take it." Harry accepted her excuse as they got out of Gringotts.

After getting their books, Harry having a hard time getting Hermione out, they walked over to get new dress robes. "Hermione, you get what you want; I have to go someplace, be right back." Harry left Hermione in front of the store as he went over to Knockturn Alley. He went down until he saw what he was looking for, The Silver Pendant was open and just as dark as the last time he saw it when he had accidentally wound up in Knockturn Alley. "Sir, do you have anything in gold? I know your store is called The Silver Pendant, but I need something that's gold." The man grunted and pointed at a back wall. Harry went over and saw all the choices. Some large, some small, some were detailed and some not. He went over the selection until he saw what he considered to be perfect. It was a heart, but it had something inscribed on it. Looking at it closely he saw it was a Basilisk, just like the one he killed. "She said I was a man since I could kill one, this is perfect." He picked it up and went to the counter. "Sir, I'm ready." The man grunted again and looked at the pendant.

“That’s 15 Galleons and not a knut less.” Harry didn’t care; he had the money and paid for it, glad to be leaving the store.

When he got back to the shop he saw Hermione was waiting outside. “You get what you were looking for?” Harry nodded.

“Yes I did honey. Could I see your necklace though?” Hermione was confused but took it off. Harry turned around so she couldn’t see what he was doing. After getting the pendant on he handed it back to Hermione.

“Wow Harry, what’s this?” She held it up and looked at it, just as Harry had done in the store.

“Well, it’s an early Christmas present. I already got you your birthday gifts so I figured I would work on Christmas.” She laughed.

“If you keep this up I won’t be getting anything from you until next year.” Putting the necklace on she tucked it underneath her shirt. She went back inside with Harry as he got his dress robes, going with snow white as had Hermione. Wrapping them up and putting it in his new charmed bag Harry and Hermione went over to Ollivander’s Wand Shop to wait for Ron.

Waiting for Ron was slowly getting boring. “He said he was going to meet us here ten minutes ago, I wonder what happened.” Harry wasn’t paying attention though; he just saw a girl and guy walk in through the Leaky Cauldron who he had never seen before.

“Honey, look.” He pointed to them and Hermione glanced over. “Wonder who they are, no way they are old enough to be out of school.” Before Harry could say anything else Hermione started to jog over, Harry catching up wondering what was going on. The girl looked up and saw them coming over.

“Hi!” She waved as Harry and Hermione got to her. “I’m Monica, what are your names?” She stuck her hand out and both shook it.

“I’m Hermione, this is Harry, I’ve never seen you here before, what school do you go to?” Monica smiled showing perfect white teeth.



"Oh we're new here; we'll be going to Hogwarts this year." She tried to get the guys attention but he just shrugged her off. "Sorry about him, he is still grumpy about moving here from Ohio." Harry thought she sounded strange "He's Devin, my twin brother." Monica added when Hermione looked at her brother.

"Well, nice to meet you, we're the 5th year Prefects for Gryffindor this year. If you need any help just ask us and we'll be glad to, even if you do end up in Slytherin." Hermione looked at Devin. They heard someone running up on them and turned around.

"Hey, I thought you guys were going to wait for me in front of Ollivanders." Ron tired from his short run over made Hermione and Harry laugh thinking about how much they ran.

"Sorry Ron, we saw new students and wanted to greet them." Harry pointed to Monica and Devin.

"New students? Where they from?"

"Ohio." Monica answered and stuck her hand out. "I'm Monica; I'm guessing you're Ron." She flashed Ron her smile that hadn't left her face yet. "This is my brother Devin, he's a little grumpy cause we moved here, but he ain't that bad." Ron almost laughed at the way Monica talked; using words like "ain't" was unheard of in England. "What are you laughing at? I didn't say anything funny did I?" Harry shot a glance at Ron to get him to shut up or at least laugh a little quieter.

"Sorry about that Monica, head injury from playing Quidditch, he acts like an Immature Git at exactly the wrong time." Harry felt a weight lift off his shoulders; he had just called Ron an Immature Git to his face, even if it was as a joke.

"Sorry, it's just what was that word, ain't? I've never heard it before, what does it mean? Is it even a word?" Monica looked like she was starting to get frustrated when Devin stepped between her and Ron.

"Listen fool, if you ever laugh at my sister again I will kill you!" Hermione screamed and pulled Harry away as a wave of something, Harry didn't know, flowed over him and he felt anger, rage, down to his core then felt normal again all in seconds.

"Devin! You know you aren't supposed to do that!" Monica grabbed Devin by the arm and dragged him away.

Ron tried laughing it off but Hermione was still worried. "Didn't you see that Harry?" Harry shook his head; he had no idea what she was talking about. "How could you not have seen that? He was surrounded by a red mass that exploded from him. When it hit me I became really mad, specifically at Ron." She glanced at him.

"I felt it too Honey." Harry saw Ron look up at him.

"What was that?" Ron looked puzzled.

"I said I felt it too Hermione."

"Oh." Harry got lucky; he wasn't supposed to call her Honey around Ron, or anyone else for that matter. "I wonder what that was; maybe it has something to do with being a Yank." Ron joked, but he was the only one to laugh.

"Did you get everything you needed Ron?" He shook his head.

"I just got here, how long have you been here?" Harry replied.

"A couple hours, Sirius and Tonks took us here."

"Tonks?"

"Witch friend of Sirius, think they might be together or something, she's been watching Hermione and Me in case Death Eaters attacked." Ron looked at Hermione when he heard about the Death Eaters.

"Is that where you got those bruises?" Hermione blushed but tried to cover it up.

"No, if you noticed Harry has them too. We were uh, well..." Harry started to get worried that Ron would put two and two together, but thankfully Ron got twenty two, not four.

"You were attacked at Harry's? I guess it's a good thing that Tonks person was around." Harry looked at his face hoping Ron wouldn't notice Harry's face turning red. "Ouch Harry, looks like one of them bit you." Ron was pointing at his shoulder which Harry tried to cover up as soon as Ron mentioned it.

"Yeah, hurt like hell, but wasn't that bad Ron." Harry pleaded he would drop the subject. Ron tried to get details of the "attack" at Harry's house but Hermione kept telling him she didn't want to think about it right now. They waited outside of every store while Ron got his books and robes and other school supplies. Harry was glad to see Ron had the money to get new supplies. "So Ron, where did you get the money for all that stuff?" Harry knew where but wanted to see if the twins had actually come through for him.

"Fred and George of all people. I think they have been selling what they make because we have owls going in and out of the house at all hours. I don't know why but they gave me and Ginny money to get new things." He was having trouble carrying all of his things so Harry and Hermione helped him. Hermione's right sleeve started to come up and she quickly pushed it back down. Ron looked at her strangely but decided not to ask. Hermione was staring to wonder if she should have worn the bracelet today with all these people around, especially Ron.

They walked back to the Leaky Cauldron where Tonks was waiting with Snuffles and unexpected to Harry and Hermione with Ginny. "All ready to go are we? What took you so long Ron?" Ginny got up and greeted Harry and Hermione. When she saw the marks on Harry's and Hermione's necks she started to laugh. "Oh my god, I can't believe you two!" Harry and Hermione were both shocked, Ginny knew!

"What?" Ron asked puzzled. Harry and Hermione were waving their hands behind Ron's back mouthing "He doesn't know." With looks of

panic on both of their faces. Luckily Ginny got the message “Sirius and Tonks told me all about you working outside like muggles.” She winked at them and continued. “I guess that is where you got those tans and Harry, nice arms.” Harry flexed his arms without thinking about it getting a death stare from Ron.

“Yeah, I had to do something over the summer, since I wasn’t at the Burrow I had nothing to do.” He was glad that moment of panic was over as Ron continued asking Harry about what it was like to work like a muggle. Tonks excused herself and Snuffles and left the four alone.

About an hour later Ron said he had to go get something he forgot to buy. Ginny had used this chance to get Harry and Hermione alone. “Look, I think I know what you two have been doing to keep busy over the summer.” She smiled with a look of mischief in her eyes.

“Yes Ginny, we have been dating, we are two mature people having a mature relationship. But I think you should be explaining how you knew what the marks on our necks were.” Hermione thought she had the upper hand, only to be crushed.

“Bill and Fleur have had those marks all summer, and some in other places from what I saw on Fleur.” Hermione was about to yell, but she didn’t want Ginny to get mad.

“Look, Ron doesn’t know, and we don’t want him too until we get him alone, alright? We already have a plan on how and where to tell him so he won’t embarrass himself by throwing a tantrum in front of a bunch of people.” Hermione leaned over far enough for Ginny to see the necklace hanging underneath her shirt.

“What’s that?” Hermione looked around to make sure Ron wasn’t back yet.

“It’s mine, Harry gave it to me, and he just got the pendant today, nice isn’t it?” She showed Ginny who looked at it in awe. “That looks like a Basilisk, but why would you get something like that for Hermione?” She stared at Harry.

“Because I killed one, and other reasons, but that is for me and her to know.” Ginny started to ask another question about the necklace when she saw the bracelet.

“Wow, that’s beautiful! How much did....” Harry cut her off.

“I don’t want to talk about it.” He to began to wonder why Hermione was wearing it knowing they would be meeting Ron who would no doubt start to ask questions they weren’t going to answer. He saw Ron come back he was glad to have an excuse to stop talking with Ginny, but Ron was looking like he was in a foul mood.

Ron got over to them looking even worse up close. Hermione backed off a little looking sacred of Ron while rolling down her sleeve to cover up the bracelet. “What’s wrong?” Harry asked Hermione, but Ron was the one who answered

“That damn Yank girl, I tried to apologize and she ignored me, acting like she was talking to someone else. There was no one there; she ignored me, that bi-.”

“Witch!” Both Ginny and Hermione interrupted him.

“Fine, I tried to be nice and she blew me off.” Hermione calmed down as did Ron.

“Hermione, could you come here for a minute?” Harry motioned her over to another table. “What was that all about? You looked like you had seen a Dementor.”

“No, worse. Ron had a black mass around him, like the red mass that was around Devin earlier. But it went away when he calmed down. How come you didn’t see it?” Harry shrugged

“I don’t know, maybe it’s some kind of new magic you learned. Knowing you reading all those books you might have learned something without even knowing you did it.” It was the best he could do because he didn’t have a clue.

"I don't know Harry, but good idea, when we get home I'm going to get some of my books out, will you help me?" She grabbed his hand rubbing it in between hers.

"Of course I will Honey, anything for you." He kissed her on the cheek, making sure Ron wasn't looking. Ron was busy looking at Tonks "Wonder what Sirius would have to say about Ron moving in on his girlfriend." He laughed as Hermione and him went back to join the others waiting for Tonks.

Tonks had come back with Snuffles and told Harry and Hermione to get in the car. They said bye to Ron and Ginny and quickly got in the car. "What was that about?"

"Tonks saw someone, didn't you?" Hermione interjected.

"Yes, I did, Lucius Malfoy and his wife with that little blond kid of theirs. I don't trust them, they are all evil, and not one of them has any good inside." Tonks tightened her grip on the wheel, Hermione next to her looking at her with concern.

"Calm down Tonks, they are Death Eaters and will end up in Azkaban where they belong when Dumbledore gets a hold of them." She patted Tonks on the shoulder and Harry saw Tonks immediately react, nearly letting go of the wheel.

"You're right Hermione, you're right. I just need to take a couple of deep breaths, and know that they will get what they deserve when the time comes." Sirius went into human form and reached his hand out onto Tonks shoulder rubbing it.

"It's ok cousin, they will all get what they deserve."

"Cousin?" Both Harry and Hermione said at once. Sirius laughed.

"Yes, she's my little cousin, one of the best metamorphmagus of our times." She laughed a little.

"Come off it Sirius, I just qualified to be an Auror last year, nearly failed my Stealth test, rather clumsy I am." With things relaxing in the

car the conversation lightened up for the rest of the five minute trip. Harry and Hermione said goodbye when they got back to #4 Privet Drive and ran back into the house leaving Tonks and Snuffles to go home, wherever that was.

Harry had packed the night before because Hermione made him but it did allow them to sleep later than normal. He was going to miss sleeping with Hermione, her warm body next to his, her body pressed against him; he was really going to miss moments like this. She starting moving, rubbing against him before she turned over to kiss him. "Harry, I am going to miss this, I have gotten use to you next to me when I wake up in the morning. Too bad they don't allow boys in the girl's dormitory." She moved Harry onto his back and rolled on top of him, kissing him some more, moving down his neck.

"I'm going to miss this too Honey. I have gotten use to you next to me, your warmth, your body next to me, felt so nice these past weeks." Hermione leaving love bites down his chest kissed his belly button, blowing cool air on it afterwards to make him shiver.

"I love you Harry, but school will interfere with this for awhile." She kept kissing his body, starting to go to low for Harry's comfort.

"Hermione, come here." He cupped her face with his hand and brought her face up to his. "You are the smartest most beautiful witch in Hogwarts and nothing Hogwarts does will mess that up." He kissed her deeply wrapping his arms around her to keep her mouth from wandering. But her hands were still free and did far more than her mouth had.

Harry moaned several times before his mind came back into focus. "Hermione, stop it, not now." That's when he heard the voice. "The large one is coming." He pushed Hermione off him and went for his wand. The door opened and Dudley waddled in.

"What? Where's the kitchen? What did you do to the kitchen?" Harry started laughing, Dudley was to asleep to know he was still upstairs.

"You are in the wrong room. It is down the hall, to your right." He did in as deep a voice as possible. Dudley turned around and walked towards the bathroom.

"Harry, how did you know he was coming?" Hermione looked at him, lost.

"I don't know; I heard something telling me 'The large one was coming.' And I grabbed my wand; I didn't know it was Dudley." He could hear a strange noise, getting up he looked over to the bathroom and saw Dudley drinking out the toilet mumbling about "cereal" and how it had too much milk. Trying not to laugh and puke at the same time Harry went back to Hermione. "You might want to wait a few minutes before you do anything in the bathroom Honey." He kissed her on her forehead and went to his room to get his running clothes on.

Running for two hours Harry was ready for a shower. He had told Hermione about what Dudley had been doing so she yelled at him for not stopping Dudley, but laughed at it too. When he got upstairs he was glad to see Dudley had stopped drinking from the toilet. The shower allowed his muscles to cool off, today was his last day here, Sirius and Tonks were coming in one hour to take him and Hermione to Platform Nine and Three Quarters. Getting lost in his thoughts he hadn't heard the door open, or someone getting undressed. Just as he was about to get out of the shower Hermione climbed in. "Honey, what are you doing?" He reached out for a towel, but they weren't there!

"Not this time Harry, I have you all to myself." She pushed herself against him, kissing him, using her left hand to hold his head in place while tracing her right hand down his chest getting lower. "NOOOO!" Harry screamed it in his mind, but couldn't say anything; Hermione had her tongue in his mouth, her hand just above his waist. "Mine." She grabbed him, kissing him again when he started to protest. He tried to push her away, but just like at the theater his hands only excited Hermione more, and this time it excited him. Her hand keeping his head in place she bit his lower lip moving down his throat. His hands stayed on her chest, loving how soft the skin felt. Her hand on him drove him wild looking down seeing the brown hair



surrounding something Harry wanted to touch. He reached his hand out as both of them were moaning; Harry couldn't stand it; he was going to die if he couldn't stop either of them.

"Hermione, don't, not now." When he said those words someone pounded on the door.

"BOY! Get done in there in five minutes or I'm breaking in and throwing you out!" Uncle Vernon stormed away after scaring Harry and Hermione.

Harry rushed getting dressed and peeked out, no one was there. "Ok Hermione, you go to your room, I'll go to mine, get your things together and meet me downstairs." He ran down the hall to his room while Hermione slowly walked to hers not caring if anyone had seen her in just a towel. Grabbing his things and pulling them downstairs Harry sat on his trunk with Hedwig in her cage trying to get Hermione out of his head. She was perfect, nice, round, smooth, the place his hand was going.... "NO!" Harry started to shake his head hard hoping the image would go away. He had shaken his head so hard his glasses fell off and broke. He got even more mad and stomped on them. "I don't need those, I can see fine!" He yelled, and everything became clear. "What did I just do?" He thought to himself, "Did I just do more human transfiguration?" He couldn't believe it; he had never seen this well, even with his glasses. "If only I had done this years ago I wouldn't have had to wear those stupid things." Harry looked around at everything, it all seemed to jump out from where it was, his brain energized by all this new information. "Had that carpet always had a stain under the table? Had the curtains always been that shade of green?" These thoughts absorbed his attention; he was amazed, but nearly had a heart attack when everything went black.

"Guess who." He realized that Hermione had put her hands over his eyes.

"Dudley, I told you we are cousins it could never happen." Hermione punched him in the back harder then she meant to but still laughed.

"Sure Harry, like you and him could even fit in the shower at the same time." Hermione started to kiss his neck lightly, not biting or leaving

marks. "When we get on the train I can use magic to make the marks and bruises go away. We can trust Ginny, but others might realize what we've been doing and tell Ron or think he knows." She got up and sat on her trunk waiting for Sirius and Tonks.

Twenty minutes later Hermione saw the car coming. Tonks left Sirius in the car as she walked to the house. "Wotcher, is everyone ready?" Hermione pointed to their things in front of the door. "Levioso." Tonks flicked her wand and the trunks lifted off the floor.

"Thanks Tonks. But where should I put Crookshanks, she might not get along with Snuffles." Said Hermione as she took her things out to the car followed by Harry.

"Remember Hermione Snuffles was giving Crookshanks orders to kill Wormtail, so I wouldn't see why Crookshanks and Snuffles wouldn't get along now. It should only take about two minutes, so you two enjoy your time alone while you can. Oh, wait; I remember what else I was supposed to do." Tonks moved her wand and the bruises left Harry's and Hermione's neck.

"Thanks again Tonks, I was going to wait until we were on the train, but this is easier." In the car Sirius and Tonks noticed Harry wasn't wearing his glasses.

"I broke them, then I yelled I didn't need them I can see fine, and I could. I don't know how but I could." Sirius commented on it.

"Well sounds like you would be perfect for becoming an animagus. Your father and I had to take a special potion to do that but you seem to be able to change yourself just by thinking it. I noticed your hair has been different too, is that also your doing or muggle means?"

"It's me, I wanted to look good for our date and my hair did as I told it."

"Amazing isn't he Tonks? My Godson is amazing." It seemed like only moments before they were in front of Platform Nine and Three Quarters and saying good bye to Tonks and Snuffles.

"Well, here we go Honey, got your badge on?" She shook her head and put it on.

"Alright then, let's go." Harry walked between platform 9 and 10 ending up with the Hogwarts Express in front of him and Hermione close behind.

Putting their things away they moved up to the front of the train where the Prefect cars were. Harry opened the door for Hermione who kissed him for it. Harry nearly freaked out but realized they were alone; they were the first ones on. Hermione looked at Harry strangely, suddenly realizing that his glasses were missing. "Harry, where are your glasses? How do you expect to see anything if you don't have them? How could you forget your glasses!" Harry laughed causing her more confusion.

"I don't need them anymore, I broke them and got mad about it, then I said 'I don't need them, I can see fine!' and I could. I didn't know human transfiguration could work like that, but it is amazing how well I can see!" He sat down and was starting to go on about his new eyesight when Hermione sat on his lap and started kissing him. "Hermione, what if someone comes in?"

"We will hear them walking and the door opening before they get a chance to see us." She kept kissing him running her hand through his hair. He was enjoying their last moments alone when the voice came back. "The dragon approaches." Harry got Hermione off his lap just in time to see Draco enter the Prefect car.

"Dumbledore's pet and the mud-blood, I should have known you would make Prefect." Harry felt the anger rise, but remembered what he had told himself since he had turned fifteen.

"Hello Draco, how was your summer?" Draco taken aback by Harry's response to his insults took a minute to respond.

"Better than yours or the mud-bloods since mine was muggle free." He sneered. But again Harry wasn't going to let it get to him.

“Really? I don’t know about that, I got to eat at a nice restaurant, and Hermione told me she saw a play. What did you do?” It was mostly the truth, he had eaten at a nice restaurant and she did see a play, well, part of a play since they were busy with other things. Draco getting angry at Harry’s response said nothing as he sat down with his arms across his chest. Harry smiled to himself, he had won, and he had not fallen for Draco’s insults like Ron would.

Others filled the car including Cho Chang, Pansy Parkinson, others until the Head Boy and Head Girl walked in. Harry’s heart missed a beat when Cho flashed a smile at him. “Hello Harry, I hope you enjoyed your summer break.” She leaned down and kissed him on his cheek before sitting down for the Head Boy and Head Girl.

“Hello, for those of you not familiar with whom we are, I am Michael Nikkturn, and this is Margaret Brillings.” She raised her hand taking over.

“As Prefects your duties are to be a role model, attend meetings, discipline students when needed, and of course enjoy the Prefect Bathrooms!” The others cheered at the thought of being in them, some had never been there like Hermione, but Harry had just last year with a favor from Cedric. “Now, the first years are going to need help for the first couple of weeks and will keep you busy, but afterwards you will mainly be stuck attending meetings. I’ve never had to deduct many points from other students since most are smart enough not to do anything when I was around; and you will find this out as the year goes on.” But then things changed as both decided to get serious. She continued quickly with a grim face. “On too the most important thing you will ever need to know.” Michael cleared his throat taking over from her.

“The Weasley Twins are off limits to anyone. You do not reprimand them, you do not take points from them, and you must leave them alone! We have lost several Prefects to those two and their actions, do I make myself clear?” Everyone nodded but Malfoy who raised his hand. “Yes Draco?” Malfoy sneered at the Gryffindor Prefects

“So you mean they are allowed to do whatever they want because you are afraid of them? How weak, of course, what do you expect

from a Hufflepuff Head Boy.” Michael laughed with a gleam in his eyes.

“I see Mr. Malfoy, well then, 50 points from Slytherin.” Malfoy’s jaw dropped, he had just put Slytherin into negative points before they even got off the train! “Also, you just lost the ability to take points away until Professor Flitwick says so.” He may have feared what the Weasley Twins did to Prefects but he wasn’t afraid of some little Slytherin Prefect. Malfoy couldn’t handle it, first Potter hadn’t fallen for his insults, then he lost points, and now he lost some of his power!

“No Michael, I don’t think so.” He stood up with his wand out pointing it at Michael, but was hexed by Hermione, Cho, and Margaret before he could get any spell off.

“Alright then, another 50 points from Slytherin and 50 points to Ravenclaw and Gryffindor.” He looked at Malfoy “And Malfoy.” Malfoy tried to look up but was in too much pain. “I believe that badge no longer belongs to you.” He bent down and took the badge off. “I think our first Prefect meeting has ended, if you wish you can stay here or you can go join your friends.” He looked at Pansy “But you, if you take points from anyone until we get to Hogwarts not only will I add them back but I will take equal points from your House. You see, unlike what Malfoy thought, I am not weak, or afraid, it’s just that I’m mature enough to know which battles to fight and which battles are lost causes. In their second year they had a thousand points taken and had detention for the remaining four months every night and you know what they did?” She shook her head. “They put Miss Norris on top of the astronomy tower to keep Filch busy as they ransacked his office. They don’t care, they know that it is only school, and while an education is important the rules, the points, the little trophies at the end of the year, they don’t mean anything once you leave here.” He smiled to the rest as they left the Prefect car.

Moving to the back of the train they got to the car they were always in. Seeing Ron, Ginny, Neville, and Luna Harry felt at home. But then he saw movement behind Ginny, it was Dean Thomas! “Hi Dean, what are you doing?” Then he saw the marks on Ginny’s neck, and Dean’s. “Never mind, I don’t want to know what you two have been doing.” Hermione behind him hugged Ginny, pulling her sleeve over her hand

when she saw it was moving up her arm. Ron saw this and looked puzzled, then angry.

“Oh no, did he see the bracelet?” But Ron didn’t say anything as Hermione sat at the other end of the car. Harry joined her whispering to her about what he just saw.

“I know Harry, he has a red mass around him, just like Devin’s, but this one is smaller and shrinking.” Harry wondered what she was going on about, there was nothing around Ron. He was still thinking about it, trying to see it, when the voice came. “The Fire Siblings will explode.” Harry shook his head, who were the Fire Siblings?

He soon got his answer when Ron stood up and grabbed Ginny off of Dean’s lap. “Stop that Ginny, you know you aren’t suppose to be doing that, you’re too young!” She turned around and slapped him hard.

“What do you know? You’ve never had a girlfriend; you are an annoying idiot who should leave the people older than him alone!” He grabbed her arms shaking her as though she was speaking a foreign language.

“I am older than you! So what if I’ve never had a girlfriend, if I did I wouldn’t want her to be some floozy or....” Ron didn’t get to say anything else as Ginny had kneed him between the legs.

“I’ve been older than you since I was saved by Harry from the Basilisk. I grew up; you on the other hand have remained a child!” She kicked him while he was on the ground and stormed out the door followed by a scared looking Dean.

“Ginny, don’t be doing things like that, I just earned our House 50 points and I don’t want them taken away already.” Hermione called after Ginny but gave up when Ginny made a rude hand gesture and continued walking.

Helping Ron up and back into his seat Hermione and Harry tried to calm him down, but Ron was hearing none of it. “She has been bouncing from boy to boy and sooner or later she will pick the wrong

one. Mom told me and The Twins to watch after her, but The Twins are too busy with their stupid jokes and pranks to do their job as brothers. Why did mom and dad have to have a girl?" Hermione laughed trying to ease the mood.

"Ron, you have no idea. A former president once said about his daughter 'Daughter's are god's curse on men for being men for they know what they were like when they were teenagers and hope their little girls don't meet them.' Quite true in this case, don't you think Harry?" Harry nodded.

"Pretty much, but Ginny isn't your problem Ron, she is your sister, but you have things to worry about like OWLs." Ron smiled, feeling better, tried to stand up and went to grab Hermione's right wrist but she pulled it back quickly and went to the other side of the car.

Getting nearer to Hogwarts people started to change into robes, and the Prefects had to go back to the front. "I can't believe she did that, not that I wouldn't have done it if Ron had said the next word. But still, you can't be hitting people, not even siblings, at least not like that." Hermione was going on about Ron's red mass and how it had a green outline. Harry had no idea what she meant but went along with it. Now back in the Prefect car they noticed that both Malfoy and Pansy were gone.

"Think Slytherin won't have any 5th year Prefects?" Harry whispered back "No, Snape will do something about it." Michael and Margaret got everyone to quiet down as they got into the middle of the car.

"Alright, one other thing to go over with all of you before we get to Hogwarts. We have transfer students as your letter indicated and I would like to introduce them." Michael pointed to Margaret and she went over to the door to open it.

"Devin and Monica?" Harry asked out loud, realizing he had said it out loud he added "Me and Hermione met them in Diagon Alley. They're from Ohio if I remember right." He heard a laugh and was suddenly being hugged.

“That’s right; I can’t believe you remembered that!” Monica let him go and shook hands with the others as Devin just stood there arms crossed shrugging the others off.

“Monica and Devin Stark are going to be going with us to the Great Hall for the Sorting Ceremony, and we all hope they have a good time this year, right people?” They all nodded in agreement, some more than happy to welcome the American girl, even if her brother was less than polite.

Getting into Hogwarts without farther incident, Harry and Hermione with the other Prefects lead Devin and Monica into Hogwarts as Hagrid called to the first years. Seeing Harry and Hermione he waved. “Hey you two! You both made Prefect eh? Well, glad to know my friends and students will behave this year!” Harry realized something; Remus Lupin had been made Prefect to try and keep Sirius and his Dad in line, is this why he had gotten the badge? He forced these memories out of his head when he entered the Great Hall, the roof dark with stars shining, he was truly home. Hermione grabbed his hand as they walked over to the Gryffindor table making Harry nervous at first, but having her close to him, the smell of her hair, he nearly ran into a chair before he came back to the real world. The other students came in making Hermione let go of his hand as Ron ran over to sit across from them. Ginny sat at the other end of the table as far away from Ron as possible, as had Dean not wanting to anger Ginny.

The Sorting Ceremony had begun, all the little first years nervous but delighted to be in school. Gryffindor had gotten seven new boys and six females, Ravenclaw had gotten five each, Hufflepuff had gotten six each while Slytherin had gotten only two new boys and one girl. Harry was glad to hear that Professor Flitwicks son John had made it into Gryffindor, and Dean Thomas was beaming with pride that his little sister who was going to turn 12 soon was placed in Gryffindor. “Dean, you said she is almost 12, why wasn’t she in school last year?” He beamed at Harry “Because you have to be 11, not close to 11, but 11. In three more days she will be twelve, my little girl.” Harry talked with him some more hearing about Dean raising his little sister when his parents were working and some funny stories when growing up.



Ron nudged him in the ribs and pointed at the Slytherin table. "Maybe the hat is done with making dark wizards and decided to keep them out of Slytherin." Ron joked, but again he was the only one who laughed. Finally Monica and Devin were brought forth and Dumbledore introduced them to Hogwarts.

"Ladies, Gentlemen, Students and teachers, these two we are proud to say have come all the way from the States and are to be treated as you would anyone else, with respect and kindness." Sneers from Slytherin made Ron laugh at what would happen if either one of the Americans ended up in Slytherin. "Now, as they are not in any House they are to be sorted as any other student would, with the hat! Now Devin, would you please sit down and put that hat on?" Devin grunted and did as he was ordered. The hat sat there on his head.

"Well, I have never had to place someone like you, but Gryffindor!" Harry and the others at Gryffindor Table clapped loudly, Harry wondering what the hat meant by "someone like you" remembering his first year fondly. Devin stood up and walked over sitting in a new seat that had just appeared, next to Hermione. Next Monica sat down and did the same thing, but the hat had an almost immediate response of a loud "Gryffindor!" She ran down to hug her brother and sat next to Harry where the seat had just appeared.

"Hi Harry, I guess you are going to be the one to show me around." She smiled as she hugged him like she had on the train, getting a stare from Hermione, who quickly pulled her robe sleeve down as Harry caught a gold shine from her wrist. Dumbledore stood up again ready to continue the evening so they could eat.

He walked to the front; and with a clap of his hands the doors to the Great Hall opened and a woman with blonde hair walked in. "Sorry I'm late Dumbledore, I am still getting use to those stairs, why you would want them to change like that, but it was amusing seeing more of the castle." She hurried up to Dumbledore and whispered in his ear. Dumbledore smiled and excused her lateness.

"As you see we have a new teacher, she will be teaching as the new Defense Against the Dark Arts Professor! Professor St...." She turned

around and shut Dumbledore up, Harry couldn't believe this woman would do something like it, but Dumbledore didn't seem to mind as she whispered in his ear again. "Alright, seems I had her name wrong, students, welcome your new teacher, Professor Krats!" More applause from the students as Professor Krats bowed and went to her seat. "Now that the good news is over, we have bad news to share with you. Voldemort" All but Harry and Hermione trembled at the name "Is back. He will do what he can to hurt us, but can only do so if we allow him too! I am already assigning you homework, but you have a year to complete it. It does not require books or parchment, potions or spells, but courage! By the end of the year you must come up here and say Voldemort!" More trembles and a few screams filled the Great Hall. "Now onto the feast everyone, for I am hungry and hate long speeches like everyone else in here." Dumbledore went to his seat and food appeared before them as the cups filled with pumpkin juice.

Harry had eaten his fill and started to look around at what he considered home. Ginny and Dean were feeding each other, laughing and smiling, enjoying each other's attempt to make a mess on the other. Hermione was picking away at the food as was Devin next to her. He turned and saw Monica getting thirds of just about everything! "How does she stay so thin eating like that?" He continued to look around, saw Cho barely eating, she seemed a lot smaller then the year before, pale skin, eyes dark. Harry felt sorry for her, he really did like her last year, but she had changed and wasn't the Cho he knew. Looking at Slytherin Draco was busy talking to Crabbe and Goyle getting madder with every breath. He went back to his plate thinking about desert when he heard Hermione yell.

"Ron, what are you doing?" Hermione had yanked her arm out of Ron's grasp and knocked over Devin's glass. "I'm so sorry Devin here let me clean..." Devin had already stood up knocking his chair down behind him.

"That's alright; I wanted juice all over my clothes." He seemed to be fighting with himself, his hands clenching, his face screwed into a look of pain, Hermione started to back away saying something about "Orange mass, red mass." But Devin had turned and walked out the doors of the Great Hall before Hermione could perform her spell to

clean the juice up. Professor Dumbledore and Professor Krats followed Devin leaving Hermione and the rest wondering what was going to happen.

“Harry, he did it again, there was an orange mass around him, like an aura, then it turned red, but he walked away before it exploded like at Diagon Alley.” Harry held her close to him, but let her go when he realized Ron was staring, but not at him or Hermione, but her arm, her wrist, the one he had grabbed for some reason.

Ten minutes later Dumbledore came back without Devin or Professor Krats and continued his dinner. After deserts he clapped his hands to get everyone’s attention. “Now onto some school business after a wonderful meal. Nothing made by The Twins,” He looked at Fred and George “Is allowed on school grounds as ordered by Filch. Although some of them are quite extraordinary, they are rather troublesome and will result in ten points from your House for every item and a detention. The Forbidden Forest is still Forbidden even though some students seem to think not. It has also come to my attention that there was an incident on the train.” Ginny, Ron, and Draco looked horrified. Harry wasn’t sure which incident Dumbledore was talking about, but didn’t think Dumbledore would consider a fight between siblings as school business. “Draco Malfoy attempted to attack the Head Boy and was demoted, rightfully so I might add. Draco Malfoy, you are a 5th year, old enough to know better, and were a Prefect at the time! If you were just a student the punishment wouldn’t be as harsh, but as a Prefect you were suppose to set an example to all the students. You are here by banned from Hogsmeade for the rest of the school year.” He looked sternly at the Slytherin table with authority. Draco and his friends’ gasped, worried looks shot towards Snape, but Dumbledore saw it. “And the only reason you are not being expelled is because of I, and not Professor Snape, am Headmaster. Your House is already in negative points; your housemates may thank you for that. You will also have detention with Professor Snape every Saturday and Sunday until December 31st. The punishment would be worse, but the only other thing I can think of is to ban you from playing Quidditch, and I may still do so if you do anything else.” Draco’s white skin became even more white, banned from Quidditch would send him over the deep end; he couldn’t allow that, Snape couldn’t allow that. “Also, I was told Miss Brillings helped defend

Head Boy Michael Nikkturn, but Hufflepuff was not given points with the others because the Head Boy thought it would look like favoring his House if he had. I agree with his decision, but they do deserve the points, 50 points to Hufflepuff!" So now all the other Houses were tied, with Slytherin in last. "Now that it has gotten late I think we would all like to retire to our rooms." The students started to leave except for Malfoy who didn't want to be alone in the Slytherin Common Room with no teachers to protect him. "Harry, come up here if you could." Harry turned around and went to Dumbledore.

He took Harry over to the Faculty Table and had him sit down. "There might be a problem with one of the new students Harry and I want to warn you before hand. Devin has special abilities; he needs to be kept under control at all times. If he hadn't controlled himself earlier he could have killed Hermione, you, and anyone else near him." Harry was shocked at this news, why was someone so dangerous being allowed at Hogwarts? "He may not be friendly, or show emotions much, but he needs friends, and I thought it best to place him near you and yours."

"You mean you are going to put me and my friends at risk? You said he could have killed us just from spilt juice, what if it had been something serious! He might do Voldemort's job and kill me because he gets a bad grade." Harry couldn't believe Dumbledore, but if Dumbledore thought it was a good idea, he would hear him out.

"Yes he could Harry, he could also have killed you before, but he didn't. He can control himself but it gets harder every time he gets angry or happy or some other emotion. He has to keep them inside for his abilities draw power from them. If he were to get too happy or angry or any emotion he could affect everyone around him in some way that could be dangerous. I am trying to figure out a way for him to release his emotions without destroying the school but until then Harry I want you to watch after him, alright?" Harry nodded, just something else he would have to do this school year with everything else. Dumbledore waved his hand and Harry left to go catch up with the others.

Getting around the corner he felt a hand grab his robes and pull him into an empty room. "Not now Hermione, we need...." He turned

around and saw it wasn't Hermione but Monica! "Oh, I thought uh, you were Hermione."

"Oh really, more then friends are we?" Harry was going to lie but Monica interrupted him "It doesn't matter, this is about my brother. I just saw Dumbledore tell you about him and his special abilities. I am warning you now, if anything happens to my brother, I will give you something far worse then death. I love my brother and I don't care what others think about him, he is the greatest person I know and anyone who hurts him will find death as a final escape from the pain I can cause." She gripped Harry's arm, digging her nails into his arm. Her eyes blazing with a dark fire as she got closer to Harry, backing him against the wall.

"I wasn't going to do anything to hurt him, why would I anyways?" She backed off a little but was still too close for Harry's comfort.

"I saw your friend laugh at him before, and he laughed at me, your friend is bloody git that will get hurt if he keeps it up." She paused "Maybe you are better then he is you do seem mature enough too have girlfriends, and maybe..." She twirled her finger on Harry's arm where before she had been trying to draw blood with her fingernails.

"Look Monica, I don't know what you mean but stop it whatever it is." He hoped she would get the message, but she moved in closer.

"HARRY!" Hermione burst into the room wand out. "What are you doing? I was waiting for you and you never came and now I find you with her! You!" She pointed her wand at Monica "What do you think you are doing? He's mine!" She was breathing hard, rage flowing out of her, but she got a hold of herself and lowered her wand. "Sorry Monica, I don't know what came over me. I shouldn't have assumed you were doing anything wrong. I trust Harry, he wouldn't do anything like that, I'm sorry. Please don't tell anyone Monica, we are trying to keep it a secret until we find a way to tell Ron." Monica explained to Hermione about why she was with Harry, about her brother, and left.

Harry and Hermione left about five minutes later after making up in a physical way and went to the Gryffindor Common Room. "I forgot to tell you Harry, I had an idea about what to do with the 1st years."

Holding his hand she went on “I thought of your map, and while I wouldn’t make them one like that, it gave me the idea to make regular maps. This way our time can be spent on more important things and the 1st years have a guide with them wherever they go.” Harry was surprised, he hadn’t thought of it, and no one else had until now.

“That’s brilliant Honey, and these important things, they wouldn’t involve me would they?” He kissed her on the forehead breathing in her scent. She laughed.

“Yes, I guess we could study for our OWLs together,” She stopped and hugged Harry “In between snogging sessions.” She reached up and grabbed his head, pulling it down so she could kiss him deep tongue playing with his as he breathed her in. “Toad Cap.” She said when they got to the Fat Lady who swung open and let them into the Gryffindor Common Room.

The next day Harry woke up to pain shooting through his scar. He saw Voldemort laughing as another man trembled on the floor. He couldn’t go back to sleep and decided he would keep running like he had at home. The Quidditch field would be perfect for this as he got his running clothes on. Ron hearing the noise wondered what was going on. “Harry, what time is it?” Harry told him to be quiet as to not wake anyone else up but was already too late, Devin had heard the commotion.

“What are you assholes doing this early in the morning? God it’s not even seven damn it, but now that I’m up I might as well go down.” He did the quickest change Harry had ever seen and went downstairs.

“Wow, I’ve never heard him talk that much, got quite the foul mouth doesn’t he?” Ron started to laugh but Harry again told him to keep quiet.

“I’m going running, go back to bed Ron and don’t laugh at Devin, he is new here, and I don’t just mean Hogwarts. He left his home country to come here, his culture is different then ours and you shouldn’t laugh at him for it.” Harry disgusted with Ron went downstairs ready to go. He got to the Common Room where he saw Devin holding what looked like a silver orb, but it changed in his hand as he moved

his fingers, almost as though it was water. He turned and saw Harry staring at him and put it away.

“So Harry, what are you doing? You look rather strange in those clothes; I didn’t know they played soccer here.” Harry shook his head.

“I’m going out to run, if you uh, want to come with me go ahead, I don’t own the Quidditch field.” Harry saw him smile, the first time he had done so since he had first seen him.

“Alright, but let me change, I can’t let you be the only dumb ass out there.” He got up and was in the dorm room for less than a minute before he came back down in a t-shirt, shorts, and running shoes. “Are you ready Harry? I use to run track at my old school, before my mother made me move here with her.” Harry saw Devin wince, his muscles tremble, trying to fight something back as they went out to the Quidditch field.

Harry was surprised by Devin once they were out on the field. He wasn’t so bad when he was alone; and running seemed to make him happy. “Just like at home, my mother and sister never understood why I liked sports so much.” He sat down stretching his muscles out after the six mile run. “But the rush, something I can put my energy into. I was going to Nationals, but now I’m here.” Harry sat there stretching listening to Devin, amazed at how calm Devin could be, he wasn’t threatening to kill anyone, Devin was actually nice when you got to know him. Harry saw Devin touch his forehead to his knee pulling back on his foot and tried to do the same, but could barely touch his toes let alone his knee to his forehead.

“This wasn’t so bad Devin; want to come with me tomorrow? I might bring my friend with me, we use to run together during the summer.” But Harry forgot to mention Hermione as his friend, not Ron.

“That red headed little bastard? I don’t see why you are friends with him, he laughed at my sister, he laughed at her cause she didn’t speak how he thought she should.” Devin squeezed his eyes shut, was calming down when Harry saw someone coming, Draco Malfoy.

With Crabbe and Goyle following Malfoy was his usual confident self “So Potter what you are doing with the barbarian I can’t tell, must be something to do with muggles.” Harry calmly replied.

“It’s called stretching Malfoy, you do this after running to keep your muscles from cramping. If you want to you can join us tomorrow, it really helps build stamina for Quidditch.” Harry hoped Malfoy would go away; Devin was having a hard time controlling himself as it was thinking about Ron.

“I don’t need any help with Quidditch Potter; I trained last year while you were busy chasing dragons and trophies. But your barbarian friend could probably use the help, look at him, he looks like he is going to cry. Are you going to cry you Yankee barbarian?” Malfoy laughed and started to walk away but only got a few feet when Devin stood up.

“Barbarian? BARBARIAN!” Devin stuck his hand out and blasted Malfoy nearly thirty feet breaking a couple ribs from the impact and his arm on landing. Crabbe and Goyle ran away terrified of what the American had just done.

“Devin stay here, I need to get help.” Harry was concerned leaving Devin but needed to get help. On his way to the castle he saw the strange girl Ginny was friends with, Luna Lovegood. “Luna could you watch Devin for me? He did something and Malfoy is hurt. I need to get Madam Pomfrey.” Luna looked at him as though he wasn’t there, looking past him almost.

“Sure Harry I could do that. Wouldn’t want to leave him alone at a time like this anyways.” Harry cocked his head wondering what Luna had come up with now. “The Crikol Lagew Snake is sure to be out in weather like this.” She wondered off wistfully making Harry stop himself from calling her “Loony Lovegood” like Ron did, not that he was the only one.

He ran to get Madam Pomfrey and returned to find Malfoy still on the ground where he landed, broken, and Devin bleeding, his right eye swollen. “What happen Devin? Did Crabbe and Goyle come back?” Devin shook his head, crying, he sat down on the ground.



"I shouldn't have done it; I shouldn't have done it, I..." Devin kept repeating this as Madam Pomfrey carried Malfoy back on a magic stretcher. Harry turned back to see Devin punching himself in the head still crying.

"Devin stop that, you'll only hurt yourself." But Harry didn't care, he felt empty, depressed, suicidal. Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall came rushing out of Hogwarts and got to Harry and Devin, Harry now crying too, not able to stop himself, wanting to die, so empty. "Devin stop that!" Dumbledore used his wand to make a shield between Harry and Devin which made Harry feel better immediately, and he got up brushing himself off.

"Why was I crying? I don't know why but I wanted to die, I was empty and wanted to die, what did Malfoy do to me?" He asked Dumbledore, who pointed at Devin.

"It was Devin, he was sad; his powers emitted this and affected you, that's why you were crying. He was mad at himself for doing what he did to Draco and didn't like losing control, that's why you felt like that. I told you Harry that he has to control his emotions for they are what power his abilities. I like that you are out here with him, trying to make friends with him, and now you know why I want you to. He needs friends, his last school expelled him and his sister left with him. He was going to a muggle school until I offered his mother a job here so both him and Monica could continue their training."

Harry wasn't sure what to think "Does this mean that Professor Krats is his mom? But why do they have a different last name?" Dumbledore held a finger up to his lips.

"It's a secret Harry, how would you feel if the students treated you different because they knew your mother was a teacher?" Harry was treated different so he knew what it would feel like. "Devin doesn't need that, neither does his sister." McGonagall took Devin with her up to Madam Pomfrey for his eye and broken nose, Harry went back to the Gryffindor Tower.

Harry had just got done explaining what had happened to Hermione and Ron when Devin came back in. "Hi Harry, do your friends mind if I sit here?" He smiled nervously at Hermione, glared at Ron but smiled then too.

"Sure Devin, come join us, Harry was just telling us how you shut Draco up. You must be the first person at this school to do that." Hermione smiled back and patted a spot on the couch next to her. Her sleeve folded up a little, starting to expose her wrist, causing Hermione to take it to her stomach quickly to adjust it. Devin seeing it as though she didn't want him to touch her sat farther away, Ron glared at Hermione, gritting his teeth.

"I guess I did, I shouldn't have done it, I was expelled from my old school for losing my temper. I'm sorry what I did to you Harry, I couldn't control myself." He looked down trying to keep his feelings in check.

"It's alright Devin, I've gotten mad at Malfoy more then once, tried to jinx him a couple times but usually get caught. How many points did we lose?" Harry wondered about it, Devin had attacked another student.

"All the points Hermione won on the train. I'm sorry about that, you earned those points and my stupidity ruined it." He was straining more, waiting for the verbal assault, but Harry wasn't mad.

"Don't worry about it Devin, we have classes today and Hermione will have those points back in no time. She is the smartest witch in our year if not the whole school." Harry patted her on the arm, trying to look as though it was nothing, they were friends, that's all, at least too Ron they were just friends.

Harry was right though, after Transfiguration where Hermione earned twenty points, and another twenty in charms, they were back on track in the points standing. After lunch they had potions. "I can't wait to see what Snape does to Devin; maybe he will get mad and get rid of Snape for us." Harry jabbed Ron in the ribs to get him too shut up as Devin and Monica came up.

“Hi guys, and girl.” She nodded towards Hermione “I just wanted to say thank you for helping my brother today Harry. And you Hermione, I could barely get my bird to turn into a pillow, but yours was beautiful! How did you get the heart design on it?” Monica pulled Hermione from the group to discuss the pillow leaving Harry and Ron with Devin.

“I have to warn you Devin, this next class will be the toughest for you. Snape goes after the Gryffindor students because they aren't Slytherin. You also happened to have attacked his favorite student, so try to calm down now if you can because he will be even worse now.”

“You mean he will be a total prick.” Ron laughed, and for the first time Harry laughed with him.

“You know Devin, talking like that isn't usually done here. But I do like your way with them, sort of different from the norm.” Devin laughed somewhat but stopped when he felt his abilities start to come out.

Harry was right about Snape. He kept trying to rattle Devin, pointing out flaws in his potion, pointing out flaws in the way he stirred, but Devin was calm, blocking Snape out. By the end of the class Devin had finished his potion, along with Harry, Hermione, Monica and Seamus. The rest of the class had failed to get the right color and texture, all of the Slytherins had failed to produce a correct “Infiro Passada” making Snape very agitated. “Well then, good practice, tomorrow we will do it again but this time for a grade.” He sneered at the Gryffindors who had succeeded flicking his wand to empty the content of the cauldrons. Harry was mad, if they had failed and the Slytherins succeeded it would have been for a grade, he couldn't stand it!

“Professor Snape, could I please stay after class for help? I know my potion wasn't as good as it could be and want it to be perfect for tomorrow.” The others stared at Harry wondering what he was up to.

“Alright Potter, if you must take up my valuable time with your problems.” Sneered Snape. Class ended, the others went to their next class as Harry stayed behind. Snape took him into his office

waiting for the real reason Harry wanted to see him. "So Potter, what is it really?" Harry swallowed his pride; he had to do this man to man.

"Sir, I know I have done things these past four years that have been against Hogwarts rules. I know I have said many bad things about you these past four years. But I am 15 years old, I will soon be an adult and I must start acting like it. I thank you Sir for saving my life my first year here. I thank you for all the things you did for me my second year. I thank you for teaching me these past four years even if I was an insufferable dolt. I ask you, man to man, to shake my hand and accept my apology for all the things I have done, and to accept my thanks for everything you have done for me." Harry stood up winded from his speech sticking his hand out.

"What kind of trick is this Potter?" Snape looked at Harry's hand as though he had just stuck it in Hippogriff dung.

"This is no trick Sir, I am trying to be mature, and I am trying to act like the kind of man that will be respected for his actions, the kind of man like Dumbledore or even you. I know you and my father didn't get along, and most of it was my father, but I am not my father, I am my own person. Please Professor Snape, I ask for you to accept my apology and thanks, even if it changes nothing between us." Harry still stood there, his hand out for Snape.

"Alright Potter, nice to see one of you Gryffindors know how to treat your superiors. This changes nothing, if it was up to me you would have been expelled ten times over Potter, but as Dumbledore has said, he is the Headmaster, not I." Snape shook Harry's hand then told him to leave before his next class arrived.

Having done both things he had told himself to do since he turned 15, Harry was ecstatic. Harry ran towards his last class of the day, Divination knowing that he was a man. He had been nice to Malfoy even though it was hard that second time with Devin, and he had apologized to Snape. He knew Snape and Malfoy still hated him, but he was above it, he was grown up. Professor Trelawney noted that Harry was late when he got to her class. "Oh Harry I was just talking about you! We are getting ready for astrology and I was going on about when people born in February are in danger when Mars and

Jupiter align with Pluto.” Harry growled a little, this woman was impossible.

“I wasn’t born in February!” He sat next too Ron exhausted, the run had been nothing, Trelawney was the part that got to Harry.

“I can’t believe I have to fail Divination this year just so I don’t have to take it next year. We should have dropped it like Hermione did last year.” Ron looked over

“But then what would you take, Ancient Runes? This class is easy if you are able to drone out the old bat.” Making up different disasters for class work Ron and Harry got through the class without incident ready for dinner.

Sitting at the table Hermione asked Harry why he really stayed after class. “Was it really that obvious?” They all nodded. “Well, I had something important to tell Snape, it was between me and him, sorry Ron but I can’t tell you.” He added when Ron tried to get Harry to tell him. Ron disappointed ate dinner without saying anything until Hermione reached for a dessert then pulled back when her robe got caught and her wrist was exposed.

“What was that Hermione? Got something on your arm you don’t want us too see?” He smirked at her, looking around to find the reaction of everyone else there. Harry wondered why Ron just didn’t ask her where she got the bracelet but was glad Ron hadn’t. Ginny being the only other person who knew about it rolled her eyes and went back to Dean. No one else seemed to care; they were all tired from the first day of class that after dinner no one wanted to stay up in the Common Room.

“Hermione, when everyone else goes to bed come down to the Common Room, I really need to talk to you.” Whispered Harry when the students were walking back to their Towers for the night.

Almost everyone went to bed when they got back from dinner but Fred and George were staying up filling out orders for their new contraptions and treats. Harry and Hermione waited then decided too go to their dorm rooms and wait an hour for The Twins to be done.

Pretending to sleep he waited to hear everyone else snoring or breathing deeply which only took about half an hour. He got the Marauder's Map out and checked it to see if Fred and George were still up or not. They were in bed, but there was someone in the Common Room, Hermione. He walked out of the room quietly as possible and snuck down the stairs to find Hermione on the couch sleeping. He walked up to her rubbing her shoulder to wake her up. She swatted at his hand being half asleep sitting up trying to get the cobwebs out of her head. "Harry? What is it you wanted to talk to me about?" She yawned loudly making Harry yawn also.

"Well, first I wanted to tell you why I stayed in potions, and then we need to talk about Ron." She rubbed the sleep out of her eyes looking disappointed. "And if we have the energy afterwards maybe a little snogging." She cheered up at the sound of that.

But he had to tell her, she had heard him almost every morning giving his speech about being a man, being mature, he had achieved it wanting to tell Hermione. "Well Honey, you know how I had been giving that little speech when I turned 15?" She nodded "I achieved it today; I was nice to Malfoy even when he insulted me and I apologized to Snape, thanked him, and shook his hand as one man to another. It doesn't change anything between us but it does make me feel better knowing I had the maturity to do what a man should do." She smiled, walked over to the chair Harry was sitting in and sat in his lap. "Wait Hermione, I'm not done yet, there is still Ron." She kissed him on the lips, and stopped letting him continue. "He has been acting strangely, he keeps looking at your wrist, he knows about the bracelet. Why he doesn't ask you about it isn't clear to me but he is definitely interested in your wrist." She kissed him again, saying.

"I know, he asked Ginny to watch me in the shower, to see what was on my wrist." Harry looked at her quizzically "Ginny told me, that's how I know. She thought he was a pervert and did to him what she did on the train." Harry winced at the thought, his face showing the pain all men feel just at hearing about it.

"But he is still acting strange. I know he doesn't know about us or he would have smothered me in my sleep last night. When are we going

to tell him?" Hermione thought about it, rubbing her hand on Harry's chest.

"How about my birthday? It will be the Thursday after next, but we could still get him alone by you telling him it is a surprise gift for me! Then I'll walk down the tunnel and we can tell him." Harry liked the idea, almost as much as he liked what Hermione was doing with her mouth on his neck.

"Alright Honey, but we need to be in bed if we are going running in the morning. I don't think Devin would like me ditching it after what happened this morning." Hermione got off his lap, kissing him hard before going back to her dorm room. Harry tired and worn out went to his bed falling asleep, this time for real.

## Chapter 4 The Birthday Exposure

The next morning Hermione, Harry, and Devin ran the same length that Harry and Devin ran the day before and ended with stretches. Harry watched Hermione stretch, her beautiful body moving and bending in ways that made Harry forget that Devin was there. "Harry, if you two want to be alone I can go back now." Harry snapped back into reality.

"No Devin, its ok for you too stay. We haven't really told anyone about us and sometimes it's hard not too notice her." Devin nodded looking at Hermione. "What about you Devin?" He shakes his head.

"You are lucky Harry, being normal enough to have a girlfriend, to show emotions like that." Harry and Hermione felt the wave of sadness come off Devin but unlike before Harry didn't feel empty or suicidal, just sad.

"It's alright Devin," said Hermione "Dumbledore is the smartest wizard of our time, if he can't think of something it would be a first." Harry laughed.

"And if he can't I'm sure Hermione can after all the things she's did last year too help me." They got into discussing the Triwizard tournament last year and how Harry had tied with the late Cedric.

Having gone through the rest of the first week everyone was glad to have the break even if it was just two days. Harry and the others, now including Ginny, Monica, and Dean, continued running around the track. Ginny and Dean were nearly as pathetic as Harry had been first starting out, but Monica seemed to have no problem. On Sunday they were running for a crowd as people began to gather in the stands. Harry didn't mind at first but soon it got to be troublesome. Several 5th year and 6th year girls were in the stands eyeing him like a piece of meat, his muscles and new hair cut with no glasses seemed to draw the women just like co-worker Michael had said it would. He couldn't blame them, as far as they knew he was single, less then half a dozen knew about him and Hermione. But then several boys showed up to stare at Monica as she ran. Rather well endowed Monica ran in a tank top that must have been bought when



she was ten for it was far too small, in Harry's opinion, not that he was looking at her for Hermione to notice. The guys started cat calls and wolf whistles when she ran by making her laugh but causing Devin to get angry. Harry fell back from the pack to meet up with Devin. "Don't think about it Devin, yes she is your sister but she can take care of herself, can't she?" Devin nodded calming down as he thought about it, she was powerful, sometimes more powerful then Devin dared to imagine or could ever be.

That night everyone stayed up later then normal not having to deal with school work energy levels were up. The board mentioned Gryffindor tryouts for keeper the next day and a one hour practice after trials. No one seemed to care though as Ginny and Dean were snogging in one chair while Seamus and Lavender Brown were snogging in another. George with Alicia Spinnet and Fred with Katie Bell, passion and teenage hormones filled the room with sexual tension. Harry and Hermione were having a hard time not joining in on the fun so Hermione got an idea. "Harry, I use to take Muggle Studies and I know that there is a fake house built into the classroom. One of the rooms has a bed and would be perfect for what I want to do to you right now, get your cloak and meet me outside of the Common Room." Harry didn't have time to say no, or yes, as Hermione left trying not to be seen. Harry ran into his dorm room and dug his cloak out from his trunk. As he was walking down he saw Monica standing on the stairs to the boy's dormitories. Wondering what she was doing he threw his cloak on and watched her as he edged closer. She was talking to someone, but no one was there. But apparently someone was because she laughed at something and kept talking as though someone was there. Harry not wanting to touch her moved as far as he could against the wall behind her and walked carefully trying not to make a sound. He made it past and got out of the Common Room with no further delay.

Hermione got under the cloak with him and lead him towards the Muggle Studies room. Holding his hand she brought him into the room which was one of the largest classrooms Harry had seen. Inside was a two story muggle house not unlike the Dursley's. Hermione lead him into it and up the stairs into a large bedroom with a bed so big it could have fit every Gryffindor 5th year boy and still had room. "Wow Hermione, I've never seen a bed this large before, it's

enormous.” Hermione pushed him onto the bed and jumped on top of him pinning his arms above his head.

“Mine, all mine to do with as I please.” Harry realized what Hermione was planning, a lot more then snogging or cuddling.

“Hermione, stop...”

“Shut up Potter!” She waved her wand at Harry who suddenly became quiet. Hermione took Harry’s shirt off tossing it on the floor. “I am getting my real birthday present now Harry.” She kisses him on the chest.

Harry started to push her off so she used her wand again and tied his hands to the bed post. “No you don’t Harry, I am getting what I want tonight.” She moved her mouth down his chest biting him along the way stopping at his belly button as Harry tried to get loose to no avail. “Harry, you have made me happy, you have been perfect to me, and you’ve never tried to pressure me or do something I didn’t want to do. I want you to be my first Harry; I want you to be mine.” She pulled her shirt off showing that she was not wearing a bra but did have the necklace and bracelet on. She rubbed her chest smiling at him. “Do you like them Harry? I’ve been learning about human transfiguration and if they aren’t big enough I could make them bigger for you.” She moved back to his mouth kissing him, his tongue involuntarily joining hers inside her mouth. They continue to kiss for a few minutes. She then reached into his pants and grabbed a hold of him making his mind explode in pleasure. He couldn’t do this, this was wrong, if only he could talk, if he could say something, he could talk her out of this. She moved her mouth back down to his stomach stopping to sigh out “Harry, I’ve never done this before, so if I’m not great just give me a few tries.” When she moved down farther, almost past he waist his mind screamed and finally so did he.

“Nooooo!!!!” Hermione’s head shot up in terror when she was close to doing what Harry feared.

“Harry I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to hurt you! Please I don’t know what I was doing, I read some how to books when I snuck into an adult store before vacation but I must have done something wrong, I’m sorry

Harry.” She pointed her wand at his hands untying them. Harry finally having his hands free grabbed Hermione by the arms and pushed her off him. “Hermione, what were you doing! I don’t want that, at least not now.” Hermione grabbed her shirt and put it back on.

“What’s wrong with me Harry? I told you if they aren’t big enough I can learn how to make them bigger. It’s my hair isn’t it? I can fix it Harry I swear. Or is it my hips? I can go on a diet Harry, what ever is wrong with me I can fix it so you’ll love me, want to be with me.” She started crying as Harry pulled his pants up searching for his shirt.

“I do love you Hermione, exactly how you are. I love you, not what we do or don’t do.” Not able to find his shirt he went over and hugged Hermione. “How about we stay here tonight to sleep?” He lay back with Hermione holding her as she cried.

“Alright Harry, maybe I won’t have nightmares tonight.” She continued to cry until she fell asleep with Harry rocking her back and forth trying to keep her calm.

That morning Harry woke up the sound of running water coming from another room of the house. He felt around the bed and found that Hermione wasn’t in it. “Maybe I will go show her that I love her.” Harry smiles to himself. “But we’ll do nothing like last night.” Harry thought to himself as he followed the sound down the hall and to the right to find the bathroom. He snuck in and took his clothes off much like Hermione had done to him at #4 Privet Drive. Stepping into the shower behind her he grabbed her shoulders to keep her from turning around. “No Hermione; let me do this.” He grabbed the shampoo and began to wash her hair massaging her head lightly. He moved down her neck with her hair massaging her back as he went. “See Honey, we can be physical without the need to do something like last night.” He kissed her between her shoulder blades letting her go, allowing her to turn around. She did immediately refraining from touching him.

“Yes, you can Harry, but I want it, I need it, I need to know you love me.” She didn’t know what to do and flinched when Harry hugged her with their bare skin touching. “Don’t you want to?”

"I love you Hermione. I love you, and if you really need to do that with me to prove that I love you we can, just not now. Why though? Last night?"

"Lavender and Pavarti talk about it. I, Lavender said last year after the Yule Ball she did some things but I, if it," Hermione stammers. "I don't know what to do Harry. I can't learn love from a book."

"It's a new experience for both of us Hermione."

"I know but I feel helpless. I hear Lavender or from Parkinson about what they do I feel like we should to."

"Parkinson? Why would you listen to her? Even talk to her?" The water cascades over the two teens as they continue to talk.

After ten minutes Harry kisses Hermione on her forehead before leaving the shower. He was waiting for Hermione to get out when he heard the voice. "The Dirt Mans wife comes." Harry was lost on this warning. Did it mean that a Coroners wife worked at Hogwarts? Did someone die and they were being taken away that morning? Harry was looking for his cloak trying to figure out the warning when he saw Mrs. Norris walk in through the door. The "Dirt Man" was Filch! "Hermione hurry and get out of there, Filch is coming!" He heard the shower door open and slam shut as a hurried Hermione came out of the bathroom trying to dress and run at the same time. "Get under here." Harry held the cloak up and Hermione ducked underneath it. They left as Harry looked to see which way Mrs. Norris had gone and decided the best way was to go the same way they had come.

They were halfway down the hall when Filch ran past them into the Muggle Studies room carrying a mop. "I caught you now didn't I? Where you go? Don't think you can hide from me and Mrs. Norris, we will get you!" Harry had to keep himself from laughing as Filch tore the house apart in vain. Running down the halls and stairs they got into the Common Room before anyone else.

"Good, I'll go get my running clothes while you get yours, meet me back here in five minutes ok Honey?" Hermione nodded and kissed him before running into the girl's dormitory. Harry went upstairs and

went into his room quiet as a mouse, or so he thought. Devin was sitting there in bed.

“So Harry, you and Hermione enjoy yourselves?” He snickered throwing Harry his running clothes. “I’ve been waiting for you to get here so I could give you those. You might wake up the Red Headed Little Bastard if you had to dig them out of your trunk.” Devin got out of bed already dressed for running. “Don’t worry Harry, I won’t tell anyone about you two. But you should be more careful next time. The Patil girl, Neville, Monica, Me, and Ron all noticed that both of you had disappeared.” He didn’t mention that no one else had noticed for they were all busy with their snogging partners. Meeting Hermione in the Common Room they went out to run on the Quidditch field.

Harry was warming up like Devin did giving Hermione a chance to talk to him. “Harry, about last night...”

“It’s ok Hermione you don’t need to change anything. You look...” She interrupted him this time.

“No Harry, it’s about sleeping where we did. Brown and Patil are starting to get mad at me. I keep waking up from my nightmares screaming and they are losing sleep because of it. I want to know if you could join me there tonight, hold me again so I can sleep.” Harry thought about it then asked.

“What did they say when you went in this morning?” She smiled.

“They thanked me for letting them get a good night sleep.” Hermione sighs. “I guess they thought I had slept in the Common Room or something. What did your roommates say?” Harry smiled back.

“They were all asleep but Devin, and he had my running clothes ready so I wouldn’t have to go through my trunk waking Ron up.” She raised an eyebrow at Devin.

“Don’t worry Hermione, I won’t say anything. But be more careful next time you two sneak off, some of us weren’t busy snogging and noticed.”

"Thanks Devin." Hermione smiles at Devin feeling sorry for him. Whatever was wrong with him made life bad.

"It's ok really." Devin smiles weakly. "I'm just glad that someone around me can be normal, have a girlfriend, and not have to deal with what I do." Getting up they ran for the rest of the morning.

Being an early Sunday morning the group had no audience until later when the Quidditch team would be out there for trials and practice. Getting in eight miles that day they stopped for their stretches and other warm down exercises. Harry who could barely touch his toes to begin with could now grab his foot as Devin had. He still wasn't able to touch his knee to his forehead, and was surpassed more by Devin even more who was putting his head on the ground next to his knee. "So Harry, I hear you are the Seeker for your team." Devin said in between stretches "Do you have any a preference for whom makes Keeper? Or does it not matter?" Harry thought about it for a moment.

"Not really, if they get the job done and are Gryffindor they can play with the rest of us." Devin sat up stretching his muscles in a new way Harry had never seen before. He bends his waist to the side in a way that made Harry grimace.

"You don't care if it's a guy or a girl? Or if they are a friend or someone you've never met before?" Harry nodded.

"Why should I? Everyone on the team has to make a start somehow and no point in putting people down for stupid reasons like gender or how well I know them. Why are you asking me anyways, thinking about trying out for the team?" Harry was horrified by the thought of dead students on the ground because one of their teammates had scored a goal. "I didn't know you flew a broom."

"No Harry not me. I never did like flying, if I get even a little bit scared my abilities, well, you know. It's not me though." He dropped the conversation with that and ran back towards the school.

Quidditch Trials were packed with people; almost every second and third year student had come for the try out. Harry was surprised when

he saw Monica with a strange looking broom. "What is that?" Harry pointed to her broom.

"It's a Lexington Gold model. It's about equal to the Nimbus 2001 you British have." She was wearing her running clothes and drew quite a crowd. Finally The Twins spoke up starting the try outs.

"Alright, we are your Team Captains and have to figure out a way to see who the best Keeper out of this lot is. What we have devised is a system. Each one of you has to stop five goals. They will be at random from our three Chasers. Whoever gets the most blocks win, and in case of a tie sudden death rules apply. So they went through the Keeper Try Outs cleaning out the Second and Third years quickly. Some of the Fourth years did well enough but when Monica and Ron got five blocks the fourth years were eliminated. None of the sixth or Seven years were able to block all five shots and so it was down too Ron and Monica. Harry looked around for Devin hoping he wasn't present.

"If Monica lost to Ron, Devin couldn't be stopped until Ron was nothing more then a pile of broken bones." Remembering what had happened to Draco who had since left them alone. Monica blocked, Ron blocked, going back and forth for twelve rounds. "But if she wins then Ron will be mad. It won't be good no matter what happens." It was close for a few more rounds but Ron was getting tired; he had not been running with the others while Monica still seemed energetic. It was the thirteenth round and Monica had to stop the Quaffle. Katie Bell flew hard toward the center goal but threw to the right. Monica went over and caught it easily. Ron was next also having to block Katie Bell. She did the same thing but this time shot to the center as Ron went to the right.

"Well then looks like we have ourselves a new Keeper." Monica flew done and hugged The Twins then went over too Harry.

"I did it Harry I did it! I wasn't going to try out but Devin said you wanted me to try out!" Monica hugged Harry hard jumping up and down at the same time. Ron walked over seeing this.

"Traitor." And walked away.

“Sorry Harry.” Monica said as Ron stormed off.

“Don’t worry Monica, you won fair and square,” She smiled “And to tell you the truth Ron has been getting on my nerves. I knew him when he was 12 and he is still 12.” He felt bad about saying that, but damn it he was telling the truth.

It was Wednesday and Ron was still mad at Harry. Harry had to do something soon or his and Hermione’s plan would fail. During lunch Harry tried talking to Ron but Ron wouldn’t listen. Harry decided to pull a Monica and wait for Ron to leave lunch and pull him into the classroom Monica had. He left five minutes before everyone else and waited. He saw the students and realized his plan was flawed because if Ron walked on the other side Harry would not be able to grab him. He saw Ron coming around the corner; Harry waited until the last possible second snatching Ron by the back of his robe and dragged him into the classroom. “Ron we need to talk, please sit and listen to me alright?” Ron tried to leave but Harry blocked his way.

“Fine say what you have too traitor.” Harry decided to start off with the real reason for his mission, to get Ron alone in the tunnel.

“Look, Hermione’s birthday is tomorrow and I have a great present for her but I need your help with it alright?” Ron nodded. “Go too the third Hogsmeade tunnel, the one with the cave in after dinner tomorrow and wait. I’ll bring the present down and then Hermione should show up ten minutes later. You need to be down there or it won’t work alright Ron?” Ron nodded again adding.

“This doesn’t make me hate you any less Harry. But I don’t want you alone with her.” Harry went pale, did Ron know and was just playing dumb? He decided to find out. Harry looks around to make sure Hermione wasn’t around.

“Why Ron? She’s our friend, why wouldn’t it be ok?” Ron grabbed Harry by the shoulders making him sit down.

“Because she’s a Death Eater.” Harry watches Ron’s face for a tell but Ron was being dead serious.



Harry was amazed, what was Ron going on about? Harry knew Hermione and she was definitely not a Death Eater. "What? How do you know? She can't be a Death Eater." Ron pointed to his own right arm.

"Hermione never shows her right arm, where the Dark Mark would be. I tried to get Ginny to spy for me but she thought I had other motives." He winced remembering the pain his sister caused him with her knee. "So now we can get her alone and make her tells us why she betrayed us." Ron shook Harry's hand and left.

"I can't believe Ron thinks I'm a Death Eater." Hermione came out from under Harry's Invisibility Cloak.

"How did you get that? It was in my trunk." She laughed.

"Harry, boys are banned from the girl's dormitory but not the other way around; I thought you knew that after all the times I had been up in yours for Christmas." Harry gave a simple grunt and wrapped his arms around Hermione's waist.

"What about men, are they banned from the woman's dormitory?" He kissed her on her neck getting a moan rather than the laugh Hermione tried to get out.

It was Thursday night and Ron was already waiting in the tunnel as Harry and Hermione walked down it. When they got to the last turn before where Ron was waiting they held hands and walked forward. "Hi Harry, Hi Hermione. Wait, you were supposed to come down later." Ron's eyes got wide and he nearly attacked Hermione when he dived between Harry and Hermione. "Hands off Harry you mud blooded traitor!" Hermione was shocked to hear Ron say that word and shouted back.

"What was that Ron? Little Kiddy Ron who's about to lose his only friends if he doesn't shut up and listen." She shoved Ron back into Harry who wrapped his arms around Ron keeping him from attacking Hermione.

“NO! You have Harry under the Imperius Curse; I should have seen this coming, no!” Ron struggled but Harry was too strong for him. “I don’t want to die, please don’t kill me, we’re friends!” Ron kept struggling knowing it was a lost cause begging them not to kill him if Hermione really was a Death Eater.

“We’re not going to kill you Ron we just want to talk. Harry will let you go if you promise to calm down and listen. So please calm down so we can talk.” Ron nodded in agreement so Harry let him go.

“Ron, Hermione is not a Death Eater, if anything she is the farthest thing from it.” Harry tried to tell Ron but Ron was still panicky.

“No Harry, fight the curse, you did last year for Professor Moody do it now!” Ron’s heart was beating out of control, he was tired from struggling with Harry, and he fell back against the wall too tired to stand.

“Much better. Ron, I am not a Death Eater, the reason I haven’t shown anyone my arm is this.” She lifted her sleeve exposing the bracelet. “What? Did you get a gift from You-Know-Who for your betrayal of Harry?” He sneered at Hermione.

“No Ron, it’s a gift from my boyfriend.” She looked at Harry but Ron still didn’t get it. “My boyfriend.” Hermione motions to Harry but Ron still doesn’t understand what is going on between Hermione and Harry.

“Krum? What’s the big deal? Everyone saw you snogging, why would you hide that?” Harry was fed up with Ron’s ignorance.

“I’m Hermione’s boyfriend you Immature Brainless Git!” Ron’s reaction was one neither had expected, laughter.

After laughing until he couldn’t breath Ron stopped. “What? Is this some sort of joke? Harry, you like Cho and Hermione’s with Krum, what kind of sick joke is this? Or is this your plan Death Eater?” Ron Sneered at Hermione again. “Get me to think you and Harry love each other so I get mad and leave you alone with him. Not going to work, I won’t let you have him you bitch!” Ron lunged up knocking

Harry down hitting his head on a rock. Attacking Hermione he knocked her against the wall. "Harry; fight the curse, you have to or she'll hand you over to You-Know-Who!" Ron wrestled with Hermione but had the weight advantage. "There you dirty blood bitch, what are you going to do now that Harry broke your curse? We are going to punish you for this; even if you were our friend you aren't getting away clean Death Eater." Ron spit in Hermione's face starting to rub himself against her.

"Ron stop, you don't know what you're doing!" She screamed but no one heard, because they didn't want anyone to hear, that was the whole point of the tunnel, now backfiring. "Stop it Ron!"

"Shut up mud blood bitch, you may be You-Know-Who's pet but I am not going to play nice!"

Grabbing Hermione's wrists with one hand he reached back and started punching her in the head dazing her. "Yeah bitch, I'll show you what it's like being with 'Little Kiddy Ron' and after I get done with you Harry can have a go at what's left. I know I shouldn't have told Harry I knew you were a Death Eater, he trusted you too much. It's my fault he had to follow you like a puppy down here but now we get our revenge!" Ron letting go of Hermione's wrists used both hands to grope her, tearing the shirt she wore under her robes in half. Moving his hands under her bra he began to grab her hard, squeezing, causing her pain. "Aw you poor little slut, you think you don't deserve this? You do you Death Eater Bitch!" Removing his hands from her chest he punched her two more times breaking her nose and shattering a cheek bone. Crying in pain and for help the blood ran back her nose into her throat causing her to choke on it. "Let's see if you were a good girl or not bitch." Ron shoved his hands into her pants violating her with two fingers. "I don't know, it is hard to get them in there, maybe you were a good little bitch." Pulling out of her Ron tasted his fingers. "So Harry I was going to suggest you shag her mouth while I'm down here but that blood might make it feel funny."

Hermione cried trying to fight but with the blood going down her throat she was slowly suffocating. "Aww, do you need help bitch?" Hermione coughed up more blood as Ron flipped her over allowing the blood to flow out of her mouth as she vomited blood she had

already swallowed. Ron moved his hands up her leg smacking her hard enjoying her pain. "Harry if you want I'll let you have first go, you know, buddy to buddy." Ron saw Harry was knocked out. "Well then I guess I get first go at her." He laughed as he rolled her back over seeing the blood smeared on her face and neck. "Hmm, I think you need an improvement here." He punched her in the face again knocking teeth out. "And maybe one here." He punched her in the stomach causing blood to gush out of her mouth. "It was my fault Wormtail got away but this time it's your fault you stupid bitch for getting caught!" Punching her again Ron's rage built.

Harry started to wake up to the sounds of screaming and crying. His vision was blurry, his head hurt, he could barely breath. He sat up and saw Ron on top of a bloody Hermione hands on her chest. "Ron, what are you doing?" Harry started to stand up before his head swam and he fell down again.

"Getting back at this bitch for putting you under the Imperius curse! Don't worry, we won't kill her, just use her for what she is before we hand her over to Dumbledore." Ron stood up undoing his belt using it as a leash on Hermione to keep her from screaming more as he stomped on her laughing at her pain. The sounds of bones breaking filled Harry's ears having broken many himself he knew the pain.

Harry sat up again crawling over to Hermione. Ron had her shirt off, or parts of it, and her bra was gone. What was Ron doing to her? "Ron, don't, I love her." Ron looked up as he undid his pants.

"What? Must be part of the curse, you need to shake it off Harry; while I'm busy you can watch if you like." Harry found his wand, pointed it at Ron and apologized.

"Sorry Ron, you were a good friend. Stupefy!" Ron fell back knocked out from the spell letting Hermione sit up coughing up blood as she removed the belt from her neck.

"Get help Harry, I can't breathe, get help." She coughed up more blood that was going down her throat. Harry ran up the tunnel hoping to find anyone who could help. Before he got out he heard another scream of pain, Hermione was hurt badly.

“Don’t let her die, god, whatever, I don’t care, don’t let her die.” Running faster he went through the entrance.

Back at the surface Harry started yelling for trying to draw attention to himself getting Snape. “What the hell are you doing Potter? Do I need to take points from Gryffindor?” Sneering at Harry he started to get his wand out.

“Go ahead Professor Snape they don’t matter right now, I need help, Ron attacked Hermione and she’s hurt and I.....” Harry started to ramble trying to get Snape to help.

“Potter I haven’t understood half the things you have said so shut up and take me to them, or her, him, something.” Harry ran back to the entrance letting Snape in. “Secret passages Potter? I think that’s worth ten points from Gryffindor. Harry hadn’t heard him as he raced down the tunnel. He got to Hermione and Ron who was still unconscious. Snape got there three minutes later having not ran the whole way. “Oh dear Potter whatever happened here?” Snape said with real concern checking Ron who was fine, just unconscious. Checking on Hermione he started to become worried. “The girl has swallowed a lot of blood Potter; we need to get her to Madam Pomfrey now. But until we get there this should help.” Snape waved his wand causing the blood to stop flowing.

“Thank you again Professor Snape.” Harry and Snape used magic to move the bodies to the Nurses office.

News had gotten around fast about the attack and every story was different. Ron was being kept under guard at all times after he woke up and started screaming about Hermione being a Death Eater. Hermione woke up hours later having her stomach pumped, or more accurately made to vomit repeatedly to remove the blood. Her bracelet and necklace had been removed and given to Harry for safe keeping when he told Madam Pomfrey he had been the one to give them to her. “You must love her very much to buy such expensive trinkets Harry.” Harry turned around to see Professor McGonagall.

"I do love her and these mean nothing, they are worthless compared to her." Harry hated them now; they belong to Hermione, why was he holding them!

"It's ok Harry, Madam Pomfrey told me she will recover physically, emotionally we don't know." She clasped a hand on Harry's shoulder. "Would you tell me what happened Harry?" He nodded but began to cry before any words came out. She held him to her trying to comfort him. "It's going to be ok Harry, she will live and as long as there is life there is hope." She led Harry to Madam Pomfrey's office so he could tell her what really happened. He didn't want to; he was afraid what would happen to Ron, even after what had happened he still loved his best friend.

That Saturday Dumbledore had made a special announcement after dinner. "As you may have heard there was an attack inside our very school. Two of our students were attacked by a friend who under the pressure of Voldemort's return had thought everyone was a Death Eater. All rumors I hope have stopped for a rumor is nothing but a rumor and adds nothing of value. He is currently being taken care of at St. Mungo's where we all hope he will make a speedy recovery. His victims have forgiven him and anyone who hasn't needs to learn by their example. One of them is finally out of Madam Pomfrey's care and is joining us tonight and I hope you all welcome her back." A cheer from all but Slytherin was the response to Hermione's recovery. "I also would like to thank a member of our staff for his help in saving her. Professor Snape, would you come forward please." Snape stood up and walked over. "Because of you Hermione lived, because of your quick actions a Gryffindor student is alive, I hope that everyone appreciates this regardless of House loyalty and competition." Snape sat back down as every table applauded him, Gryffindor being the loudest. "Thank you students you can stop." The students stop clapping. "You are all being so gracious to your fellow schoolmates and to Professor Snape. I am glad to see actions can break House loyalty and competition." Dumbledore smiles as the students start to talk amongst themselves. "It is getting late; I think we all could use a good night's rest after a meal like that." Dumbledore clapped his hands and the Great Hall doors opened for the students to leave.

Harry felt strange since he still had the necklace and bracelet in his pocket not having the chance to give them back to Hermione. He tried when she was still in the hospital but Madam Pomfrey chased him away. He didn't want them they weren't his but Hermione's. Why he still had them upset him when he thought about it too much. The bracelet had sent Ron to St. Mungo's Hospital and Hermione to the hospital wing to begin with. If he hadn't bought the damn thing for Hermione then Ron never would have thought she was a Death Eater and would be here with him, and Hermione. Walking towards Gryffindor Tower he saw strange things around the students. "Is this what Hermione talked about?" Harry was amazed that almost every student had a yellow, purple, or white aura around them. He saw one though, Cho, who had a small weak black and green aura. "That can't be good, maybe I should talk to her." He started walking over when a 2nd year grabbed his hand telling him a group of 1st years had gone missing and he forgot about Cho.

In the Common Room the other Gryffindors treated Hermione like she was a fragile piece of glass which made her feel worse, no one wanted to be near her. She thought maybe Monica and Devin would talk to her but they wouldn't even look at her. She started to cry silently trying to block the pain, the horror of what had happened. Harry came back in after finding a herd of first years who had wandered away when the leader of the group held his map upside down only to see Hermione curled up in a ball in a chair. He walked over there sighing heavily. "I need to do this, people need to know." He got out the necklace and bracelet from his pocket. "Honey, do you want your presents back?" He handed her the necklace but held onto the bracelet. When she had the necklace back on Harry took her right hand and slid the bracelet back on, just like he had the first time he gave it to her. "I love you Hermione." He kissed her lightly on the lips wiping away the tears with his thumb before he went up to his dorm while the rest of the Gryffindors stared in awe and wonder at what had just happened.

All except for a little red head witch who hated them. Ginny was mad at what she saw before her. Harry and Hermione kissing, happy, they put her brother in the hospital! She knew about them weeks ago but couldn't stand seeing them happy. "Damn them, they put my brother in the hospital and they are happy about it! That bastard and that

bitch, I'll kill them before they leave." Dean looked at Ginny who didn't know she had said it out loud.

"Babe are you alright? You just said that you wanted to kill..." Ginny jumped him wrapping her arms around his neck and legs around his waist kissing him deeply letting her emotions go.

Monday came and Potions class took on new meaning. Harry trying his best to keep the thought that a chair was empty, a chair that should have had his best friend in it was empty. "Potter I am quite impressed with your work. You have actually gotten the color right on this, and look at the fumes, perfect swirls, maybe getting rid of that Weasley boy was what you needed." Harry hated Snape but respected him at the same time. Snape kept making sure everyone knew who had attacked him and Hermione, but he never did say how he had attacked them, especially Hermione.

"Thank you Sir for the compliment, although it isn't well deserved since the texture is suppose to be more like oil then water. I know my mother and you took potions together and you were the best next to her. I am trying to be more like my mother to make her proud of me even if she isn't able to show it." Snape flinched at the mention of Lily and retreated to his office stunning the class who continued working.

Hermione beamed at him, he was being a man and had made her proud. Devin and Monica started to talk to Hermione again after the first night which the other Gryffindor students took as a sign to try and go back to normal. "Hermione, it says  $\frac{3}{5}$  Beesul to every  $\frac{1}{4}$  Kooier for every centimeter of Gillyweed, so is it this much?" Neville was having problems with his work as always.

"No Neville, stretch it out then cut, if you have any slack in it you will add too much." Hermione was getting back to being the Know-It-All girl she was known for, taking her Prefect duties very seriously after last night's Prefect meeting had gone on an extra hour due to Hermione going on about her maps and making more for the rest of the Prefects to hand out. Everything looked like it was going back to normal, unless you were Harry.



She still had nightmares, but now new ones. Her bones had healed, ribs, cheek, nose, arm, but her mind hadn't. Her teeth had been grown back she looked perfectly normal with all the bruises and cuts gone. But inside, Harry knew she was different. He started to hold her and fall asleep on the Common Room couch so her roommates could sleep without her screams. One night was difficult when Hermione woke from a nightmare not knowing it was over and attacked Harry. "I'm so sorry Harry, I didn't know." She started to cry, Harry holding her bleeding a little rocked her back and forth shushing her, trying to help her sleep again.

"It's alright Honey, you didn't know, it wasn't your fault." But whose fault was it? If he hadn't bought that damn bracelet Ron never would have thought she was a Death Eater. It was his fault, everything was his fault...

The weeks passed, the first Quidditch game was coming up on the day before the first Hogsmeade weekend of the year. Hermione and Harry kept running with the others every morning, Harry practicing for the game, and all the homework being given out to help prepare them for OWLs kept them busy and they were looking forward to a weekend off. It was becoming known that Hermione and Harry were dating and that that they slept on the couch every night so no one would hear her screams through out the school which most accepted, except for one witch who felt betrayed by losing the love Harry now had for Hermione. Harry with thoughts of seeing Hermione when he got back was clueless to another witch waiting for him.

Harry never saw it coming, coming back from Quidditch practice hoping to see Hermione before he went to bed the attack surprised him and that did more to him then the actual attack. Not that the witch who attacked him had much strength from lack of eating, lack of living. "Cho, what are you trying to do? You're a Prefect and so am I! Stop it!" Harry shrugged her off barely feeling the weight.

"You bastard, I thought you were in love with me and here it is you're with that Granger girl! I've been waiting for you to ask me out but no, you were busy with that mud blood!" She pushed Harry which ended up with her falling backwards instead.

“What are you going on about Cho? I barely know you how could I be in love with you?” She got back up.

“You asked me to the Yule Ball last year didn’t you? You were obsessed with me when I was with Cedric. Is that it? Now that I am a free woman you don’t want me!” She smacked him not doing much. Harry let her yell some more smacking him a couple more times before he spoke.

“You’re right Cho; I did ask you to the Yule Ball, last year. I was obsessed with you, last year. I wanted to be with you, last year. I wished with all my heart that you would say yes when I asked you, last year. I did like you Cho; really I did, last year. The keywords Cho, being last year. You are a really nice person but I found someone else who loved me for me, who wanted to be with me and I loved her back. You have let yourself go Cho, you can’t even hurt me when you try you are so frail. You better start eating or you’ll be nothing...” Harry is thinking about the smacks that took all her energy and still didn’t hurt. “Tomorrow is our Quidditch match and you look like you might get hurt if you fly to fast.” Harry backed away towards the door quietly when Cho went into another rage breaking things in the room at random. He got out and shut the door so no one else would see or hear her.

Walking down the hall Harry saw Ginny. “Hey Ginny I need to talk to you.” Harry jogged over glad to see the red head witch who he hadn’t talked to for awhile. “I was wondering if maybe...” Ginny interrupts him.

“What the hell do you want you son of a bitch!” Ginny drew her wand and pointed it at him.

“Wait Ginny put your wand away please!” Harry was panicked, what was Ginny thinking!

“Why should I Potter? You going to send me to my brother!? You were supposed to be his friend, I liked you, and so you go and betray us! You were considered part of the family! You bastard I’m going to kill you!” She ran at Potter dropping her wand and drawing a kitchen knife.

“Ginny stop please I didn’t mean to do that to Ron, he snapped when me and Hermione told him.” Dodging the knife Harry backed away drawing his wand.

“Shut up Potter, when I am done with you I’ll send your right hand to my brother and the left one to that little slut.” Swinging the knife at Harry again he decided he would have to hurt another Weasley. “Stupefy!” A red light shot at and hit Ginny straight in the chest.

“Sorry.” He went and got Professor Flitwick who was the closest at the time to take Ginny to Madam Pomfrey. Professor Flitwick asked what had happened but didn’t press thinking Harry was upset that his friend was just attacked by “someone”.

Harry was in a foul mood from last night, first attacked by Cho then by Ginny. Why were the women he knew acting like this? He didn’t get to see Hermione, he had to deal with Cho today during the match, and Professor Trelawney had just assigned homework for the weekend. “I won’t do it, I don’t care if I fail her class anymore, without Ron it isn’t fun.” Harry took his Divination book and threw it away along with all his notes and work from the past month. He was sitting down to read his Transfiguration book when he found the picture he had stuck in there at the beginning of the summer.

“I wondered where that picture went.” Harry looked up too a smiling Hermione. “I was practicing developing photos so they would move and I had a couple of pictures left on the roll and I took some pretty stupid pictures.” Harry started to hand it to Hermione but she pushed it away. “Go ahead and keep it Harry its not like you haven’t seen what’s under there.” She went around the chair and sat in his lap setting the Transfiguration book on her lap reading it with Harry. Soon they are interrupted as Ginny and Dean came down from the boy’s dormitory yelling at each other.

“Why would I want to do that with you anyways Dean? You’re fun for snogging but if I wanted something like that I would find a 1st year!” Ginny turned around and went into the girl’s dormitory.

“Fine Ginny, if that’s how you want to do this you tease!” Dean obviously wasn’t alright as he headed back to his dorm.

“Wow, I wonder what he tried to do.” Harry was still looking at the dorm room entrances when he felt a hand on his lap.

“What do you think they were doing Harry? Although it sounds like Dean isn’t up to Ginny’s standards.” Hearing about Ginny makes Harry remember what had happened. Harry tells Hermione what happened the night before.

Hermione was shocked to hear it but comforted Harry. “It’s ok Harry; she is young and just lost her brother. She will calm down and be back to normal. I wouldn’t walk around alone anymore until she does though.” She snuggled up closer to him as he ran his hand through her hand.

“I hope so honey; with Ginny mad enough to do that how are the other Weasly’s? Think I’m allowed back to the Burrow ever? Or the wedding, it’s next summer and if Ron isn’t better, I guess we won’t be invited.” Hermione shrugged.

“I don’t know Harry, Ron should come back this year when he gets better.” Harry nodded thinking about how it would feel with Ron back at Hogwarts.

“Did they say when he would be alright?” Hermione shook her head.

“I don’t know Harry since none of the Weasly’s will talk to me either. I’m going to miss them. I like them, like a second family.” She started to feel bad and didn’t want too so she thought of a way to make her happy.

She started kissing Harry but was stopped by Fred and George. “Harry what do you think you are doing!?” Harry pulls away from Hermione.

“What?”

"You should know not to do that before a match! All athletes know that you don't do anything to get your blood going until you get to the match." George added. "It makes you more aggressive in the match."

"Also it might take your focus off the game." He looked over at Alicia "Very distracting thinking about what's under those robes when you are suppose to be hitting Bludgers at the other team." George left them to go talk to Alicia. Hermione took heed to the tip and got off of Harry's lap.

"Harry did you see that? They aren't mad at you, at least not like Ginny is." Harry nodded.

"I guess maybe not all of the Weasley's want me dead. I wonder about his mom though, and his dad, after all they did for me I send their son too St. Mungo's Hospital." Having a quiet afternoon before the match was what Harry needed to keep his mind off of everything going on. It was hard but Hermione distracted him with a game of Wizard Chess trying not to talk about the Weasley's.

"This is it, our first match!" The Gryffindor Quidditch team cheers. "We've been practicing for the match. Are we ready?"

"Yes!" They all cheer.

"Good! Here's what we need to do! Harry catch the Snitch, ladies score with the Quaffle, me and my brother will beat those Bludgers!" They go out onto the field ready to face the Ravenclaw Quidditch team.

The match had just started and things were not going well for Ravenclaw. Not being able to score while Gryffindor racked up the points made things harder for them as Cho just lazily flew around. Harry knew Cho wouldn't be at her best but this was just pathetic. Gryffindor had scored again when he decided he would check on Cho. "Hey, are you awake?" Harry waved his hand in front of her face.

"Yes, and if you don't leave me alone I will be more than awake." Harry figured he had tried and flew off towards his end of the field. Gryffindor was up 110 to 0 when he saw the glint of gold.

“Hermione?” He didn’t think about it, the Snitch was feet away from him but his head was full of Hermione as it flew off. “Damn it.” Harry took off after it chasing it past Monica who was guarding the goal posts quite well. “She had to see it, but she isn’t chasing after it.” Harry noticed as Cho just sat on her broom making his job easier. He was on the Snitch, no way could it get away, it was just inches away. He had it! But the feeling of glory left when he heard screams behind him.

“Chang! She just fell, get Madam Pomfrey!” More screams came as Cho began to convulse, vomit coming out of her mouth making a sickening sound as it came out. “Cho Chang has fallen off of her broom!”

“Out of the way people, move out of the way.” A hurried Madam Pomfrey came running down from the castle wand out ready to help Cho back to the castle. “Don’t worry everyone I’ll heal her, I’ve never failed to do so.” Using a levitation charm on Cho Madam Pomfrey took her back to the castle. In all the chaos no one had cared that Gryffindor had just won by a total blowout 260 to 0.

Hogsmeade helped everyone forget what had happened. Forgetting that Ron was gone, forgetting what had just happened to Cho the night before, forgetting Voldemort was back, people had a good time drinking butter beer and eating sweets they had just bought at Zonkos. Harry and Hermione walked around hand in hand looking at all the things around them in a new light. They were near the Shrieking Shack when they heard someone talking and saw it was Monica, and just Monica. “What is she doing?” Harry wondered as Monica appeared to be talking to several people at once, but she wasn’t.

“I’ve seen her do this before in the library, and down in the Potions Dungeon, and everywhere else really. Its really strange.” Hermione told Harry as Monica continued to talk. “This is really strange Harry. Is it someone with an Invisibility Cloak? Have you seen Monica doing this?” Harry nods

“So have I Honey.” Remembering the time he had gone off to the Muggle Studies classroom with Hermione.

“Didn’t Ron say when he went to apologize to her she ignored him and pretended to talk to someone else? Maybe she wasn’t pretending...” They watched for another hour fascinated by what appeared to be a one-sided conversation. Monica started to say good bye to whatever she was talking to making Harry and Hermione walk away quickly.

Hermione saw a new bookstore and nearly dragged Harry into it. She went around going through different books while Harry went over a Defense Against the Dark Arts book. It detailed different curses, how to learn them and teach them, the counter curses and the same. He was deeply involved with the book when he heard Hermione start to yell at the clerk. “How can you charge that much for a damn book!” She huffed tossing the book back to the clerk. “Not like I wanted it anyways.” She grabbed the books she had already bought and left. Harry took the book he was reading to the counter.

“Uh sir, could I ask about that book?” The man grunted.

“Its 350 Galleons, if you want it you have to pay the price. Bloody girl wanted to haggle with me, like a book’s value decreases if you buy others.” Harry bought his book and started to leave.

“Wait, she wants that book or she wouldn’t have asked about it.” He turned around. “Alright sir, but could you hold it until Christmas?” Grabbing the money out of the bag Hermione had made bottomless the man took the book out.

“I guess, going to cost extra though, want a card with it?” Harry nodded “Alright boy what should it say?” Harry thought about it, he didn’t want it to be mushy or corny and decided a short letter would work best.

“I guess ‘Hope you enjoy’ and ‘From Harry’ if you could.” The man set it aside putting the money in the register.

"I can boy now get out of here. Kids like you should be at the funny store or the sweet shop not here." Harry left catching up with Hermione smiling to himself about what would happen at Christmas.

They went down the street back to the Three Broomsticks enjoying more butter beer. Sitting and talking made Harry happy. Harry did miss Ron but Hermione was still here. She was alright, she was healthy. Things were getting better. He felt her foot move up his leg higher and higher causing him to laugh a little as it tickled. "What book did you get Harry?" Hermione pointed to his book.

"It's called 'Defense and Offense, Teach Yourself and Others' should be a good read." Hermione looked through it quickly getting ideas for later since she was currently busy playing footsie with Harry.

The door opened as Monica walked in with a box going straight for Harry and Hermione. Hermione was upset with being interrupted but Harry was glad for the company and the break. "What do you have there Monica?" She shrugged.

"I don't know, he told me to give to you and tell you to put it too good use." She gave it to Harry who opened it right there. When he got it out he saw it was a pouch that felt rather light. Looking inside of it Harry saw gold, hundreds of Galleons, and a ring, no, two rings. He kept looking inside it lost in the sea of gold inside the Bottomless Pouch, just like Hermione's, just like the pack he had.

"Harry what is it let me see." Hermione snatched it out of his hand and looked inside also amazed by the gold, but saw something else, a book.

"Honey I was looking at that." Harry looked at Hermione who had shoved her arm into the pouch pulling out the book.

"Necronomicon? I've heard of this book, it's said the Egyptians had a book of the dead, or the Necronomicon." Hermione opened it looking at the pages. "They seem to have been translated already; I wonder who knew enough Egyptian to do that."



Hermione kept going over the book ignoring Harry and Monica. "Uh, Monica, who told you to give me this? We saw you earlier by the Shrieking Shack talking to someone, well, talking anyways." Monica nodded and replied.

"Yes I was talking to someone, Salazar something or other. He told me where the box was and how to get it. He was really nice, he said he wasn't always like that but death had changed him." Hermione looked up at that.

"Death? Someone named Salazar who is dead told you to get this and give it too Harry? How do you know you could trust him?" Hermione stared at Monica wanting to say something else but not here.

"Because I can, it's not like he was a Shade." Monica hugged Harry, said bye to Hermione and left.

"Harry, we might want to take this to Dumbledore or maybe Professor McGonagall, it could be dangerous. It could be cursed Harry" Harry shook his head and put the book back in the pouch.

"You heard Monica, its safe Honey." He leaned over to kiss her before getting up holding her hand. "We should trust her." Walking back Hermione continued with her concerns but Harry wasn't worried, Monica said it was safe. Who the hell was she talking to? What the hell was she talking to? "Hermione, what's a shade? Besides the ones we have right now." He pointed to theirs.

"I'm not too sure Harry, when we get back I can look it up in the library." Holding hands they walked the three miles back to Hogwarts in silence.

Getting back to Hogwarts Harry decided he should at least make up with Cho to be on friendly terms. It wasn't her fault she was depressed, it was his for bringing Cedric with him to Voldemort. It wasn't her fault she thought Harry still had a crush on her; he kept his relationship with Hermione a secret making him lose Ron. "I better do this now." Harry turns to Hermione. "Hermione I'm going to see Cho.

“What?” She didn’t seem to like the idea of Harry going in to see Cho. He did have a crush on her last year.

“I’m going to check on Cho.” Harry leaves Hermione and heads to the Infirmary to check on Cho.

“Hell he was obsessed with her, he admitted it himself. But I do trust him, especially after what happened with Ron...” Hermione sighs. “Harry is just going to check on her. Nothing will happen.

“Cho?” Harry felt strange as he walked in to the Infirmary. He had been here less than a week ago after Ron had... Done what he had done. He stopped himself from thinking about it. This was for Cho Chang, a great Seeker and someone he liked, even respected for her abilities, if not as much as before.

He saw her awake if not exactly healthy. “Harry, what are you doing here? Come to finish the job?” She coughed hard but lay back down. “Go ahead and kill me Potter, part of me already is.” Harry was hurt at Cho thinking he wanted to hurt her.

“No Cho I came to see if you were alright and to apologize. It’s my fault you are like this. I wanted Cedric to win with me, if I had grabbed the trophy without him I would have won and he would have lived.” Cho coughed some more letting out a groan as she heard Cedric’s name. “And now you are like this, I’m so sorry Cho. If things were different, if Hermione hadn’t been attacked she never would have been at my house for the summer, we never would have started dating, and I might have asked you out so this didn’t happen.” Harry grabbed her hand “Please forgive me Cho, I didn’t want this to happen to you. I still like you, as a friend, as a fellow Quidditch player.” She coughs again. “I’m sorry about Cedric.” He had to say something more, something McGonagall told him. “Remember as long as there is life there is hope.” She coughed again before replying.

“Look Harry it wasn’t your fault, it was that bastard Voldemort.” Harry was surprised to hear her say Voldemort. “Yes Harry Voldemort. He killed my boyfriend and he killed a part of me. Cedric was my first, I had never done those kinds of things before but I loved him.” Harry

felt her hand go deathly cold, freezing to the touch and nearly called for Madam Pomfrey. "Its his fault."

"Yes it is." Harry tries to comfort Cho but she started to cry, she started to shake violently, her head snapped up and looked at him in pure hatred, her voice deeper, unnatural. "Stay away from those you love Potter, you sent one friend to St Mungo's, she's here because of you, your parents died because of you, you are a plague on this planet that needs to be destroyed before you kill all you love." Her head snapped again and she went back to herself telling Harry to go away still crying. He left with that voice in his head, the voice from Cho sounded like the one he had heard the past few weeks warning him whenever he and Hermione were about to be caught.

"Strange," It reminded Harry of the warning Professor Trelawney gave him. "But it is right." Harry sighs. Everything is my fault. Everyone I loved; everyone I get close to is dead or worse." He brushed his fingers through his hair, a nervous tic he still hadn't shaken off. "Hi Hermione." Hermione was waiting for Harry.

"So how did it go?" Hermione was a little bit jealous of Cho not that she was going to let Harry see it.

"Alright I think, she doesn't blame me for what happened to Cedric, but now she is crying and that is my fault." Hermione rubbed his back as they walked.

"It's ok Harry; I looked in on you as you talked. She didn't have a red mass, or a black one. She had a blue one though, but no anger or hatred." Harry listened to Hermione talk about the mass around Cho half heartedly seeing as how he still didn't really understand what she meant. Thinking about what he saw before Hermione had gotten out of the hospital, the aura around the students, he let Hermione talk not telling her about the cryptic warning.

## Chapter 5 The Halloween Scare

Harry was doing well with school, except Divination which he refused to do any work in. He had been getting top marks in everything, even surpassed Hermione twice in Charms. Snape was even more impressed with Harry and was giving him a hard time, worse then ever. "Well Potter if you're trying to make your Mother proud then you should expect more from yourself." Even with the criticism Harry was getting E's and O's on almost every potion. When they walked into potions that day there were four cauldrons in the room each one with a different potion. Hermione, Monica, Devin, and Harry went to their usual table with a black cauldron bubbling with a gold colored potion that smelled like a laundry room too Harry. The other Gryffindors sat next to them with a blue cauldron with an orange colored potion that seemed as thick as pudding. The Slytherin went to the remaining tables in the back with a blue potion and a purple potion.

Professor Snape walked in glad to see where everyone was, he had put the potions in that order for a reason. "As you see each potion is different, who knows what the back one is?" Hermione raised her hand faster then anyone could blink. "Yes Potter?" Hermione lowered her hand as Harry answered.

"Draught of the Living Dead, a powerful sleeping potion used for those who can't sleep. Usually associated with Dark Wizards as anything more then a teaspoon will cause a person to go into a coma with a chance to wake up depending on how much they took. It may also make the person fall asleep the second they take it if made to strong even if they take less then the amount recommended." Snape Sneered.

"Very good Potter, maybe your snogging sessions have sucked some of the brains out of Granger, 1 point for Gryffindor." Harry seethed, an answer like that would have gotten Slytherin 10 points, and his snide comment on Hermione... "Now what is this one?" He pointed to the second Slytherin table. Harry raised his hand this time when he saw Hermione hadn't. "Ok Potter, trying to show off are you? Let's see if you know what you are doing." Harry smiled, he knew this.

"That would be from the color and the sheen it gives off a Polirt Potion, used for liver conditions since wizards are not about to go to a muggle doctor for a transplant even if it meant a permanent cure." Snape sneered again, not that it ever left his face.

"Very good another point for Gryffindor. Since you didn't mention the side effects I'll assume you don't know that if made incorrectly it causes sudden vomiting and the person usually needs to go to a hospital for it. Now the third one I want to know Potter, is it something else you know?" Harry nodded.

"Yes Sir I do. It is used as a skin crème for those who burn easily, also used by Vampires to allow them to go outside in the day which is how it got the name Vampiros Cream, you can tell by how thick it is and the orange color believed to be best for reflecting sunlight. If made wrong it causes the person's skin to burn quite severely almost as though it was burnt with fire." Snape stopped sneering. Apparently he had not expected Harry to get it right.

"Alright Potter another point for Gryffindor. Now let's see if you haven't sucked all her brains out. Granger what is the potion at your table?" He started sneering again. Hermione looked up ready to yell some impolite things but caught herself.

"Sir I think it is a Dream Suppressor, used to help people sleep without dreams. It was discovered after the side effects of the first potion Harry identified were discovered. But if done wrong it increases the nightmares, in one case of Millen the Lesser went insane from his nightmares when he forgot to add the crushed dragon scales after and not before the Migrint Ivy." He stopped sneering; the Gryffindor knew something he hadn't learned until after he graduated from Hogwarts, at least not correctly.

"Very good Granger. I'll give you 1 point for correctly identifying it and 1 point for its history and the Millen the Lesser story." The Gryffindors were amazed, they had gotten 5 points in one potion class it was a record. "I am very disappointed that none of my students knew any of this, 5 points from Slytherin." This caused a gasp from the Slytherin's. Snape taking points from the Slytherin house was impossible...

“Now for today’s class you will be making each of these. If you get it wrong I have the antidote here. If you get it wrong and I feel it was on purpose since you know I have antidotes to them you will suffer the side effects. We will split you up into pairs, with Neville using a rat for his partner since we are short a Gryffindor.” Harry and Hermione flinched at the mention of Ron, or the lack of Ron. “Let’s see, Crabbe and Goyle, Parkinson and Malfoy, Granger and Potter...” He continued until everyone was partnered up seemingly with the one person they would try more than anything to hurt. “Now you have until end of class or you will lose your House 50 points for each group not finished or doesn’t pass. Begin!” Everyone rushed to start the potions they were assigned not wanting to lose points or hurt the person they were making them for. Snape hovered around Devin and Monica commenting on Devin like he always did. Why he hated Devin so much Harry wasn’t sure.

Harry was making his, stirring in the ingredients. He was getting frustrated with himself, he wanted to defend Hermione but that wouldn’t be like a man, would it? He couldn’t lose his anger, but he had to defend Hermione. Getting mad he lost count of how many times he had stirred and nearly yelled at his cauldron when he threw his stirrer in the wrong direction. Amazingly the potion became more golden, more laundry room smell. He continued to stir it in the wrong direction according to the book but was amazed even more when in half the time it took Hermione he had made the potion. “Very impressive Potter, your Mother did the same thing when she...” Snape stopped talking his face in pain. “Never mind that Potter, but know that the instructions are there for a reason, something your Father found out.”

Walking away Harry started to worry, what did Snape mean? If his Mother had done it then it must be good, even if the instructions said different. But if it was better then why were the instructions different? He was giving this to Hermione, remembering the side effects if done wrong were worse nightmares. “I’d rather lose 50 points then hurt her, but its color, the texture, the smell, its perfect!” He thought to himself deciding not too worry. Waiting for the rest too finish he went through his potions book reading it even though he already had over the summer when he was bored. He looked over at Hermione’s cauldron, nearly done, looked almost the same as his, same with Monica’s and

Devin's. Hermione gave a few more stirs and stopped, her potion was just like his even if it took an extra twenty minutes of stirring.

Snape rang a bell signifying that time was up and everyone was to stop. He first went to Crabbe and Goyle who failed horribly. Leaving them there he went to Pansy and Draco, who also failed. "Well then, sleep tight while I finish this up. 50 points from Slytherin, each." The rest of the class couldn't believe it; the Gryffindors nearly jumped up and applauded Snape. "Now for you four should I get buckets ready?" Thankfully all but one failed, causing another 50 points to be taken from Slytherin but not the smell of vomit down. "Now we have Neville, my favorite student. Here is the rat, if it dies. 100 points from Gryffindor." The three remaining Slytherins not asleep or in Snape's office retching smiled at the supposed happy news. Neville daringly reached his hand into his cauldron and started to slather it on the rat. Hermione gasped when she thought the potion had gone wrong and it was burning Neville.

"Neville what were you thinking! We should get Madam Pomfrey down here fast." Neville shook his hand which revealed a rat biting down onto his hand, not smoldering burning skin.

"Well then Neville you made it right and showed true courage reaching in yourself to see if it would be safe for the rat, 20 points for Gryffindor." 25 points in one Potions class, while 250 had been taken from Slytherin, who killed Snape and wore his skin? The others not so brave used spoons and only one started to turn red but didn't burn. "While not perfect it didn't burn, you need to stir more next time, 10 points from Gryffindor." Down to 15 was still better than anything they had done before.

Snape went to the last table, Harry, Monica, Devin, and Granger. "Now for this we won't know until you sleep so I will grade you tomorrow." Devin took Monica's potion and Monica his. Harry shuddered at what would happen if Devin had a nightmare. "Come on, drink up."

"Would his abilities still be active if he was sleeping?" Harry hoped not.

“Well it seems the American schools aren’t as bad as everyone says. If you were in the third year I would almost be impressed.” Snape sneered at Devin trying to get to him. It was Harry’s turn and swigged Hermione’s potion down with no worry it was Hermione no way she got it wrong. Now it was Hermione’s turn who also seemed to have no worries unlike Harry. “Alright then I hope you are truthful for tomorrow when you see me before breakfast. If you lie I will know by the lack of sleep you and your roommates get.” Well there’s one thing going for Harry since him and Hermione had been sleeping on the couch so her nightmares wouldn’t wake her roommates to begin with.

“Hermione I know I will sleep well tonight, so will you.” He was damn sure of it; his potion was perfect, even better than Snape’s or Hermione’s.

It was nearly eleven before everyone went to bed, at least the ones who slept in their dorm rooms. Harry and Hermione stayed on the couch like they had every night after the rest of Gryffindor, and the school, knew about them. “Harry thanks for making the potion for me.” She kissed Harry.

“But it was an assignment Honey, although I would have made it anyways if I had known about it. Maybe I could make another one tomorrow, and the next day.” She smiled and kissed him again.

“It’s ok Harry if I just get one night alone from the nightmares I’m sure they will go away.” She looked sure of herself; she needed one night of restful sleep.

“Alright honey.” He yawned hoping she was right. Laying next to her he slowly fell asleep when he heard “The hour of terror will come.” It was the voice from before, every time him and Hermione were almost caught, or Cho...

Nearing 3am Harry woke up to something that sounded unholy. Feeling for Hermione he realized she wasn’t there. “Honey?” He looked around still waking up when he felt something hit him in the back hard knocking the breath from his lungs. “What the hell was that for?!” He coughed turning around to see Ginny with a large stick, almost like an American Bat. (Round not flat like in Cricket)



"What do you think that was for you son of a bitch, or should I say bitch shagger?" She swung and missed his head by mere inches as Harry rolled backwards.

"Where is she? Where's Hermione? What did you do to her?" He looked around in a panic.

"That piece of shag meat? I put a spell on her so she wouldn't wake up. You should have heard the screams coming from her, the nightmare was worse then anything I could have done. Well, unless I kill you, then I'll wake her up and show her your body before I kill her." She swung again fire blazing in her eyes. Something broke with a crash as Ginny swung the bat like an axe.

"Where did you get that? How the hell did you get that in Hogwarts?" Harry dodged another swing wondering where his wand was.

"Monica of course, that American ditz said she use to play. Now how about you take what's coming and die!" She swung again hitting him in the arm shattering it. Normally an injury like this would hurt but Harry had felt pain before, this was nothing.

"Stop it Ginny before they expel you for attacking a Prefect."

"Two Prefects, and I won't be expelled for attacking you since you will be dead." She swung the bat again. "And Monica will be the one in trouble, this isn't my bat after all." Ginny swings it again.

Harry didn't know what to do as he kept dodging Ginny's wild swings. "The weakest point of all, hit it and she will fall." Harry shook his head, what did the voice mean? "Because of you and the slut my family is broken! You deserve this Potter and you know it!" She swung again aiming for his head. He went behind a table and tossed it over to create a shield from Ginny. He started patting at his pockets wondering what he had done with his wand. "Oh I see why you won't fight back you don't have your wand. Well sorry to tell you Potter but last I saw it was in the fireplace." She did another axe swing but was stopped by Harry's arm as the bone shattered. He wrapped his

broken arms around the bat and yanked it out her hands throwing it away.

"You think that will stop me?" She drew her wand.

"Crucio!" Harry felt the pain unlike any other. The pains in his arms from the shattered bones were nothing compared to this. Harry started to scream but stopped when he realized that yes it hurt, no pain compared to this, but his mind was numb to it. His brain seemed to tingle, float away, all the pain he had felt in life was nothing compared to this Unforgivable Curse, but he barely felt it.

"Ginny, stop it now and I won't tell anyone you did that." She was dumbfounded; he was supposed to be on the floor screaming in pain.

"HOW!? I guess you don't have enough human left in you to feel pain Potter." She tossed her wand away walking towards him.

"Don't Ginny, I'm sorry, you don't want to do this. You'll go to Azkaban if you do this and your family will lose another member, please don't do this..." She stopped in mid pace seemingly having walked into a wall. She started walking then stopped, another step and stopped. With a blood curling scream she collapsed as the portrait hole opened. No one came in, but no one left, or did they? He looked into the fire seeing his wand was in front of it, not in it, and collapsed.

He lay there arms hurting him not being able to move them. Ginny was on the ground passed out. He could hear screams coming from the outside. "Hermione! Wait Honey I'm coming, I swear I am." He started to stand up trying not to use his arms and shambled over to the portrait hole still ajar. Getting out into the hallway he saw Hermione on the ground eyes open in sheer terror. "The hour of terror is coming. Is that what he meant?" He went over to Hermione unable to touch her. "Hermione I'm here I can't hold you because my arms, they are broken, I'm sorry I wasn't there, get up Hermione, we need help, all three of us." He broke down next to her wishing his arms weren't broken... "What the?" He felt his arms moving strangely, popping and cracking noises coming from them. The pain went away, he could move his arms, and he knew he had done it. "Here

Hermione I'll help you." He picked her up and started walking towards Madam Pomfrey's office.

The news of another attack involving the same two spread through the school faster than the last one. Rumors even said it was a Weasley who did it. Harry was laying next to Cho while Hermione was in another part of the room. "Harry what happened?" Cho was trying to make small talk, being in the hospital since her fall very few people had visited her.

"Ginny attacked us with a bat. I don't think it was her though someone was controlling her." Cho coughed still trying to get back to full health.

"Oh, sorry." Harry was worried about what they were going to do too Ginny, it wasn't her fault he was sure of it. Someone had her under the Imperius Curse and broke it when they left the Gryffindor Tower.

"Don't be Cho, it wasn't your fault, or Ginny's, or Hermione's." He stared at the ceiling.

"What about you? It isn't your fault Harry." Harry wasn't sure of this since it was his fault what happened to Ron or so he thought.

"Maybe Cho, but they wouldn't have put Ginny under the curse if it wasn't for me." It was also his fault that Hermione was in the other room according to him. "I don't get it, I did the potion perfectly, there was nothing wrong with it, the potion was perfect! Why did she have nightmares?" He shook his head trying not to blame himself even more. His arms had healed themselves and was only there because Madam Pomfrey told him to stay when Ginny told her she had broken Harry's arms.

He was about to be released when Dumbledore and McGonagall came down to see him. Harry wanted to tell them that it wasn't Ginny but they beat him to the punch. "Don't worry Harry we know she was under the Imperius Curse." Harry sighed relief as did surprisingly Cho. "I see you two have been talking." They both nodded. "We have sent Ginny to St. Mungo's after removing the spell and Hermione is in a special room." Harry looked at Dumbledore with a death stare.

“Special? What happened to her? Tell me!” He started to get up but stopped when Dumbledore stuck his hand out forcing Harry to fall back.

“She was hurt Harry when Ginny kept her asleep. Professor Snape tells me you were supposed to make a certain potion that would help her sleep without dreams and failed. He won’t be taking 50 points off Gryffindor and gave her the antidote so the nightmares won’t be as powerful as they were last night.” Harry pounded the bed with a fist.

“I don’t care about points I care about her! Let me out of here so I can see her.” He thought about sitting up again and didn’t when he saw Dumbledore raising his hand again just in case.

“Not yet Harry. Her mind was hurt by the dreams, they were stronger then normal ones from what she told me. She is normal at some times and at others is literally out of her mind. She will heal when the antidote takes affect and Professor Snape gives her a proper Dream Suppressor we hope. Just so you know Harry your potion was perfect but you let it sit to long. Your mother did the same thing when she was here except James wasn’t put under a spell to make it impossible to wake up. If it sits for more then ten minutes it becomes the exact opposite which is why you are supposed to follow the instructions in class for they are made for the class time.” Harry looked down in his lap hating himself and his impatience, he didn’t want to hurt Hermione, it was the last thing he wanted to do, but he had hurt her horribly so. “Don’t blame yourself Harry James Potter that is an order from your Headmaster!” Harry flinched “And know that not only was it not your fault you saved Ginny years in Azkaban. She said she wasn’t able to throw the Imperius Curse off until you hit her with her weak spot, family.” Harry couldn’t believe it, that’s what the voice meant when it said “The weakest point of all, hit it and she will fall.”

“She performed an Unforgivable Curse on me when she was under another; please tell me she won’t be punished for it.” Dumbledore looked up,

“No Harry she won’t be punished for something she had no control over. McGonagall has a question for you though Harry.”

McGonagall walked to the bed with a stern look on her face. "Miss Weasley tells me she attacked you before, with a large kitchen knife, and yet you did not report this." Harry nodded. "Why did you not report?"

"She didn't hurt me, she was mad about what I did to Ron. I got her to Madam Pomfrey I just didn't tell anyone who attacked her." McGonagall crossed her arms.

"You didn't attack her Mr. Potter, you defended yourself and if you had reported this we would have known about the Imperius Curse before last night." Harry slumped down, something else that was his fault.

"How many detentions do I serve Professor McGonagall, I'll do twice as many as you give me, three times as many, I'll spend the rest of my time in detention, I deserve it. Everything I touch turns to shit, everyone I care about get stuck in hell." McGonagall surprised Cho when she went over and hugged Harry.

"No it isn't Harry. This is all You-Know-Who's fault Harry. You gave this world fourteen years of peace from him Harry; you have no idea how great those years were for the wizarding world." She held him like a mother would, like his Mother would have if she could as he cried. "Dumbledore we should check on Miss Granger soon, do you have them?" Dumbledore nodded his head and took out the necklace and bracelet. "Harry she told us to give these to you for safe keeping. I am interested though where you got the pendant but that can wait for another time." Dumbledore set them on the table between Harry and Cho. "Please Harry get some rest."

Cho looked at them in amazement; she had never seen things so beautiful. "Wow Harry, those are beautiful, Hermione is lucky to have you." She felt jealous of what Hermione had; a handsome boyfriend who was willing to do anything to make her better. A boyfriend who had bought her such beautiful jewelry, something Cedric had done after their first time. She rubbed the ring on her finger; the small gold band was something Cedric had given her the night before the last task after they had made love for the first time, the only time.

"I don't care Cho, they are nothing compared to her. I would melt them down and give them to Draco Malfoy if it meant Hermione never had to hurt again." Harry was trying not to cry, trying to focus his rage, his fury, his hurt on the objects.

"Don't say that Harry, Dumbledore ordered you not to blame yourself. You blame yourself for everything when it's Voldemort's fault! If he didn't exist you could live a normal life, a happy life, with those you loved. I don't want to hear you blame yourself Harry for it isn't your fault!" She nearly jumped out of the bed to smack some sense into him. "Those are beautiful things for a beautiful woman given to her by a beautiful soul. Do you really think she blames you or those objects? She blames the person who hurt her and you and all her friends, Voldemort."

Harry shook his head. "No, she blames Ron, that bastard tried to rape her, she wouldn't tell me everything that happened when I was knocked out but I saw how she was when I woke up, he was going to rape her." Cho lost her breath, no one really knew what had happened exactly and she was the first student to find out.

"That's horrible, that can't be true, she was his friend, why would he do something like that!?" Cho was panicked, she had thought of asking Ron out on a date when he got back thinking he had just been injured severely.

"Hermione won't tell me but it has to be, her shirt was torn, her bra was gone, he had his belt off, using it to choke her." Harry clenches his fist as he gets angry. "When he saw I was awake he said I could watch, he thought I would want to see him do that. He was my best friend and I had to use magic to stop him from raping Hermione." The images returned to his head, the blood, the screaming, Ron on top of her ripping her shirt and trying to get her clothes off so he could hurt her more.

His rage building an invisible wind came into the room, Cho's hair charged with power coming from Harry, things started to shake, fell off shelves. "Harry don't do that!" This time Cho did get out of bed only this time she wanted to calm him. She hugged him, something

she had wanted to do all summer, ever since she saw Cedric dead and the brave man who brought him back so his parents could bury him. "It's ok Harry it is not your fault." She cooed to him trying to calm him and it worked. "It's going to be ok Harry, she loves you and you love her, in the words of John Lennon 'All you need is love'." Harry looked up at her.

"How the hell do you know about the Beatles?" Both laughed and she explained to him that Cedric had loved old muggle music. Harry winced every time she said Cedric remembering how he had killed him, which showed on his face.

"Harry don't you dare blame yourself for his death when you saw with your own eyes Voldemort did it. You told Dumbledore that so it must be true, you would never lie to him, no one could." She patted his back both crying over Cedric, over losses never known to the other, over emotions needing to be released.

Getting out of the hospital Harry had no idea why the Great Hall was covered in black, everyone was dressed in black, and everything was black. Sitting down at the table that was now missing Ron, Ginny, and Hermione Harry asked Devin what was going on. "Harry; Hogsmeade was attacked by Death Eaters and Trolls and reports say even a Manticore. They say it lasted an hour exactly." Oh god, the attack on him and Hermione wasn't the "Hour of Terror" but an attack on Hogsmeade.

"How many died?" Devin shook his head.

"We don't know. Some of the trolls and Manticore were eating their victims. The lowest estimate is a few dozen but that is just the ones they know that died without any of the ones who burnt to death or were eaten." Harry couldn't believe he had been warned that this would happen and he did nothing!

"My fault, it's my fault again, everything is my fault." Harry didn't eat, he didn't drink, barely breathed trying not to cry over his failures, his faults, his disease that spread to everyone and everything he loved.

Going back to class with his best friends gone, his girlfriend gone, all being his fault was horrible. Harry failed to transfigure his bean bag into a cushion, Harry failed to charm a pencil to turn different colors, Harry failed to eat at breakfast and lunch, Harry just failed. Getting into Care of Magical Creatures he hoped it was something that could kill him. "Ello class gather round please." Hagrid had a small cage filled with what looked like fairy people with bat wings. "These are called Dark Angels because of the wings and their nocturnal nature. Does anyone know what they feed on?" Harry waited for Hermione to raise her hand then saw she wasn't there.

"Uh, insects?"

"Very good 'Arry, these types do feed on insects while others feed on small rodents, fish, and some reptiles. Now those type are larger and more dangerous so I wasn't allowed ter show you." Hagrid went on about the different ways to catch Dark Angels and where they lived. Harry heard none of it. Going to dinner again he didn't eat and went to his dorm before anyone was done. He hadn't slept there for awhile and fell asleep quickly in the bed as the nightmares crept in.

"Harry Sir, wake up!" Harry felt someone on top of him, someone very small.

"Dobby? What the bloody hell are you doing?" Harry pushed Dobby who bounced off of Harry's chest and onto the floor.

"Sir I have letters for you, your owl came in but couldn't get to you so it went to Professor Dumbledore and He told me to give these to you." Dobby stuck a hand out with four letters.

"Thanks Dobby sorry about yelling at you." Harry sat up trying to figure out who would write him.

"It is ok Harry Potter Sir, you would never mean Dobby harm." Crack Dobby disappeared.

"Wait Hermione said you can't Apparate inside of Hogwarts." Speaking of Hermione... "This is her hand writing! She must be ok!" He tore the envelope open and started to read the letter.



Dear Harry

I miss you so much Harry! I wanted to leave today but they said not yet, they want to make sure I won't act different. Maybe tomorrow I'll be able to see you, hold you, I miss you so much.

I can't believe someone did that to Ginny, how? Who in our school would know how to do a powerful spell like that without getting caught? I mean sure I probably could, or you, but we are different. Professor McGonagall says she is going to talk to you tomorrow; maybe she will bring me with her.

I love you Harry and I know you are blaming yourself for what happened, DON'T! If I get back and you don't kiss me I will hex you into next week! Sorry, I just know you are hurting because you thought this was your fault. They told me you have my things, I miss them too, the weight on my neck and wrist, the warmth I get from knowing you gave them to me. I love you Harry don't forget that.

Love With all My Heart;

Hermione

Tearing open the next letter he saw it was Ginny's hand writing. He didn't want to read it, he thought of what had happened and didn't need to know how horrible he was, how much it was his fault. Throwing the letter away he went to the next one and didn't recognize the hand writing so he read it.

Too Harry

Harry thank you for saving my baby. She was under the Imperius Curse and you freed her...

It was from Molly Weasley! She was thanking him for saving Ginny. "What? It was my fault it happened, if I had told Professor Flitwick after the first attack she would have been ok." He continued reading.

...from it. She said she was mad at herself for not fighting it, she says she didn't want to fight it. She blames you for what happened for Ron but I don't, neither does Arthur or anyone else here. We are just happy he is getting help, that Ginny is safe. We owed you her life when you saved her from the Basilisk, we owe you Ron's from the Dementors, and now you have saved them again. If there is anything you need or want please ask us Harry, you are one of the family and more.

Love From All Of Us;

The Weasley's

He opened the next one seeing it was McGonagall's and was the shortest and even without McGonagall there he could feel the authority.

Too Harry James Potter

You are expected to meet me in front of the Headmaster's office after Lunch. You are excused from History of Magic.

Professor McGonagall

Harry set it down on the two he hadn't thrown away. "I am in trouble, it's my entire fault, and maybe now they will expel me knowing I am a disease." He thought of #4 Privet Drive and being forced to live there until he turned 17. Never being able to see Hogwarts or Hogsmeade again. Never seeing Hagrid, Hermione, Ron, or anyone else. "Good, I won't be able to hurt anyone else." Harry started to cry glad no one else was in the dorm room since they were at the Great Hall for breakfast.

Harry went to Dumbledore's office when he was suppose to, not that he went to lunch after classes just went straight there. He was sitting on the floor feeling worse then before. Harry's stomach hurt from lack of eating anything which he felt he deserved. He was sitting there when McGonagall and Dumbledore showed up from lunch. "There you are Potter. I was worried when I didn't see you at lunch. I guess I forgot I said before lunch." Harry shook his head standing up

"No it said after but I wasn't hungry." His stomach growled showing that he lied. "What is it?"

"Well I have some toffee and delicious pie from my brother we can share." Dumbledore shook Harry's hand leading him in.

Harry sat down waiting for the news. He had sat here several times scared that he was going to be expelled and now he wanted those words to leave Dumbledore's mouth. "Harry we have things to discuss that may take awhile are you sure you don't want to eat?" Harry put his hand up showing Dumbledore he wasn't interested in the blueberry pie. "I thought you would like to know your friend will return sometime in the winter term. His problems were severe and we have had problems healing him since it was his mind that needed it, not his body. When he does return he will first be kept in the Teachers Quarters until we believe he is ready to sleep in his old dorm room. The reason McGonagall is here is that Hermione had something she wanted to show you. I would have been glad to have helped but she said she wanted a woman to do it. Professor McGonagall?" Dumbledore motioned to McGonagall.

She pulled a large box out opening it, it held a Pensieve! "She wanted to show you what happened when you were unconscious, and when she comes back Ginny. I am sure you don't want to know and probably already guessed what Ron was attempting to do. But Hermione said you have too, and while I don't agree after watching it I am too keep my word." Harry's skin went white and clammy, he knew what Ron was going to do, he didn't want to see what happened, he was going to refuse, he had too, but Hermione wanted him to see.

"Alright, if Hermione wants me to. Did she say why though?" McGonagall shook her head.

"No, she just told me you would know why." Harry leaned over the Pensieve and went into that night, Hermione's birthday, telling Ron about them, how it all went wrong. He drops into the collapse tunnel.

“Hands off Harry you mud blooded traitor!” Harry saw Ron get between him and Hermione. It was strange watching the scene when he knew what was going to happen. “What was that Ron? Little Kiddy Ron who’s about to lose his only friends if he doesn’t shut up and listen.”

“No Hermione, don’t make him mad.” Harry nearly yelled it knowing it wouldn’t help. He saw Ron try to protect him calling Hermione a Death Eater before Hermione had pushed him into Harry. Watching Ron beg for his life was appalling to Harry; Ron actually thought they would hurt him. Ron sat down back against the wall while Pensieve Harry and Hermione tried to explain to him what was going on. “Here it comes...”

“I’m Hermione’s boyfriend you Immature Brainless Git!” Ron’s laughter surprised him again, this time not because he was laughing but that it didn’t sound like Ron. Harry didn’t want to watch even with Hermione telling him too. Harry knew what happened even if Ron had knocked him out for most of it, and there it was. Ron lunging at Hermione knocking Harry down and out.

“This is the part I didn’t see...”

“There you dirty blood bitch, what are you going to do now that Harry broke your curse? We are going to punish you for this; even if you were our friend you aren’t getting away clean Death Eater.” Harry saw Ron on top of Hermione, spitting in her face. Harry wanted to do something but he couldn’t and it was driving the rage in him wild. “Ron stop, you don’t know what you’re doing!” Hermione was begging Ron to stop, Harry wanted to help her but he saw his body still laid out on the ground with some blood coming from his head.

“I don’t want to watch anymore, please stop this.” Harry begged McGonagall some more nothing happened. Harry collapsed on the ground not wanting to watch but couldn’t tear his eyes away.

“Yeah bitch, I’ll show you what it’s like being with ‘Little Kiddy Ron’ and after I get done with you Harry can have a go at what’s left. I know I shouldn’t have told Harry I knew you were a Death Eater, he trusted you to much. It’s my fault he had to follow you like a puppy

down here but now we get our revenge!" Ron had stopped punching her letting Harry sigh in relief but what Ron did next was far worse than punching. Harry saw Ron groping Hermione, hurting her, laughing at her.

"I don't want to see this! Why am I watching this?!" His eyes were hurting from not blinking. He looked at Hermione's eyes seeing fear, terror, death starting to creep over them after Ron had punched her more causing her to bleed horribly.

"Let's see if you were a good girl or not bitch." Harry didn't want to look where Ron's hand went and looked at Ron's eyes.

"No they aren't Ron's eyes, that isn't his laugh, something's wrong with him. It isn't Ron." That's it! "Please let me out, I saw what she wanted me to see, let me out!" Harry begged to the air watching Ron hurt Hermione even more. He didn't want to watch Ron stomp on Hermione, choking her with the belt, it was too much for him. He started to vomit but with no food it was stomach acids burning his throat. He stopped before he felt a pulling feeling, collapsing in a chair.

"I'm sorry Harry, I'm so sorry." McGonagall held Harry rocking him back and forth, just like he had with Hermione on the couch.

Dumbledore let this go on for what seemed to Harry an eternity. "Harry, what was it she wanted you to see?" Dumbledore asked coldly trying not to cry himself after watching from outside the Pensieve.

"His eyes, it wasn't Ron, something was wrong with him. His eyes weren't his." Harry sunk down into the chair when McGonagall let go. His throat and mouth still burned.

"He wasn't under the Imperius Curse Harry, it was him." Harry shook his head.

"No it wasn't. He wasn't under the curse but he wasn't himself. It was like in the first year when Quirrel was possessed by Voldemort, he was Quirrel but not." Harry became more worried for Ron than before

wondering what would happen to Ron. "You said he might be coming back for the Winter Term?" Dumbledore nodded. "Alright, can I write him? I want to know how he is doing." At this Dumbledore told him no.

"Another thing Potter," McGonagall was speaking again "Ginny told us her first attack on you was of her own doing. She said she attacked you with a kitchen knife and you stopped her, passing her off to Professor Flitwick. I asked him and he said you didn't know who had stunned her. Is this true?" Harry nodded his head feeling some of the weight come off hearing that Ginny wasn't under the curse for weeks. "Harry, that was very dangerous! What if Ginny had gone into your dorm when you were asleep with a knife? Or the night she attacked you with a bat. Even if Ginny was under the Imperius Curse it worked so well because she wanted you dead." Giving him one of her patented looks Dumbledore interrupted. "Harry you need to get back down to your tower until dinner. Eat Harry. I know you haven't, just like young Cho wasn't."

"But why am I not being expelled? Everything bad that's happened this year is my fault! I am a plague, everything I touch dies one way or another, I don't deserve to stay." McGonagall simply said.

"Harry if you blame yourself for these things you will be the one that dies inside. But you aren't at fault Harry so stop blaming yourself, it's You-Know-Who's fault, now get out of here like Professor Dumbledore told you." Professor McGonagall gives Harry a stern look. Harry nodded and left quickly his stomach hurting more than before thinking about food and what he did before Dumbledore pulled him out.

The next day he waited and waited hoping Hermione had returned, reading her letter before he went to bed, when he woke up, when he got back from taking a shower in the Prefects bathroom, and now sitting at the Gryffindor table. He looked for her disappointed she still wasn't back. "Maybe tomorrow." He told himself that yesterday after reading the letter for the billionth time. Devin was there eating and reading a book Harry didn't recognize. "Devin what are you reading? Which class was it for?" Harry was going through his pack looking for the book not finding it.

"It's not for class Harry, it's for myself. I love to read since it allows me to leave this world and go into one of fantasy, one where I won't kill someone because they insult my sister or spill juice on me when I'm not awake enough to restrain myself." With this Devin went back to the book. Harry looked at Monica who seemed depressed not knowing why though. Harry went back to breakfast. After a strip of bacon and two pieces of toast he didn't feel like eating. Harry was starving for over three days but he couldn't eat, not without Hermione being there making sure he had done his homework, holding his hand, going on about "masses" around students. Just being Hermione.

Harry had gone through the rest of the week with the same thought in his head, "Maybe tomorrow." Friday was going to be a break since the staff was going to have a meeting with other schools, what about Dumbledore wouldn't say. Harry was reading the letter from Hermione walking into the Great Hall never seen her.

"Harry!" He was tackled to the ground feeling soft lips on his.

"Hermione." He wrapped his arms around her giving her more of a kiss than he normally would have with all of Hogwarts watching. Getting up he brushed himself off grabbing her hand as they walked over to the Gryffindor table.

"Well as you all just saw one of our students has come back and got quite a warm welcome I am sure none of you are going to forget." Dumbledore chuckled out loud as the Great Hall filled with applause, except from Slytherin. The applause was going strong when things started to fly around the room, chairs broke for no reason, people started to scream jumping up and down in excitement. The Great Hall was soon near a riot of excited students and some teachers.

"Devin!" Professor Krats pointed her wand at Devin "Protego Psychi!" The same shield Dumbledore used when Devin was sad and had affected Harry popped up around Devin causing the other students to calm down and go to their seats, the ones that were left after several had gone off somewhere or simply broken.

Devin was embarrassed at first soon turning into anger at himself for letting his emotions out. Other students stared at him wondering why

they had felt so happy and then went back to normal. Gossip started even before the Great Hall had emptied with Devin still under the shield to keep his anger from affecting the students. When the last student left the shield was lowered with the immediate response of more things breaking and this time chairs and other flammable objects bursting into flame. Harry not caring about anything or anyone but Hermione walked to his first class with Hermione hand in hand feeling euphoric that his honey was back. "I love you Hermione." He whispered into her ear with the response giving him a smile no one could have hidden, not that he wanted to.

The days following Hermione's return allowed Harry to focus on school again. All the Professors were impressed with his improvement and knew why. Going from A's and one T in Charms he was back at E's and O's. In Transfiguration Harry had fun with the new section they were learning about to make changes in yourself. He impressed everyone with his hair tricks making it long, short, part on either side, and once made it sink all the way in making him bald. Everyone laughed with the exception of Devin who seemed to struggle against himself so Harry put his hair back how Hermione liked it. Eating again he was feeling normal and picked up his running in the morning with longer runs and faster runs having Hermione by his side at all times. Monica still seemed depressed about something which Hermione noticed the day after she returned. Harry shrugged his shoulders when she asked him why Monica was depressed so Hermione went over to talk to her.

Sitting next to her in the Common Room Hermione tried to get Monica to talk with her but Monica ignored her. "Come on Monica, what ever the problem is you can tell me, aren't we friends?" Monica shakes her head.

"No." Taken aback by the answer Hermione grabbed Monica's shoulders. "Let me go you're not my friend."

"What do you mean no? We run every morning, we talk all the time, and if we aren't friends then what are we?" Monica knocked Hermione's arms away.



“Listen Hermione a friend remembers another friend’s birthday.” Hermione grabbed Monica’s shoulder again to get Monica to look her in the eye.

“I didn’t know Monica! Why didn’t you tell me or Harry it was your birthday? No one else knew since you didn’t tell anyone.” Monica looked at her as though a light had gone on in her head.

“Oh yeah, this isn’t home, you people didn’t know.” Hermione took Monica’s hand and took her away to give her a present since she wasn’t able to buy one.

Harry saw them leave wondering what had happened. He walked over to Devin who was again reading a book he didn’t recognize. “What you got there?” He saw the cover and title never hearing of the book but the author sounded familiar.

“A book on black holes and quantum physics, Mr. Hawking makes everything easy to understand, I have his whole series if you want to read one.” Devin went back to the book enthralled by whatever it was. Harry was getting bored now and decided to get a book from the library to read.

“Harry you keep this up people will accuse you of making your hair brown.” Thinking of Hermione made him wonder where she was and what was wrong with Monica. Monica had given him a book to read, forget the library, the one he had in his room should be more than enough.

He went up to his room to get the bag Monica was told to give him getting the Necronomicon out. Reading it on his bed he felt a chill when he first opened it. Hermione was right it was already translated from some weird pictures he assumed was Egyptian. “The Wizard who accomplishes any part of the Necronomicon will be more powerful than ever as the knowledge of the Ancients fulfills them.” He read the first few pages and was soon getting bored with it as all it mentioned was Necromancers and Dark Messengers, history of the Baal Horde who originally found the Power of the Dead. “This is almost as boring as History of Magic. I need something better; maybe

the library will have something on Quidditch I haven't read yet." Putting the Necronomicon back in the bag he went off to the library.

Harry was in the library when he heard the strangest noise. He went towards the back of the library where it was coming from and saw... Malfoy! But he wasn't with Parkinson but a 4th year girl whose name he couldn't remember. They seemed to be very busy in something Harry didn't want to see, at least not see Malfoy do even if the girl was rather cute. He was walking away when he heard a moan. "Mariah..." Harry shivers in disgust and tried to think but couldn't remember a Mariah.

"Must be a Slytherin. I wonder when Malfoy and Parkinson broke up." Harry grabbed a couple of books off the nearest shelf at random wanting to leave Malfoy and the Mariah girl alone. He went back to the Common Room where Hermione was waiting talking with Monica excitedly.

Sneaking up slowly behind Hermione, Harry crept closer and closer... "BOO!" Hermione jumped slamming her shoulder under his jaw knocking him down. "Ouch! What was that for?"

"I'm sorry Harry!" Hermione helped him up as Harry rubbed his jaw with his hand. "Are you ok?"

"It's ok Hermione I deserved it." He chuckled as Hermione grabbed his hand and kissed his jaw.

"There, I kissed it so it should feel all better." Monica laughed a little at the joke and excused herself to her dorm.

"So, where did you two go? Why was she depressed? What happened?" Harry asked when they sat down on a chair her on his lap.

"Well she had her birthday and no one celebrated it. She forgot that no one knew it was her birthday since this isn't her home. So I gave her a special treat that only a Prefect could give."

He raised an eyebrow not knowing what she was talking about. "What? Took her to a Prefect meeting? Let her deduct points?" Hermione kissed him on the cheek thinking he was kidding.

"She had fun in the baths and gawked at how nice the Prefect bathroom is compared to the usual ones in the dorms." Harry now figured out where they had gone and gets a mischievous smile on his face.

"So you two went there alone, got in the tub, all soaped up." He poked her in the side with a finger laughing as she smacked him on top of his head playfully.

"Get that image out of your head right now mister as it's never going to happen. Besides we weren't alone the whole time someone came in." Harry asked who. "At first I didn't know, Monica was talking to the air like in Hogsmeade then Pansy Parkinson came in. She was going to get a Professor since Monica was there but I told her there are no rules against a Prefect bringing in a friend to the Prefect bathroom. Yes it says don't give the password out but nothing about bringing friends." She smiled and whispered in his ear about a special surprise she had waiting for him the next time they were alone. "You'll love it Harry."

Harry bothered her wanting to know what the surprise was. "I'm not telling you Harry until we are alone and that's that." Almost giving up he tried another approach.

"So what should I get her? I don't know what she'd like and since she isn't my girlfriend I can't give her something I have for you." Hermione pushed him playfully laughing. "I'm just saying Hermione."

"If you keep getting me things I won't have any birthdays left for you to celebrate. With Monica I don't think she wants anything, like a present, just someone to say Happy Birthday since no one else did. I tried to cheer her up in the Prefects bath letting her talk. Although I thought something was wrong with her when she first got in but that's not something I want to talk about." Harry was back to figuring out his surprise.

“Come on, what is it? I want to know.” She shook her head.

“I won’t tell you until we are alone so drop it. I will give you a hint though, it seems American women like to do this all the time. I will try to find a way to make it permanent when we learn more in Transfiguration.” Harry looked at her chest. “Not those you perv!” Laughing hard she got off of Harry’s lap so she wouldn’t hurt him from laughing so hard. “Just wait till we are alone.”

## Chapter 6 Fire's Return, Yule Joy

Unfortunately for Harry they had not been alone with school, Quidditch, Prefect duties, running, and basic teenage troubles for him to see her surprise. Monica did seem happier but wasn't acting like she use to even when Harry and the other Gryffindors had said happy birthday to her, some giving her gifts. The Slytherin Quidditch team had stomped on Hufflepuff gaining enough points to get them out of negative points though still in last. Harry would have a break as his next match wouldn't be until February against Hufflepuff also. The Twins had cut back on practice with it getting colder and the confidence that it was Hufflepuff what was the point of training? This caused some animosity between the two houses but never was as bad as Slytherin vs Gryffindor.

"You really shouldn't take them lightly they are a team so they must be the best from that house." Monica commented, no one else listened.

"But its Hufflepuff, you don't understand since you haven't been here the past few decades." The Gryffindor table laughed at the joke. It was getting colder every day and finally started to snow. The blizzard arrived with force making it impossible to get to Hagrid's cabin for Care of Magical Creatures. Peeves was starting to become annoying making even the teachers angry with some of his pranks. Filch spent most of his time chasing Peeves around the castle. One day Peeves thought it would be funny to upset Moaning Myrtle and flood the bathroom. Another day he found it hilarious to open up all the windows letting the snow blow in. On Friday he did something that would change Devin forever, or the way people saw him and felt about him. Peeves kept denying it was him who let the Boggarts in which no one believed after all the things he had been doing.

Having let loose several Boggart the teachers were busy chasing them down and had canceled classes for the day. Walking around helping the teachers as a Prefect Harry was too busy to be with Hermione still not having the chance to be alone. It was getting closer to lunch and students were showing up in the Great Hall ready to eat

so they could go back and play more exploding snap or chess or other activities. Harry was hungry also having walked all morning with no Boggart troubles. He got to the Great Hall hearing screams coming out of it. Running now he saw what looked like a dragon, no a spider, no now a large blue bird thing. It was a Boggart scaring everyone already there who were blocking Harry's way. He tried to get closer but the bodies of students were a wall he couldn't get through. He was almost ready to start stunning students when he heard dark laughter. "Oh a Boggart are you? Let's see how you deal with someone who has no fear." Harry got up on a table and saw Devin walking towards what now looked like a giant slug. Devin got closer without his wand when the Boggart/Giant Slug changed into a small goblin looking thing. Devin picked it up and with one hand and broke its neck with a small pop pushing the head with his thumb to make sure it was dead. He tossed it into a near by garbage can and walked away. No one else was speaking, many holding their breaths.

Harry went from table to table running in between plates and food jumping off the last one and raced after Devin. Catching up he saw Devin was still laughing darkly, almost like Voldemort had last year scaring Harry. "Devin are you alright? What was that? It looked like a small goblin thingy." Devin turned around.

"It was a Boggart Harry, didn't you know Peeves let some of them loose in Hogwarts?" He continued to laugh making Harry shiver.

"I know that but what did it turn into?" Devin stopped laughing looking at Harry.

"A Boggart, are you not listening Harry? It was a Boggart. Little things are weak when someone with no fear confronts them." Harry realized what Devin was talking about.

"You mean since you don't fear anything, or don't let your emotions out, it couldn't change. That was what a Boggart looked like? Why did you kill it though? You didn't have to Devin." Harry was concerned about this as Devin had just coldly, colder then the air outside, killed a living thing.

“I know I didn’t but I did anyways. Damn things scare people, about the only thing worse then them are Dementors. Manipulating feelings people have, evil...” Devin turned around and walked away leaving Harry with some questions for Hermione and Monica, maybe Dumbledore if he had to.

Several days later he talked to Hermione about what Devin had done getting no answers. He finally went and followed Monica after a class watching her duck into an empty classroom. Following behind he saw Monica talking to Lavender, closely, almost right into her ear. Lavender was laughing when she saw Harry and pushed Monica away. “What are you doing Harry?” Her face was panic stricken as she ran out of the room. “Well Harry, what are you doing?” Monica had her hands on her hips.

“I wanted to talk to you about Devin. He did something that really scared me. Peeves let lose some Boggarts and one was in front of Devin...”

“And he killed it didn’t he? He hates those damn things. He hates them because they scare people, emotions as you know Harry are what he fears most.” Harry understood what she meant, Devin was afraid of losing control and killing someone so a creature that scares someone would be evil to him.

“He also mentioned Dementors, I fear them to, its what a Boggart turns into if I get near one. But what do they do to him? The Boggart did nothing.” Monica smiled almost laughing making Harry uncomfortable.

“They don’t do anything to him, hell, the one we saw didn’t even know he was there. Bad for him though since Devin had learned a spell to get rid of them.”

“Expecto Patronus?”

“No Harry, those require happy moments to fill you which is something Devin can’t let happen. What he did didn’t scare them away it killed them.” Harry had no idea what kind of spell it would take

to kill a Dementor but knew it couldn't be easy, or good. Thanking her for the talk he left her in the empty room wondering what her and Lavender had been talking about before he interrupted them with his questions.

It was November 13th, a Friday, but unlike the muggle world the wizards and witches made no note of it. Knowing Devin wasn't some cold blooded killer, just someone who feared a Boggart as much as he hated them made Harry feel better about Devin. Devin was his only real male friend after what happened with Ron, he had to forgive him or he would be stuck with someone like Neville. Neville wasn't bad but just wasn't someone he could consider a true best friend, not like Ron was or Devin was becoming to him.

Harry was having fun now knowing he could bring a friend to the Prefect bathroom and decided to take Devin there twice to try and become better friends. He was lucky no one interrupted him for he did feel out of place naked with Devin who was enjoying the bath while Harry showered after a morning run. Hermione had told him she had taken Monica with her almost every morning after running trying to find out why Monica still seemed different. Dressing and leaving for the Great Hall to eat breakfast Harry and Devin met up with Monica and Hermione. "Hey Devin, did you enjoy the Prefect bath? If the boys are anything like the girls it must have been cool." Monica hugged her brother trying to sound happy. Hermione whispered to Harry.

"She told me that if I asked her one more time what was wrong she would do something. I don't know what Necronism is but it can't be good." Grabbing his hand she walked with him ready to eat after running. When the four got near the table they saw a bundle of red hair not belonging to The Twins.

"Ginny!" Monica left the group and ran into Ginny's arms hugging her, jumping up and down like she had with Harry after she won the Keeper spot on the Quidditch team.

"So that's what it was, Monica missed her friend." Harry commented to Hermione, thinking of how he missed Ron. After greeting the rest



they sat down waiting to eat. Dumbledore got up clapping his hands to close the doors to the Great Hall.

“As some know another student has returned! We are glad to welcome back Virginia Weasley, or as you probably know her Ginny. She is back to full health and ready to study hard I’m sure.” The students clapped at the return of Ginny, like always Slytherin did not participate whatever everyone else was celebrating. “Now if you like let’s eat so we have the energy for classes.” People did eat even if it was to get energy for classes. Harry wondered why Cho hadn’t had the same announcement and decided to ask her when he got the chance. Looking over at Ginny he saw her smiling between eating and talking sometimes when she was eating. Harry wrote a note and quickly passed it to Hermione.

Wait after breakfast; we need to get her alone to ask her if she is alright, and to find out if she will do something again.

Hermione tucked the note away and nodded so Harry could see that she understood. Breakfast was over soon after and students started to leave. Hermione grabbed Ginny’s robe and held her back. “Stay here Ginny, you know why.” She did as she was told waiting for everyone else to leave. Finally the last person, Professor Sprout, left leaving Ginny alone with Harry and Hermione. “Sorry about that Ginny it’s just we want to talk to you.” Hermione let Ginny sit down.

“I’m sorry, both of you, I can’t believe I let that happen.” She started to cry holding her head in her hands.

“We forgive you Ginny, right Harry?” He nodded.

“You were under the Imperius Curse nothing you did was your fault.” Hermione put her arm around Ginny trying to comfort her.

“Not the first time and I could have fought it off but I wanted you dead, both of you. I’m sorry I was so weak and hateful, you wouldn’t have hurt Ron if there was another way.” Harry sat on the other side wrapping his arm around with Hermione.

“You are right Ginny, we wouldn’t have...” He thought about the Pensieve and how Hermione had wanted him to see it, see Ron. “Ginny I think Hermione has something to show you when you want to.” Hermione agreed and went to go get the Pensieve from Dumbledore.

“I’m so sorry I hurt her Harry, she was screaming in her sleep, I put that spell on her to make her suffer. Wait, I didn’t do it, he did.” Harry raised an eyebrow.

“He? So you know who did it?” Ginny shook her head.

“No I’m assuming it was a man, I don’t think a woman could be so evil.” Harry held her as they waited for Hermione. Ginny was starting to feel better, her eyes drying up when Hermione returned with the Pensieve but no Dumbledore.

“He didn’t want to see it again.” Hermione said before Harry could ask. “Ginny do you have your wand?” Ginny took it out. “Ok put your wand to your head then motion it towards the Pensieve.” Ginny did this with no hesitation. Waiting for Ginny’s return from the Pensieve Harry started to wonder if it was a good idea.

“Honey, do you really think we should show her what Ron did? I threw up watching it horrified by what he did.” Hermione patted his arm.

“It’s ok she needs to see why we attacked him, and that it wasn’t really him, like you noticed.” Harry shook his head still feeling uneasy about what Ginny was seeing her brother do.

“Alright but do we have to make her watch the whole thing?” Hermione nodded. “Ok but be ready to deal with her, I was a mess.” They waited for the memory to end, for Ginny to return. Close to 20 minutes later Ginny came back out crying with a mess on her robes having done what Harry had done. Hermione used her wand and cleaned up the mess while Ginny kept crying. “Please be ok Ginny, it was disgusting but you saw his eyes right? It wasn’t Ron, not really. We don’t blame him for that, or you for attacking us, we love you

two.” Harry let Ginny cry into his chest feeling the tears make his shirt wet quickly with some snot as her nose ran. “It’s ok Ginny; if you want we could write a note to Dumbledore excusing you from class. You need to rest after seeing that, I did.” Harry looked at Hermione as she ran off with the Pensieve and to get the note from Dumbledore. “It’s going to be ok, shhh.” He tried to comfort Ginny, thinking about how McGonagall had talked to him when he had gotten back.

Things were going back to normal at Hogwarts, classes to be taken, Quidditch practice to do, Prefect meetings to attend, Harry had forgotten about Hermione’s surprise. It was the last day of November when during dinner Dumbledore got up to speak again. “Well well well, we are entering the last month of this year as you all know. Last year meant a Yule Ball for 4th year students and up. While that had gone smoothly it was held for the Triwizard Tournament and not for the students. So I thought if you like we could have a Yule Ball this year for the 3rd year students and up. Now so the 1st and 2nd year students are not left out I thought a party could be held in each of their Common Rooms so everyone could have a good time.” People started to applaud at the idea and some already had dates in mind while others had plans to make. “It will be held on the 20th and I ask you all not to let this distract you from your classes but have fun when it gets here!” Less applause then last time as people began to eat with thoughts and ideas running in their head.

That night he went to bed rather late working on the Potions essay the same night he was told to do it instead of waiting till the last moment. Hermione gave him a kiss for it before finishing hers and going to bed. Harry lay in bed thinking about Hermione, the Yule Ball, how nice it would be to get that close again. Expecting dreams of Hermione Harry nearly woke when he saw the smaller version of him from behind that turned into a girl when it turned around. “Who are you? Why do you have my Mother’s eyes?” Harry reached out but like all of the other dreams he couldn’t reach her. “Who are you and why do you have my Mother’s eyes...” The dream faded as no others came for the rest of the night.

The next morning Harry was in the Prefect bathroom bringing Devin who seemed more relaxed after every time. Harry had seen Devin meditate in the Common Room and was getting curious at what some

of the humming Devin was doing was about. "It's a muggle song, relaxes me, as does this warm water. I try always to be relaxed since it doesn't require emotions." Harry nodded and went back to his shower listening to Devin. The door opened and Harry quickly grabbed a towel.

"What the hell is this? You aren't a Prefect how did you get in here!" It was Michael, the Head Boy.

"He is with me, I thought he could use the bath to help relax. He needs it since he is uh, well, do you know?" Michael looked cross at Harry.

"You aren't suppose to give the password out Harry, this is a Prefect bathroom not a common one. What were you thinking?" Harry smiled remembering what Hermione told him.

"It says in the rules that I can't give the password out, it doesn't say anything about not letting friends in." Michael wasn't pleased at Harry's response.

"How do you know that Harry?" Harry blushed this time telling the truth.

"Hermione told me..."

"So she's been letting a friend into the girl's Prefect bathroom? Well, as you said it doesn't say anything about not letting friends in. But what did you mean did I know? Know what?" Devin coughed to get their attention.

"He means I am a freak of nature who could wipe this school off the planet if I feel too much so if I am able to relax it will give Hogwarts a better chance of surviving." Michael raised an eyebrow.

"Wait, like at the Great Hall before Professor Krats put that special Shield Charm on you?" Both nodded. "Oh, well, it isn't against the rules, but do you mind if I shower?" Neither of them minded leaving Michael to shower in peace after dressing getting ready for class.

Harry was surprised at how much attention Devin was getting. The Slytherin table considered him the “American Barbarian” but even the women from that table were eyeing him. Devin kept turning the girls and women down even after some very beautiful, in Harry’s opinion, women from 6th and even one from 7th year had asked Devin to the Yule Ball. Monica had been getting even more attention and really surprised him when she turned everyone down, like her Brother had.

“Why have you turned everyone down Monica? I understand some like the 3rd year, but Neville isn’t that bad, neither is Seamus. That 6th year Ravenclaw bloke didn’t look to bad, strictly from a Quidditch player to Quidditch player in looks. He can play well and isn’t dumb like Crabbe or Goyle.” She laughed hard making Harry sometimes wonder what was wrong with her. Ever since Ginny had come back she had been extra happy and goofy.

“I don’t want to go with anyone Harry, just one person.” She raised her eyebrows and licked her lips looking at Harry.

“Sorry Monica but you know me and Hermione are going.”

“Says who? You didn’t ask her, as far as I’m concerned your open game not that it’s you I’m thinking of Mr. Big Head.” Harry heard this and realized that he hadn’t asked Hermione, he had just assumed. “Better go ask her or someone else just might.” Harry had the thought in his head wondering how to ask her, when to ask her, he hadn’t planned on this. He waited for Hermione to get to potions deciding to ask Hermione so it would be official. When she walked in Harry saw the necklace was out over her clothes and not under like normal.

“Uh Honey you want to put that away?” She looked down and put it back in its usual place. “Wait Honey.” Harry took her out into the hall. “I was wondering if you’d like to go to the Yule Ball together. Sorry it took me so long but I assumed we were. Monica told me since I hadn’t actually asked you I was considered open and I decided to ask you now.” Hermione’s face went blank then into anger.

“Why the hell was she asking you? She knows we are together, the whole school does, what the bloody hell is her problem!” Harry shook her by her shoulders.

“She wasn’t asking me I think it was her way to make me ask you so we would be officially going together.”

“Oh, who did she decide to go with?” Harry shrugged his shoulders.

“I don’t know, everyone and then some have asked her and she turned them all down. Same with Devin but Monica isn’t like him, she can show emotions. She did say she had someone in mind and looked like she would tear them apart if they didn’t ask soon.” Hermione giggled.

“I think I know who Harry. Monica talks about things when we are in the Prefects bathroom, boys being one of them.” Harry smiled at the thought of the two in the bathroom together like the first time she told him about it. She smacked him on the top of the head just like last time laughing knowing he didn’t really mean it, neither did she. “We better go back before bell rings.” They went back into the room seconds before the bell did.

Poor Neville, no one would say yes. Ginny told him no, Monica said no, Patil, Lavender, and almost every other 5th year and 4th year girl in the other houses said no. Except of course Slytherin which Neville didn’t even attempt to ask. Malfoy was having fun at Neville’s expense. “So what are you going to do? Ask your hand to the dance you wanker?” Neville cowered back from Malfoy making Malfoy grin even more. “So your hand turned you down to? How sad for a Gryffindor to be turned down by his own House Mates.” Harry was getting mad, he didn’t really consider Neville a good friend but he was a House Mate.

“Malfoy stop now before I take points off.” Malfoy sneered and kept going after Neville when Pansy Parkinson came up to watch Malfoy. “Oh I see you two made up, guess that Mariah girl will be looking for a date now.” Pansy turned to Malfoy punching him hard in the back.

“You bastard! I though you said there was nothing between you two!” Slapping him in the face she stalked off.

“Well then, language, fighting, I say that should be about 20 points.” Harry insulted Malfoy in a way that to Harry didn’t break his “I’m a Man” speech.

“What the hell are you talking about Potter!” Harry told him to go away before he took more points off. “Fine you mud blood lover.” Malfoy stalked off much the same way Pansy had leaving the other Slytherin’s baffled.

“Ten points again for language.” Costing Slytherin 30 points in one morning made Harry feel even better then he already had. Monica was trying to deal with all the attention she was getting from the boys. Devin had a couple of times made people leave her alone but he couldn’t always be around. Harry was doing his Prefect duty, or sneaking out to get some food from the House Elves, when he saw Monica being hassled by some older Slytherin.

“Come on babe we could show you a real good time afterwards. We might not like Gryffindor but we do like our women.” The leader of the group grabbed Monica’s arm trying to make her look at him.

“Well I think that deserves 50 points off.” They turned around and glared at Harry.

“Go away Scar Head, we just want to have some fun and so does she.” Harry saw one start to grope Monica.

“That’s a100 points and if you don’t stop I will have to force you to stop.” The leader laughed. “Little 5th year punk thinks he can tell us what to do? Guess what little boy, you may be Dumbledore’s pet but he isn’t here right now is he?” He motioned to his two friends to hold on to Monica while he “dealt” with Harry.

“I think not Slytherin but you never know he does have his ways. Besides who needs him? You aren’t even half the size of Voldemort and just last year I matched him in a duel. You should be no

problem.” The Leader took a swing at Harry and missed as Harry dodged to the side and came up with a knee to the gut. “Well then that is 50 points.” Harry took his wand out and decided to see what one of the spells he had read about in his DADA book actually did. “Rikkil Motoyata!” Just like the book described a long silver rope came out of his wand hog tying the person it was put on. “Now let her go before I take more points off.” Harry was having fun with this, his Seeker agility, his running strength, and all he learned over the summer from reading had really paid off. The two boys left looked at the Leader not knowing what to do. “Come on you two, that is 10 points each, 10 more if you don’t let go.” The one on the left pushed Monica into the other.

“Hold onto the bitch while I take care of this one.” He turned around taking his wand out. “Stupefy!” Harry rolled to the right coming up with his wand using another spell he had read in his DADA book.

“Dibol Pyris!” A fire ball came out hitting him in the chest. “Damn it should have thought about that one.” Harry noticed that the fire wasn’t really burning his opponent who was currently on the floor rolling around like a maniac but had done what the book said it would do, make the person think they were on fire. Monica was shoved into the wall as the last of the Slytherin ran away leaving his friends behind. “Are you alright Monica? Want me to get Madam Pomfrey?” She stood up with the help of Harry.

“No I’m alright Harry. Thank you for saving me I would have hated hurting them seriously.” Harry couldn’t hide the expression on his face. “Oh come on Harry if they had kept it up I would have probably sent them to St. Mungo’s. I know quite a few spells that can be quite nasty.” She hugged Harry and kissed him quick on the cheek before leaving.

Peeves seemed to be acting up again as several creatures kept getting into Hogwarts. Peeves claimed his innocence every time but no one believed him except for Dumbledore. Harry wasn’t all that sure himself since Dumbledore believed Peeves. “Honey do you think that we should ask The Twins about this? Peeves said he didn’t do



the last one, or the one before that, or even the Boggarts. Only ones I know who would think it is funny would be The Twins.”

“Maybe Harry, but the Goblin Minors, how did they get them? They aren’t as dangerous as their bigger cousins but still, where did they get them?” Harry didn’t know this and tried to think of who could.

“Snape? As much as I have tried to be nice to him this year I could see him doing it not trying to be funny.” Hermione shoved him.

“Oh come on the past four years everything was blamed on Snape by you and Ron.” She shut up when she said Ron not wanting to remember.

“Well that just means one of these times we will be right. He does have a Dark Mark and is a Death Eater. Maybe distracting us in school means something more.” Hermione was ready to throttle Harry.

“After all these years Harry I thought you would learn. He didn’t let the troll loose, he didn’t open the Chamber, he wasn’t helping Voldemort, and Dumbledore trusts him.” Harry was about to give up waiting for another time to rant when the Owl Post arrived with really bad news.

On the cover read the headline Dementor Revolt, Prisoners flee, is Sirius Behind This? The Dementors and Death Eaters had fled Azkaban! “Oh no Harry they’re blaming Sirius. Dumbledore said this might happen but the Ministry said the Dementors were loyal to the Ministry.” Reading the article more other students were shocked at the news and the gossip began. Harry was scared more for Hogwarts than himself, he could fight the Dementors, who else could?

“Honey I have a book on how to teach others offense and defense, the one I bought our first Hogsmeade trip. Maybe we should use it to teach some of the others since we are stuck with small creatures and how to fight them in DADA.” Which had started after the Boggart episode for Professor Krats had wanted to make sure the students knew what they were doing.

“Good idea Harry but who do we teach, and where?”

“The Gryffindor Common Room, and why not anyone who wants to learn? I think we should start off with the Expecto Patronus just in case the Dementors come here, or attack somewhere else during the Christmas break.” Hermione nodded writing a note and passed it to Ginny, who passed it to Monica, who passed it to the next student until it had gone all the way around. “What’s that? What did it say?” Hermione showed him the note.

Anyone who wants to learn more about defending themselves sign here now. We will talk to you later after Dinner.

Monica

Devin

Ginny...

The list contained 11 names from Gryffindor which made Harry realize that others might want to learn too and knew who they were. He walked over to Ravenclaw and asked Cho and Luna if they would like to join him and some other Gryffindors that night for some special lessons. “What is so special about them? And why are you only asking us girls?” Cho asked with a hint of eagerness.

“Nothing that you are thinking Cho.” Harry frowned at her and the thoughts she must have been having. “It’s about the Dementors and all the other creatures out there. I want to teach those who I trust the spell to fight off Dementors which is why I am only asking you two for you are the only ones I know.” They agreed to meet him outside of the Common Room since they didn’t know the password and Harry wasn’t about to give it to them even if he did trust them. Walking back to the Gryffindor table Hermione did not look pleased. “What Honey? I just asked them if they would want to learn with the rest of us. I trust Luna and Cho and think even if they aren’t in Gryffindor they need to know how to at least fight off those damn Dementors!” The last part said rather loud drawing attention to Harry as he sat down. “Sorry.” He muttered under his breath not really caring.

Harry was nervous now that he thought about it after dinner. He had read some of the basics in the book but now thought of what it would be like. He and Hermione waited for Cho and Luna while the others waited inside. Finally they showed up and covered their ears as Hermione gave the password to the Fat Lady. The ones who had signed the note were waiting, some eager and some not. Harry was glad to see Devin wanted to participate but Devin looked rather bored. "Well uh, now that the last two are here." He motioned to Cho and Luna who sat next to Ginny. "We can begin. First let me tell you a few things that we will cover tonight." The others listened as Harry spoke about simple spells like the disarming charm and the stunner charm. "But we will end it with the Expecto Patronus, a powerful advanced spell that will fight off Dementors. It requires a happy thought to power it. As we go through the other spells think about a happy thought, a very happy thought. The more you feel it the more powerful your Patronus will be. I used finding out I was a wizard for the first time to create a Patronus my third year. Now for some who were born wizards this isn't a big deal so find your own." They began with "Expelliarmus" sending wands flying around the room and then students as a loud "Stupefy!" was heard by other students watching. After twenty minutes Harry decided it was time for the big spell. "Ok you know how to disarm and stun people. I know those are simple spells but last year I used the disarming spell on Voldemort," gasps of both fear and disbelief filled the room. "And lived. So they are not useless in training. Now if you think you are ready step forward and try your best. I took several attempts to make my true Patronus, a stag, and don't expect anyone here to get it on a first or second or even a third try. Who wants to go first?" Harry wasn't doing too bad he thought, being a teacher was simple so far. Hermione stepped up first.

"Well since I am the Co-Founder of this little group I think I should go first. Expecto Patronus!" She yelled as nothing came out.

"It's ok Hermione you just need a happier thought." Hermione stood there going over happy thoughts, looked at Harry and had one.

"Expecto Patronus!" A large silver mist came out and started to take form. Seeing it Hermione broke her concentration and it disappeared.

“Very good Honey, I mean Hermione, who’s next?” Several giggles came from Harry calling Hermione “Honey” but Ginny stepped forth. After her fourth attempt she was making progress but wasn’t as good as Hermione. More students tried but only one had matched Hermione, Cho. It was Devin’s turn who was rather displeased.

“Harry I won’t do this and you know why. Besides I know of a spell that kills those damn things and not just scare them away. I’ve had fun with you kiddies, if I was your teacher you would know spells that would make Voldemort shake in terror.” He turned around and walked into his dorm. The others after practicing some more gave up and went to bed also.

Harry was about to go to bed after saying goodnight to Hermione when Monica stopped him. “Harry, sorry about my Brother, he got upset over something he saw earlier and I guess he let it out on you.” She hugged Harry making him uncomfortable.

“It’s ok Monica, please let me go.” Monica smiled and kissed him quick on the cheek going to her dorm room. Harry rubbed his cheek with the sleeve of his robe now feeling bad about what had happened. He didn’t ask for it or expect it but she did kiss him. “Wonder what Devin saw, maybe Monica was with the guy Hermione mentioned.” Thinking of Monica with someone else allowed him to clear his mind of what had just happened. He sat in bed reading the book he bought and saw some interesting things he would teach later. Farther along in Basic Techniques he saw a section on Occlumency and meditation. “Devin might like this part, seems simple enough and makes one calm, clear headed. Hmm, see page 335 under Mind Reading for more.” Harry was too tired to do so and sat the book down clearing his mind, relaxing, letting his mind empty out like the book said to.

After two more “classes” that week Hermione, Cho, Ginny, and Monica had mastered the Patronus. Several other students had joined and were trying their best to catch up sometimes practicing between actual classes and nights when Harry and Hermione weren’t teaching. It was on Saturday when Harry saw Professor Krats talking to Monica and went over to ask Professor Krats for help with his next

“class”. “Harry Monica was telling me how good of a teacher you’ve been at night. Not satisfied with my teaching?” Her face looked hurt making Harry glad he was about to ask for help and had a chance to explain.

“No it’s not that Professor Krats you teach very well, a lot better then I ever could. It’s just we have been going over animals and creatures not actual spells. With the Dementors loose I thought it would be best to teach those who wanted to learn how to defend themselves. But now that I have for the most part I need ideas on what to teach next and where to do it. The Gryffindor Common Room is getting too crowded to teach.” Her face changed almost with a shine in her eyes.

“Well if that’s how it is I could help in class tomorrow. How about I dump the Vampire History and we go to Dementors? That should help with it. For where to teach your next ‘class’ I can’t let you use my room since you aren’t really suppose to be doing what you are doing. All you really need though is more room right? Why not go outside for it? I’ve seen you and your friends talk to the large oaf who teaches Magical Creatures I’m sure he would find a place for you.” Harry didn’t like the tone of her voice when she mentioned Hagrid.

“It’s Hagrid for your information, not oaf. He is my friend and I don’t like it when people talk like that about him if you know what I mean.” Her response made him even more angry.

“What Harry? He is part giant you know. I know Dumbledore trusts him but I still remember when I was young several half breeds attacked my school since they weren’t allowed to go.” She paused thinking. “If you are friends with him then he can’t be all bad, I will talk to him if you’d like.” Harry nodded. “Alright then Harry I need to get back to my office I was just talking to Monica about her ‘Problem’.”

“It’s not a problem!” Monica turned around and walked away throwing her hands up in surrender.

“Sorry that you had to see that she’s been angry since her Brother told me about her and someone else.” Harry thought he knew what she meant.

“Well I’m sure whoever he is your daughter trusts him and so should you.” Harry walked away leaving a confused Professor Krats.

“Boy?”

Only a few days were left until the 20th and the Yule Ball. Neville still didn’t have a date, Devin and Monica turned everyone down, and something was strange with Ginny making Hermione concerned. “Maybe she is under the Imperius Curse again, should we tell Dumbledore?”

“I don’t think so, she is probably nervous about the Yule Ball coming up. Do you know who asked her?” Hermione shook her head.

“Besides Neville who asked everyone she doesn’t seem to be going with anyone.” Luna was striding over looking lost with Ginny next to her. When they got to Harry and Hermione Ginny looked embarrassed.

“Do you know where Neville is?” Harry pointed towards the table. “Trust me Luna he isn’t going with anyone, ask him!” Luna went over making Harry sick as she swayed about making him feel like he was on a boat.

“She doesn’t have a date? Go figure. What about you Ginny?” She didn’t answer. “Come on Ginny who are you going with?” Hermione tried to get Ginny to tell her.

“Leave me alone I’m not going.”

“Oh.” Both said at the answer. “I guess you can keep Devin and Monica company since they aren’t going either. That way they won’t be stuck dealing with all the little Gryffindors.” Luna came back as Neville smiled going back to his food.

“He said yes, thank you Ginny.” Luna hugged Ginny then wandered off with her usual lost look on her face.

The last days passed slower then normal days or so everyone thought. The Yule Ball for the teens and the party back in the Common Rooms for the younger students was looked forward to greatly. Snape even was getting into the mood by not assigning homework on the 19th. Harry was nervous the closer they got to the Yule Ball. He and Hermione were a known couple but only a few people had seen them hold hands, after she had gotten back and was welcomed with a kiss, and was nervous remembering the last Yule Ball. "Honey do you know how to dance?" Hermione nodded.

"Harry it isn't that hard if it's someone you want to dance with. If you want I can lead until you get the hang of it."

"Ok Honey but you might lead all night since I don't think dancing is something I could get good at." He kissed her on the forehead. She looked at him concerned about something.

"Harry."

"Yes?"

"Where did you put that sack you got from Monica?"

"It's in my room. I read the Necronomicon a little but got bored when it started to sound like a History of magic class. Nothing bad has happened because of it. You remember when I got that FireBolt? You turned it in to Professor McGonagall even though there was nothing wrong with it." She blushed a little.

"But this is different Harry, she said she got it from someone who was dead!"

"I know she did Honey but how likely is that? She is always talking to people who aren't there so for all you know she wanted to give me a present and didn't want to say it was from her." Not thinking about what he said got him in trouble before and it did again.

“You are mine, you belong to me, if that bitch makes any moves on you in front of me I’ll hurt her.” He tried to calm her down.

“It’s nothing like that and you know it Honey. She is friends with you and me; she already has a boyfriend which apparently only Devin has seen.” It worked.

“Harry we need to go to bed, I need to be up so we can run and I can still have time to get ready.” She kissed him on the lips and went to her room.

After running Hermione took both Ginny and Monica to the Prefect bathroom. “Why aren’t either of you going? I know you both were asked several times.” She was surprised to see that Ginny had done what Monica had taught her to do the first time she took Monica to the Prefect bathroom. “Now what’s the point of doing that if you don’t have a boyfriend? Not that Harry has seen it yet since we have been way to busy.” Two floors up Harry was showering with Devin back in a tub.

“So Devin I know why you aren’t going to the Yule Ball but what are you going to do? I have some books if you want to read them.” Devin shook his head busy humming some tune. “Well at least you won’t be alone, Ginny and Monica will be there. Why they said no to everyone I can’t think of.” Harry heard a loud pop and then saw the tub overflow. “Devin stop that, what the hell happened?” Devin was boiling the water he was in as more flowed up over the tub.

“Sorry Harry I just don’t want to talk about Gin...”

“Is that why you aren’t going? She said no?” Devin got out of the tub grabbing his clothes putting them on as he left without saying a word. Harry was starting to get worried as the day passed. He had his dress robes ready, had his hair medium length and slicked back, he even had Sirius send him dress shoes for the Yule Ball. He remembered how beautiful Hermione looked last year at the Yule Ball, how gorgeous she was when they went on their dates, and was hoping he wouldn’t disappoint her. He had excuses over the summer with no good muggle clothes but he had no excuse not to look his best. He



had bought some of the most expensive dress robes at the store and would be willing to pay more to make Hermione happy. He had brushed his teeth four times already and used mouth wash Neville had. He wanted to be perfect for Hermione, nothing else would do.

Hermione was starting to get worried as the day passed. She had her dress robes ready, her long hair bunched up into a fancy hair style Monica showed her in one of the muggle magazines. She wanted to look perfect for Harry and tried to look even better then last year at the Yule Ball when she went with Krum. She had no excuse not to be perfect for Harry as she had over the summer only having what her mother had handed down through the years. She had brushed her teeth to many times to count, had used breath mints Monica let her have, and was now trying to do something with her eyebrows. Monica helped pluck them following the instructions in another muggle magazine.

Other couples through out Hogwarts did the same preparation ceremony. The Common Rooms were already being set up with food and juice and even a Wizard Wireless Radio to play music for the ones to young to go to the Yule Ball. Only three people weren't caught up, except to help a friend, in all the excitement. Devin was already doing his meditation exercises in his room with the silver ball Harry had seen before. Monica helped Hermione prepare for Harry. Monica was glad for Hermione, she really seemed to love Harry. When they talked in the Prefect bathroom Hermione went on about how sweet Harry was, how he never tried to get her to do anything she didn't. Hermione blushed when talking about the time in the shower back at Harry's house. This was the first real friend Hermione had that was outside of the trio. Even better thought Hermione, Monica was like her, a girl.

In another part of the castle Ginny was helping a nervous Luna. "Luna you know he doesn't care how you look he is just glad a woman finally said yes. Well, wait, that didn't come out right." Ginny was trying to get Luna to sit still and work on her hair.

"It's ok Ginny no one wanted Loony Lovegood but someone who was desperate. Harry probably would have asked if he wasn't with the Granger girl, only as a friend though. He is nice enough not to call

me Loony unlike your brothers.” Luna was trying to read the magazine her dad makes, The Quibbler, not really caring about her looks. “Besides Ginny does it matter what I look like? I know I should be all giddy about this but I am really only doing this to show others I can be normal.” She was getting tired of being called “Loony Lovegood” and decided to be normal for an evening no matter how bad the Snorkacks got.

“It doesn’t matter what they say you are a good friend Luna, why do you care what they say?”

“Because I am tired of all the shit they give me. You aren’t in my Common Room; you don’t have your things walk off when you need them. You aren’t kept awake at night just so you feel like hell the next day. I want to stop that, I need it to stop.” Luna finally sat down to let Ginny fix her hair. “I know why this means so much to me Ginny, I was never embarrassed about me but now I have a chance to be normal. Before I never cared how others thought about me but then the Yule Ball was announced and no one asked me.” Ginny saw the frown on Luna’s face.

“Well Neville would have asked but you were busy with something when he went to Ravenclaw table and asked everyone if any of them would like to go.”

“That’s just it Ginny no one asked ME! Neville asked everyone because he had no choice, no one asked me because they had a choice.” Ginny was working on her hair trying to make her friend feel better.

“Why does this matter though? Who cares if they did or didn’t ask you? You are pretty and smart and if they don’t see that they are idiots. You said yourself Harry would have asked you if he wasn’t with Hermione. He likes you because he knows you, I like you because I know you, Hermione likes you because she knows you, all the people who don’t know you shouldn’t make you mad or sad.”

“Easy for you Ginny, I saw the boys asking you, other Houses came over to ask you, they didn’t know you so why did they ask you?” Ginny shrugged trying to be casual.

“Well Luna I don’t know. My hips are to big my hair is always a mess...” Luna wasn’t buying it.

“Stop that Ginny, you are perfect compared to me. No one calls you ‘Goofy Ginny’ or ‘Weird Weasly’. Is it to much to ask to be looked at as a normal girl for once? Not to be Loony but normal? I did ask a couple guys but they laughed at me, I was going to give up but then you brought Neville over. Why are all the sweet men in Gryffindor? Harry, Neville, even Seamus is nice to me. There is that cute new guy in Gryffindor, Devin I think, I was going to ask him since he wasn’t going with anyone but he would never say yes to me.” Ginny nearly laughed at this.

“Luna he isn’t going because he doesn’t want to. A lot of girls asked him and he said no to all of them. It would be nice for him if he went but he is so, unfriendly isn’t the word, I don’t know. He doesn’t like people, I think that describes him. Except for his sister he seems closed off to the world. Harry has tried to make friends with him and even got him to go running in the morning, but that is about the only time I see Devin smile. He is cute though now that you mention it.” Ginny added some cream to Luna’s hair to make it shine and keep it straight. Luna was trying to feel better about herself, she had always been happy being Luna, but when no one asked her she cried in her bed hating herself.

“Yes he is, why does he act like that though? You are friends with Monica has she told you about him?” Ginny nodded.

“He has a problem with his feelings. He has some abilities that make him vulnerable to hurting people. Monica said he wasn’t that bad until his friend died. He blamed himself for it and his emotions took over. She said that was why their mother came over here, get away from his past. But he still isn’t back to normal to her, almost as though his soul left him.” Ginny shuddered at the thought of Dementor victims being soulless.

“So his feelings make him lose control? Is that why he shuts everyone out so they can’t get close to him? His friend died making him lose control so now he makes sure no one is his friend, how sad.” Ginny pulled hard on Luna’s hair getting a tangle out of it.

“I guess. Monica talks to me a lot when she isn’t with Hermione or out running. She is really nice, Hermione has taken her to the girls Prefect bathroom to try and make friends with her, last time they took me to.” Luna hit Ginny’s leg when her hair was pulled to hard for comfort. She wanted to keep talking about Devin but everything she had heard so far made her feel worse for him and decided to change the subject.

“His sister is nice, she says ‘hi’ to me when she sees me, and she doesn’t call me Loony. I don’t like how she looks at me though, makes me nervous, she doesn’t look at me like a friend would. She is still a nice person though, why did she turn everyone down?” Ginny finished with Luna’s hair.

“Can you keep a secret?” Luna nodded. “The reason she’s not going is...” She whispered to make sure no one else could hear.

Harry went into his room trying not to disturb Devin who had been meditating for close to five hours now. He got the sack with the gold, the book, and the two rings. The last item was what he was after wanting to give one to Hermione and one for himself as a couple thing Monica told him about. Harry didn’t know why but Monica was always dropping hints which Harry usually followed, like actually asking Hermione to the Yule Ball and not just assuming she was going with him. Security was extra tough with all of the other ghosts keeping an eye on Peeves as some parents showed up as chaperones. Some parents had even objected to it at first saying that with You-Know-Who back he might attack when everyone’s guard was down. Not that they could say it anymore with Tonks, Remus, Mad Eye Moody, the Teachers, and several parents there to keep an eye out for any Death Eaters. Just to be safe Harry had his wand taped to the side of his leg in case anyone was dumb enough to attack Hogwarts when Dumbledore was there. Less than an hour until

the Yule Ball, the electricity in the air, the mood filled the castle with energy.

Couples were meeting in the Common Room where Harry sat in a chair waiting for Hermione to come down from the girls' dormitory. Neville left to meet with Luna in front of the Ravenclaw Common Room entrance while others had already left with their dates. Harry was more nervous then ever becoming worse with every second. He had worried so much it made him worry he was worrying to much making him worry even more. There was only one cure for this vicious cycle and he had just seen it walking down the stairs. "Harry!" Hermione went a little quicker though not much still not use to high heels. Harry gazed at her legs wondering how hard it would be to dance in those shoes even if they made her legs look better then ever.

"Honey you look beautiful! Let me help you with that." Harry reached his hand out to help her down the last few stairs since he couldn't actually enter the stairway due to the ban on boys in the girls' dorm room. Before Hermione knew what Harry had done she felt a weight on her finger.

"Harry you didn't buy me more jewelry did you?" She looked at the ring, large gold band with a strange looking stone that was changing colors before her eyes. Harry lifted his hand that had the other ring that was going from a pure red to half red and half blue. "Wow Harry when did you get these? When you bought my Pendant?" Harry shook his head.

"No they came from the pouch, since there were two I thought maybe we could wear one each, like a couple." Monica told him what to say but he decided his own words would be better. "I love you Hermione, all the gold in the world, both Galleons and jewelry isn't enough to show how much I love you, please keep it." Her ring was now like his, half red, half blue, she kissed it feeling the warmth come off it then kissed Harry.

"Ok Harry but no more gifts alright? I won't have any place to put more on if you keep doing this." Harry held her hand thinking about the book that should come in on the 25th for her.

“Ok Honey, no more Jewelry.” Walking towards the Great Hall with others Harry was ready, all the nerves and fears had gone.

The Great Hall was as magnificent if not better then last year. The room seemed to be bigger to give room for the couples, chaperones, and tables full of food and drinks. Harry was dancing with Hermione looking around at the other couples smiling and dancing. Neville had given up on leading and let Luna guide him around the room, Dean and Seamus had the Patil Twins, and something Harry saw made him laugh. “What Harry? What’s so funny?” Harry pointed to a Draco Malfoy sitting alone, no date, as Crabbe and Goyle were dancing with their dates.

“I see Malfoy must have made Pansy mad and the girl he was cheating on her with. He got what he deserved that Pig.” Hermione went back to Harry’s chest feeling the warmth as he held her.

“This is perfect Harry, I love you, thank you.” Harry smiled to himself as he breathed in the scent of Hermione, her scent of roses and fruits in her hair, moving down to kiss her on the neck he could smell perfume.

“I did everything I could for you Hermione and still didn’t do enough to deserve you.” He whispered in her ear as they started to move over to a table to get something to drink and sit after dancing for almost an hour.

Having a break from dancing Harry and Hermione relaxed watching the others commenting on different dresses and robes. “I wish Devin and Monica and Ginny were here, why they told everyone down doesn’t make sense. Sure this is nice but look at Neville and Luna, they just got together because no one else would say yes and they are having a great time.” Hermione chuckled drawing attention from someone behind them. “Mr. Potter and the Mud Blood, how disgraceful you were given the honor of being Prefects.” Harry turned around and saw Lucius Malfoy.

“Better then your son who is here alone being treated like a leper.” Lucius Malfoy Sneered rubbing the pocket that held his wand.

“Be careful Mr. Potter or I may have an accident.” Harry wasn’t going to let Lucius Malfoy intimidate him.

“What is that Lucius? Threatening a Prefect? A real big man aren’t you attacking someone half your age who doesn’t have his wand? I see your wife didn’t show up, did she realize that she could do better like a slug or something less slimy then you?” Lucius grabbed his wand waiting for another chaperone to turn around before he struck.

“Dumbledore’s pet is brave thinking he is safe when you are anything but safe.”

“What the hell are you doing?” Harry turned around seeing Devin dressed in as casual of clothes that Devin owned.

“Who are you boy?”

“Put your wand away or I will do to you what I did to your son.” Lucius laughed.

“Oh you mean you will attack me with my back turned?” Lucius started raising his wand.

“Stop!” Lucius Malfoy’s wand snapped in half as Devin held his hand out. “Now go away before I go find your son and use him for target practice for my rage.” Devin smiled evilly, a hint of darkness in his words.

“Boy I have more to do then mess with some kids now if I can leave you be.” Lucius stalked off as fast as he could with people in his way knocking over some students. Harry turned to Devin.

“What are you doing here? I thought you were meditating for the night.” Devin’s face went back to normal, the evil leaving it.

“I was when I was interrupted by Monica and her... I don’t want to talk about it. I just had to get away before I hurt them.” Devin sat in the back farthest away from the dance floor letting Harry and Hermione go back to being a happy couple. The night was starting to slow down with couples going back to their Common Rooms for what everyone assumed would be a few hours of Snogging before taking the Hogwarts Express the next morning home. Harry and Hermione kept dancing swaying farther and more wild as the floor became empty of other students. “Harry if you don’t mind could you stay out of the dorm room for the night?” Dean and Parvati were holding hands with a look in their eyes.

“I guess, did you tell Seamus and Neville and...” He almost said Ron but Ron wasn’t here.

“Seamus is with Padma back in her Common Room and Neville said he wouldn’t mind going back to Ravenclaw Common Room with Luna for awhile. Thanks bud.” Dean and Parvati ran off leaving Hermione and Harry alone.

“Want to go? We are the few left and I wouldn’t mind getting back so we can sleep, it’s almost one in the morning.” Hermione nodded and they went back to the Gryffindor Common Room slowly with Hermione still having trouble with the high heels.

The Common Room was a mess after the 1st year and 2nd year party added on by the others coming back from the Yule Ball. Hermione said she needed to change into something more comfortable. Harry wished he could change out of his dress robes but had told Dean he would stay out of the dorm room. Hermione came down in a long t shirt and pajama pants, like the ones she wore back at #4 Privet Drive. “You still look beautiful Honey.” She said nothing, her face was blank. “What’s wrong Honey? What happened?” He hugged her hoping she was ok, feeling her arms and back looking for bumps or scratches.

“I saw what Devin saw.” She sat down on the couch pushing wrappers and cups off.



“What did he see? What did you see?” Hermione laid down.

“All the times I was alone with her, all the times we were together like that, I can’t believe...” Hermione was mumbling as Harry lay down next to her.

“It’s ok Honey I’m here.” He had no idea if she was ok but it seemed he should say it. “Go to sleep Honey it will be better tomorrow.” He still had no idea was just saying what he felt he should say as he wrapped his arms around her falling asleep. Harry heard screaming, a girl screaming, but not Hermione. He was back in the cave with the girl that had his dad’s hair but his eyes. “Who are you? Tell me!” He didn’t know how it happened but he was able to move closer something that had never happened before.

“Help me, stop him from hurting me; I don’t want to be his heir.” The girl was crying when Harry sat next to her on the ground wrapping an arm around her. This was the first time he had been able to get close to her, to touch her.

“Who are you? Why do you look like me?” The girl looked up at him.

“Brother.”

Harry awoke suddenly knocking Hermione off the couch waking her up also. “What was that for Harry?” She pushed Harry in a foul mood not liking to be woken up before the sun was up.

“Sorry Hermione it’s just this dream I had, sorry.” Hermione went back to the couch snuggling up against Harry.

“Was it a nightmare?” She felt Harry’s chest move up and down, he was breathing hard.

“No Honey, I don’t think it was. It was just a dream I’ve been having, this dream since Voldemort came back, and it only comes once or twice a week though. It’s nothing go back to sleep.” Harry held her kissing the back of her neck letting her warmth comfort him as he fell

asleep. Waking up again Harry had only Hermione in the Common Room. Everyone else was busy getting ready to leave on the Hogwarts express. Monica and Ginny avoided Hermione and Devin making Harry nervous trying to figure out why. Dean and Parvati came down from the dorm room holding hands, buttons on Parvati's sleep gown done wrong.

"Thanks Buddy for staying out. If you wanna change you can now. Should have let you get out of those dress robes before me and Parvati got in there." Both giggled as Harry went into his room seeing Deans bed looked like a mess.

"I don't want to know, I don't need to know, I don't even want to think about it. At least he got over Ginny quickly." He changed into casual clothes hungry and ready for breakfast. Hermione was already in the Great Hall at the Gryffindor table. Seeing her Harry started to rub his ring with his thumb thinking about her.

"I love you Harry, don't leave me. I know Voldemort is back and he wants you dead, don't let him." The voice sounded like Hermione but she hadn't opened her mouth. "I won't leave you Hermione, as long as you are waiting for me I will come back." He hadn't said it but Hermione heard it. She walked over talking softly. "Did you hear that? I heard you." Harry nodded hugging her.

"I won't leave you as long as you'll have me." They went back to the table trying not to cry at how much they loved each other and the thought of not having the other there for them.

The Hogwarts Express left Hogwarts with a full load. Harry and Hermione said bye to Devin, Hermione left as Harry said bye to Ginny and Monica who were also acting strange. "Are you sure you don't want to say bye to Hermione?" Both girls blushed.

"No, she's seen enough of us to last for awhile." Harry shrugged waving bye and went back towards the castle. He got into the Gryffindor Tower and saw Hermione on the couch laid out rubbing the ring again.

“Hermione why didn’t you want to say bye to Monica and Ginny? What the hell happened last night?”

“I don’t want to talk about it, if they wanted people to know they would have said something.” Harry didn’t understand but if Hermione didn’t want to talk about it he would let it go.

“Fine, so who else is stuck with us?” Hermione slowly smiled.

“No one.” Harry couldn’t believe it; he would be alone with Hermione until January 1st.

## Chapter 7 The “Dark” One and Others

Harry was nervous about being alone, all alone, with Hermione. But the first night she slept with him in his bed nothing happened, it was just like back at #4 Privet Drive. The next night again it was like it was over the summer. They went through the next day holding hands, talking, reading, went out on a warmer then normal day to sit under a tree and look across the lake, it was paradise for Harry. No one from Slytherin had stayed, only a few Hufflepuff and one Ravenclaw had stayed. In the library they were reading when Harry remembered the time he caught Malfoy. “Wait a minute Hermione.” She looked up wondering if something was happening. “Malfoy didn’t have a date at the Yule Ball, Monica stayed in the Common Room with Ginny. Devin didn’t have a date because Ginny said no so he was there. Is Ginny covering for Malfoy? Is that what you saw? Malfoy and Monica? What the hell is wrong with her?” Hermione started to laugh.

“No no no, not Malfoy you goof, Monica would never get with him. She is with someone we know but doesn’t want people to know. Besides Harry how would Malfoy get up into the girls’ dormitory with the ban on boys in the girls’ dormitory?” Harry had no idea.

“Alright then what did you see? Who was she with?” Harry couldn’t get his finger on it, what was going on? Hermione grabbed Harry’s hand and took him back to the Gryffindor Common Room taking him up to his dorm room. “Hermione what are we doing?” Hermione pushed him on his bed.

“You wanted to see your surprise right? Well now we are alone and I can show you. I just did it again today so it will be perfect.” Harry didn’t know if he wanted this surprise now, he wouldn’t be able to resist her, she was beautiful, she was perfect.

“Hermione we shouldn’t do anything like that, I mean, I don’t have any, uh, you know...” She smiled.

“It’s ok Harry there are many other things we can do without doing that.” She lifted her shirt off showing no bra. “Ready for you

surprise?" Harry was dumbfounded, her chest lifting up and down as she breathed mesmerized him. She lowered her pants and drawers showing Harry his surprise.

"What did you do?" Last time Harry saw Hermione like this was in the Muggle Studies shower and the brown hair had surrounded his target.

"Monica told me all the girls in America do this for their boyfriends. I shaved again this morning since it was starting to grow back out. If I learn more in Transfiguration I will be able to keep it down permanently." Harry was stunned by the look, she was beautiful no matter what she was wearing, or not wearing.

"Hermione we shouldn't do this, I don't have anything for it. You know, like..."

"I know what you mean Harry and we don't have to go that far." She crawled on the bed over him. "We can have lots of fun without that having to happen." She grabbed him with one hand and grabbed the back of his head with the other. "Mine." She moved down his neck while Harry's hands had a mind of their own. He remembered the Theater, he had touched her there then but she had a dress on. She moaned when he started to touch her more. "More Harry, more." Harry felt her hand moving nearly making him scream.

"No Honey, we can't go any farther I won't be able to stop myself."

"Don't worry Harry, I don't need it, I want it but if you don't want to go that far we don't have to." She moved against his hand brushing her lips against his as her chest moved against his. "A Dark One Comes Close." Harry pushed Hermione off trying to find his wand. "What the fuck was that for Harry!"

"Shut up Hermione and get your clothes on a Death Eater is coming." Hearing Death Eater Hermione grabbed her clothes getting her wand ready. "Hide under my cloak; if he doesn't see you maybe you can hit him from behind." Harry went under his bed with his wand waiting for the Death Eater while Hermione got his cloak on. He

waited for what seemed an eternity when a large black dog walked in. "Dark One? He meant someone with dark hair, not dark wizard." Harry rolled out from under his bed. "What the hell are you doing Sirius? What if Snape caught you?" Sirius changed back into himself.

"Harry, I am not the only wizard who becomes a black dog. What if I had been a Death Eater? By the way Hermione come on out." Hermione appeared from behind the cloak.

"Hi Sirius." She was blushing bright red.

"I know what I smell and I don't like it, what if I hadn't come? Let me rephrase that, what would have happened if I hadn't appeared when I did Harry?" Harry was getting angry.

"Nothing Sirius we aren't stupid! We may have been doing some things but that is between us! I'm not a kid damn it and neither is she." Harry wanted to punch Sirius but a man wouldn't do that. Hermione walked over next to Harry.

"We weren't going to do that Sirius; we were showing our love for each other but not that. What right do you have to tell us what to do anyways; you aren't my father or Harry's!" Before she could stop herself she had said it.

"You're right I'm not Hermione, but I have a question for you, why Harry? Last year you were with Krum now you are with Harry. You think since Voldemort is back you better show Harry a good time before he dies? Give him a little sympathy shagging so you can tell the world you were his first? The Famous Hermione Granger, Shagger of the Late Harry Potter." Hermione couldn't stop herself pointing her wand at Sirius.

"Stupefy!" The bolt came out hitting Sirius knocking him into the wall behind him.

"Damn you Sirius. Ennervate" Sirius came to standing up brushing himself off.

“Well did I hit something there? I may not be his father but he is my son and I am going to protect him from Death Eaters and harlots.”

“Sirius you shut your mouth now or I’ll turn you into the Ministry myself!” Harry was enraged, how could Sirius talk about her like this?

“And where will they put me? The Dementors went to Voldemort, Azkaban is no more. I’m sorry if you feel that I have stepped over some line but you are my son, I love you. I won’t see you fall for the first girl to spread her legs for...” Harry pulled a Ginny on Sirius.

“Shut up about her, you have no right to talk about her that way, she loves me!” Harry had his wand pointed inches away from his God Father tears in his eye at what he thought was betrayal of Sirius. This was not going how Sirius had planned it. He didn’t think Harry would still be with Hermione, a girl he didn’t really trust. Sure she helped him escape and kept his secret but Harry told him what she had done. She kept Harry from stopping Peter from escaping, kept Peter free so he would still be on the run. How could she love Harry if she did something so horrible to Harry’s God Father?

“Fine you love her, she loves you, you’re all one big happy couple, for now.” Sirius sat up on the ground hurting from what Harry had done to him, another reason not to trust Hermione if she had this kind of control over Harry. “I came here hoping I could talk to you but if you’d rather I leave.”

“No Sirius don’t leave just don’t say anything else about Hermione.” Harry held a hand out to help Sirius up.

“Ok, truce. I came here because there is someone working for the Death Eaters at this school. Ginny wasn’t the only student to be put under the Imperius Curse this year.” Sirius sat down on an unused bed. “Miss Chang had been fighting the curse for the first part of the year, she tried to fight it and couldn’t. She tried starving herself to make her body to weak to follow an order, that’s when Ginny was used. They tried to send Cho on you, get her close to you, but you rejected her and she snapped. They had trouble controlling her even if she couldn’t throw the spell off since she was so weak, smart girl

that Cho girl is.” He stood up feeling better from the blow Harry had done. “Look Harry, so far all the ones put under this curse have been women.” He glared at Hermione. “You can’t trust any of them. Cho and Ginny weren’t the only ones a Pansy Parkinson was cursed also but had not done anything to you. She said she was given strange orders we think was made to separate her from your enemy, Draco. She might have been a fall back plan.”

“Who’s we?”

“The Order, we fight Voldemort with spies to disrupt attacks being planned. We also try to protect the targets of his wrath this being you. As I said no woman can be trusted, the Death Eaters are trying to use your hormones against you Harry, for all you know Hermione could be under the Curse even as we speak, or be the Death Eater herself, maybe Ron wasn’t wrong.” At this both Harry and Hermione had raised their wands.

“Don’t you dare speak to us about Ron; he is our friend and never wanted to hurt us!” They said in unison. “And Hermione isn’t a Death Eater; she doesn’t have the Dark Mark.” Sirius laughed sarcastically.

“Do you really think Voldemort is that stupid? Of course she wouldn’t have it or she would be a suspect! She may also have it somewhere else on her body but you would have seen it no matter where it was wouldn’t you? Letting Voldemort and a Death Eater control you through your dick!”

“I told you not to talk about Hermione that way, LEAVE!” Sirius turned to leave stopping to give Harry one last warning.

“I am telling you Harry she can’t be trusted, if she was captured she would give you up in a heart beat. She doesn’t love you; she loves the Famous Harry Potter.” Harry was going to hit Sirius with another Stupefy but Hermione held him back since Sirius was leaving. Sitting back on Harry’s bed Hermione tried to calm Harry down.

“It’s ok Harry he didn’t mean it. He doesn’t have any kids does he? You are all he has left from your mom and dad, he loves you more



then anyone else alive. You are his son, you heard him, and he wants to protect you. What do you think would have happened if it was my dad who walked in on us?" Hermione thinking of her parents made her worry, she hadn't seen them since the attack, might have this Christmas Break but Dumbledore thought it best not to leave Hogwarts, one attack on her parents was enough.

"We would be dead, well I would be for making his daughter moan like she was." Hermione chuckled.

"Exactly, parents are supposed to be protective of their children even when they aren't kids anymore. As my Mother always says, 'No matter how old you get I will always be your Mother.', and that is true." They laid down not doing anything else.

"I did like what you did but we can't trust Sirius can we? He might come back every night now making sure we aren't making love." Harry rolled over to hold her.

"We weren't going to; we are too young for that anyways." Hermione kept a laugh down.

"Not what I heard from Parvati. Dean was a 'beast' according to her and he is your age."

"Shut up I don't want that in my head before we fall asleep." Hermione kissed him softly on his lips.

"Then think about what would have happened if Sirius hadn't come in."

"I won't sleep then either! I did like my surprise though, an early Christmas Gift I take it?" She kissed his neck not leaving a mark like normal.

"If you like Harry you could consider it that. It did come with all the thoughts you had of me and Monica alone in the tub didn't it?" Harry laughed now.

“Now I’ll never sleep.” But he was wrong; both fell asleep quite easily in each others arms peacefully.

Harry awoke before dawn with a pain coming from his scar. He had seen Voldemort with something that glowed a deep dark blue. Harry looked at Hermione who was still asleep remembering what had almost happened. As much as he hated Sirius right then he was glad Sirius had showed up. Harry didn’t know if he could have controlled himself. Laying there the sun started to come up casting a glow on Hermione making her skin shine more beautifully then he could imagine. He started to run his hand up and down her arm waking her up. “Good morning Honey, can’t let you sleep all morning can I? We can go running in the Great Hall, a few laps there should help you wake up.” She rolled over on top of him.

“I can think of another way to wake up.” Harry started to protest but Hermione rolled off the other side. “Don’t worry Harry we won’t do anything like that, yet. I can’t get the potion from Madam Pomfrey until I turn 17, when I am of age.” Harry watched her change into the clothes she had brought from her room.

“While I love watching you change what potion are you talking about?” Hermione turned around to shake making Harry tempted to jump up and bring her back to bed.

“Sorry Harry I knew you would like that. The Motis Afris Potion. Each dose lasts 4 months with 3 doses being the usual amount taken. What did you think I was waiting for? You to go to a muggle town to buy some condoms or for me to get out from my dad’s thumb to get the pill? My dad never leaves me alone when I leave, says he doesn’t trust the boys out there.” She got the last of her running clothes on this time watching Harry change. The last thing he put on was his ring which immediately changed from blue to blue and red. After running twenty laps they sat down to eat. “Harry I was trying to research these rings, why they change colors like that, why we can sometimes hear each others thoughts.”

“And?”

“Nothing, these rings don’t exist.” Harry ate his eggs rubbing his ring.

“Hermione, think of Hermione, I love her, think of her.”

“Harry? You just said ‘Think of Hermione’ using the ring, right?” Harry nodded mouth full. “Well, they allow the owners to communicate I think. But not all our thoughts, I think you were really trying to talk to me, you had to think about me hard to get that through.”

“Yes, I have to think I love you, how great you are, all about you.” Hermione tried to think back with no luck. “Honey rub the ring with your thumb when you do it, that’s what I do anyways.” Hermione tried again rubbing her ring.

“I love you too Harry.” She looked up at Harry.

“Yep you did it Honey. I wonder why that ghost told Monica to give me these, and the gold, and the book. Why me of all people?” Hermione shrugged her shoulders eating, rubbing her ring.

“I think Monica said something about death changing him. Maybe he was not a nice person when he was alive and decided to give it to the living person he thought deserved it most. Or maybe the person least like him.” Harry could speak since he wasn’t eating at the moment but he decided to stick with the ring.

“Salazar, that name sounds familiar, where though?” Hermione finished her bacon talking instead of using the ring.

“I don’t know Harry the name sounds familiar to me too. I remember reading it somewhere, in fact I know of two wizards named Salazar but this one can’t be either of them.”

“Why?”

“Salazar Slytherin and Salazar McNire were dead years ago, McNire in Scotland, and Slytherin no one knows. He left the castle

when he and the other 3 founders had an argument over Hogwarts.” Harry and Hermione agreed to look it up later after they went back to Gryffindor Common Room for snogging, and studying if their tongues got tired.

It was Christmas morning when Harry and Hermione woke up. Hermione found Harry “excited” and started to drive him crazy. “Hermione not now, I have morning breath and need a shower.” Hermione let go.

“Fine, which Prefect bathroom do you want to go to?” Harry rolled over and sat on the edge of the bed.

“Me to mine, you to yours. We aren’t showering together, what if Sirius comes in?” Hermione smiled devilishly.

“That’s just it only a Prefect can get in. Sirius isn’t a Prefect so he doesn’t have the password. We would be all alone together for as long as you want.” She slid over behind Harry wrapping her legs around him from behind him nibbling on his ear. “Why don’t you want to Harry? Don’t you love me? All year I try to get us together and you always say no. The night Sirius came in you were saying no but I had you, if Sirius hadn’t interrupted us we could have had fun.” She moved her mouth down his neck.

“That’s just it Hermione, you said yourself you can’t get that potion until you are 17. I don’t have anything, so if we did that you could become pregnant.” She bit down on his bare shoulder when he said ‘pregnant’.

“We don’t have to do that Harry and you know it. There are many things a man and woman can do without doing that. Like this...” She slid her hand down his stomach into his boxers. “Don’t you like it? I know I do when you touch me.” Harry shrugged her off standing up.

“But I don’t trust myself Hermione, what if I lose control? If I lost control and pressured you or worse...” His body shook at the thought. Hermione was getting frustrated at Harry talk about himself like that.

“Fine Harry you don’t think you can control yourself, what about me? I can control myself Harry and won’t let you pressure me into anything.”

“But what if you can’t? What if I hurt you?” Hermione saw where this conversation was going and cut Harry off.

“Ron surprised me, he was angry, he lost control. But that wasn’t about love or sex it was about power, rage, anger. You aren’t about power or rage, you love me and I love you.” Harry was still worried; he didn’t want to hurt Hermione. “I heard that Harry, you won’t hurt me, I trust you, don’t you trust me?” Harry had been rubbing the ring without thinking about it.

“I do trust you Hermione, it’s me I don’t trust.” He let go of his ring speaking to Hermione.

“You should Harry, you have done so many things you don’t even realize them all do you? You couldn’t have been able to do any of those things if you hadn’t trusted yourself to do them.” She hugged Harry. “Come on Harry we need to take a shower. The girls Prefect bathroom is closer so let’s use that one.” She held his hand leading him down towards the Prefect bathroom. Harry looked around the girls bathroom a little envious.

“Hey, yours is better then ours. We only have two baths and a row of showers, why do the girls get a better bath?” Hermione laughed.

“Fine Harry I will give you something else to look at.” She quickly took her clothes off looking at Harry. “Come on Harry join me in the bath.” She turned on the faucet bending over and reaching down for the plug giving Harry quite a view.

“I don’t know Hermione, this is too much for me to handle, you are so beautiful and I want to make you happy but it might be more then I am ready for.” Harry blushed as he took his boxers off.

“Ready? You look damn ready for me Harry.” Hermione slid into the bath water, the warm water on her skin making it red.

“That’s not what I meant Hermione, of course I am ready physically but I don’t want to be physical with you.”

“What! I see how it is Harry I am just someone for you snog with? What’s wrong with me? I already told you I can change anything about my body that you don’t like.” She was close to crying dunking her head in the bath to not let Harry have the satisfaction of seeing tears.

“That’s not what I meant Hermione. I don’t know what to say or do damn it. Yes I would like to make love with you but that is more than sex, that is more than physical, do you understand? I sure as hell don’t.” He didn’t know what to say, there were no books on this and he couldn’t ask his friends since one was in St. Mungo’s and the other was the one he had to talk to. Hermione couldn’t believe how sweet Harry was. He wants to make love to me not just shag or do something because he wants to. He wants every moment to be special with me.

“Harry there are other things we can do then shag, like this, or back in the Muggle Studies. Come here and relax with me will you Harry?” Harry surrendered and went into the bath sinking into the water across from Hermione.

“Alright Hermione.” Relaxing in the bath was nice; he could see why Devin did this.

“What are you thinking about Harry?”

“Devin.” Hermione splashed water at him.

“Gee thanks Harry, you have me here like this and you’re thinking of Devin?” Harry laughed and splashed water back.

“Not like that. He always takes a bath when I take him to the Prefect bathroom. He says it helps him relax. I was relaxing and it made me think of that, except he is usually humming some tune.” Hermione raised an eyebrow.

“How does it go?” Her foot was rubbing against his leg, the hair tickling her feet. Harry started to hum it feeling her foot move up to his knee. “Sounds like an American song. Monica has a bunch of cd’s and fixed her cd player to play even with all this magical interference. She plays it when she studies and let me listen sometimes in the dorm room. I’ll ask her what it is next time I see her.” Hermione’s foot was starting to get Harry nervous.

“Hermione could you please keep your feet under control? I like how it feels but a foot that close to me makes me nervous.” Hermione started to laugh splashing water at him.

Crack “Mr. Harry Potter Sir.” Hermione and Harry jumped when they heard someone apparate into the Prefects bathroom.

“Dobby? What do you want!” Hermione was not pleased with the interruption.

“I got Mister Harry Potter Sir his Christmas gift and went to give it to him. Since this is where he was this is where I came.” Harry reached out and grabbed the mis-matched socks.

“Thanks Dobby, I got you something too in my dorm room if you want it. It has your name on it in a red bag.” Crack Dobby left them alone. “So Hermione I forgot to ask, in Hogwarts, A History it says you can’t apparate, yet as you saw Dobby just did, is your book wrong or are the House Elves wrong?” Harry was amused that he had put Hermione on the spot.

“I don’t know Harry the book says you can’t but we just saw him do it. It would be great to learn how he does it, imagine how quickly we could get a message to someone? Instead of them apparating in Hogsmeade and then coming here or vice versa Dobby could just apparate to them! Imagine the possibilities, if Voldemort attacked the castle and we needed back up it would be so much quicker to send a House Elf to the Ministry then an owl or going to Hogsmeade to apparate.” Harry saw where Hermione was going with this and decided to stop her.

“Hermione stop thinking! This is our break, relax, enjoy it.” “Enjoy? Ok I think I will.” Leaving the Prefect bathroom with several bite marks on his body Harry had to admit she enjoyed herself. Hermione had just as many bite marks but was upset that Harry had made her ‘happy’ but hadn’t let her return the favor. Getting back to the Gryffindor Common Room they went up to his room to find presents. Most of them were the usual, Weasley Sweater for Harry, books for Hermione, sweets for both. Hermione was looking at one package rather strangely.

“Harry did you buy me something else? I swear you keep giving me all these things, what can I do with you?” She smiled opening the package, the card fell out. She read it then looked at the book. “Thank you Harry!” She wrapped her arms around his neck kissing him deeply. When she had finished sucking the air out of his lungs she went back to the book. “Uh Harry, do you even know what this book is about?” Harry shook his head. “Well if you took Ancient Runes you would. This is an old book, one of the first. Not as old as your Necronomicon but old. Some of the passages were said to have been written by Merlin himself. How did you talk him into lowering the price?” Harry smiled not saying a word. “Damn it Harry this cost more than my other gifts combined! How could you spend that much on me? I don’t deserve this.” She threw the book at Harry who caught it easily as though it was a Snitch. Setting it down Harry had no idea why she was upset.

“What’s wrong Mione? I try to make you happy and you get mad, what did I do?”

“Mione? What happened to Honey?”

“Don’t change the subject, I said that because calling you Honey is stupid, anyone can call their girl Honey, only I can call you Mione. Now tell me why you are mad at me!” Hermione shrunk back when Harry yelled.



“I don’t deserve it Harry, what have I done besides pressure you, make you nervous, I don’t deserve any of these things.” She started to take the ring off when Harry reached out and stopped her.

“Don’t you dare Mione, that is yours, you take it off and this is over.” She had it at her second knuckle, almost at her fingernail.

“What’s that Harry? Like I’m property or something?” She held the ring there not wanting to find out if Harry was serious.

“No Mione, but if you throw away my love for you I won’t act like a neutered dog. You take that ring, that necklace, or that bracelet off for anything more then showering or bed and I will end this.” Harry was breathing heavily trying to keep his anger back. Men don’t yell at their girlfriends like this over something like a gift. Hermione slid the ring back on her finger.

“I don’t mean too Harry, I love you, it’s why I want to do the things other couples do. But you keep giving me everything and I don’t return it, like in the Prefect bathroom.” Harry didn’t know whether to laugh or yell.

“Is that what this is about? I made you happy and that makes me happy, you don’t need to ‘return’ that Hermione. I gave you those items because I love you, and while I love them when they are on you I hate them when they aren’t. After Ron attacked you I was forced to keep those things. I wanted to melt them, I wanted to destroy them, they were nothing without you. But that you have them means you love me, don’t you dare take them off, you deserve them and more.” Harry went over and hugged Hermione. “It’s ok Mione, I love you, you deserve everything I give you, and you don’t need to ‘return’ the gifts as long as you accept the love that is in them.” She was crying, why he didn’t know.

“I’m sorry Harry; I’ve never felt like this before. You mean so much to me, more then anyone I have ever known. When we are alone and you say no it would hurt me, I thought you didn’t want me. You are the sweetest person Harry, you don’t want me for what Dean had Parvati for, you actually love me, and you want to make love to me

not just shag. You are a rare man Harry someone who respects his girlfriend for who she is not what she is." She continued to cry as Harry patted her back.

"Maybe when we are ready, I don't think you are any more than I am. You see others doing that and you create expectations for yourself. You shouldn't Mione, if I wanted more I would tell you and if you were truly ready for more and wanted more then we could. But for now holding you, talking to you, feeling the warmth that comes from you when we kiss, it's all I need." He started to cry releasing these words, these emotions, his mind emptied more than any time he had done Occlumency.

Waking up several hours later Harry was surprised Hermione wasn't there next to him. Grabbing the Marauder's Map from his trunk he finds Hermione is not on school grounds. Quickly putting it away he starts to rub his ring thinking of Hermione, trying to call out to her. "Mione, where are you? Can you hear me?" He looked at the ring to make sure it was half red and half blue, she was wearing it. He continued rubbing the ring trying to find her getting more worried as more time passed. Crack "Mr. Harry Potter Sir you are awake." Harry fell over when Dobby broke his concentration. "Miss Hermione Granger Ma'am told me to tell you when you wake not to go looking for her Mr. Harry Potter Sir, she will be back soon." Crack Dobby disappeared before Harry could say anything.

"Damn it Mione it isn't safe to go out alone. What if a Death Eater gets you?" Picking himself off the floor Harry walks down to the Common Room to wait for Hermione.

Hermione was walking around Hogsmeade trying to find a store that would sell something that Harry would want. Surprisingly everything was open on Christmas and most were doing a lot of business. She first thought of going to Zonko's but that was jokes not romantic. She wasn't going to the book store for she knew she wouldn't be able to leave without spending all her money on books for her. She started to walk down more roads trying to find something that would be perfect for Harry. He had given her everything she wanted and then some without her, as she saw it, giving anything back. She thought about

Quidditch supplies but that is something a friend would give, not a girlfriend. She was getting frustrated not knowing what to get Harry. She thought about getting him something like a necklace, one like hers, but that is for girls not men. She was going out of her mind trying to find something that proved her love to Harry not thinking she already had. "Mione, where are you? Can you hear me?" She heard Harry calling for her, he was awake and knew she wasn't in Hogwarts. She thought about replying rubbing her ring but stopped not wanting to let Harry have the chance to yell at her for her stupidity. She knew this was dangerous, Harry didn't have to tell her that, and she was busy finding him the perfect gift.

Walking down one road she thought she heard a familiar voice but wasn't sure. "Monica?" The girl wearing the large parka turned around.

"Hermione! What are you doing here?" Monica ran from the front yard hugging Hermione knocking her to the ground.

"Whoa Monica get off of me." Hermione pushed Monica off forcefully and stepped away from her. "What are you doing here? I saw you get on the Hogwarts Express?" Brushing snow off herself Hermione was rather uneasy being around Monica after what she saw after the Yule Ball.

"I did Devin and I went to America to see our dad then came back last night."

"So your mother has a house right here in Hogsmeade? Must be nice to live in such a place." Monica shook herself knocking the snow off her.

"Not really no one else lives here. You are the first person from school I've seen since I left. Been trying to cheer Devin up but all I do is get hit with his abilities and feel like shit." Monica walked towards Hermione who kept backing away. "What Hermione? You hate me now don't you? I can't help who I love and if you don't like it then too bad!" Monica started to walk back towards her house. Hermione wanted to say something, anything.

“Wait Monica!” Hermione started to catch up to Monica who turned around.

“Why Hermione? My mother knows I am like that, she says I have a ‘problem’. Now I lost you as a friend because you saw me, what do you think it is a choice? It isn’t!” She turned back walking away. Hermione ran this time grabbing Monica by her arm.

“I don’t hate you Monica it’s just I don’t know what to think. They are my friend too and seeing you with them like that just made me feel awkward.” Monica yanked her arm away from Hermione tearing her parka.

“Listen Hermione thanks for your ‘concern’ but now I can’t go back to Hogwarts. No one will want to be near me when they all find out.”

“Find out? Why would they find out?” Monica grabbed the torn sleeve trying to keep it together since it was really cold out.

“Oh come on Hermione you told Harry and he will tell his friends and they will tell theirs and by the time we go back to Hogwarts everyone will know.” Hermione was getting mad, first at herself and now at Monica.

“Why would I tell him? You obviously don’t want people to know so I didn’t tell him.” Hermione tried to get Monica to listen seeing her aura turn from a red to black. Monica lashed out at Hermione.

“Shut up! How can you stand there and lie to my face like that? You told him I know it you tell him everything! Hell he probably liked hearing about it, did it give him an extra jolt while you were fucking!” She had smacked Hermione hard and was about to do it again when Hermione drew her wand.

“No Monica I didn’t tell him! I swear to you Monica I didn’t tell him. I still consider you a friend, I still want to be friends with you, why wouldn’t I?”

“Don’t lie to me Hermione! I know you thought about all the times you took me to the Prefect bathroom, you thought to yourself ‘How could I have not seen it?’ after all those times.” Hermione still had her wand pointed at Monica shaking badly.

“I did think that but I didn’t tell anyone Monica. You didn’t tell anyone about me and Harry so how could I tell anyone about you? I trusted you to keep me and Harry a secret so please trust me to keep your secret Monica because I will keep it until you are ready to tell everyone about you.” Hermione lowered her wand to let Monica know she trusted her enough to do so.

“Hermione, if I get back and anyone even blinks at me different I will kill you. Back at home it wasn’t that big a deal but here you people seem to live in the Dark Ages when it comes to that.” Hermione saw the aura become even darker when Monica threatened to kill her.

“Who cares how they treat you? Look at Harry everyone treats him differently or Luna, everyone calls her ‘Loony Lovegood’ yet she doesn’t care. I know it is different from you but still Monica.”

“Oh this isn’t about me Hermione. They can call me whatever they want it doesn’t bother me, it’s Devin. Could you imagine what he would do? Just think of Draco calling me a slut and then see Devin, we’d be lucky if Devin didn’t kill half of the students in Hogwarts.” Hermione saw it now, the aura closing in on Monica becoming a light gray.

“I see what you mean Monica. You need to know Monica that I don’t think you have a problem or anything, I know some might think it is just a phase but love is love right? If you really love them and they love you then I want you to be happy. I won’t tell Harry even though he wouldn’t tell anyone.” Monica raised an eyebrow looking at her skeptically. “He wouldn’t tell anyone Monica mainly because he doesn’t have anyone else to tell. Ron was his best friend and I was too, but now Ron is away and I already know. Neville or Dean aren’t really his friends he just knows them. Don’t worry Monica I won’t tell him even though I trust him.” Monica hugged Hermione making Hermione feel nervous.

“Don’t worry Hermione I trust you and if you want to tell Harry go ahead.” Letting go Monica walked back into her house leaving Hermione out on the front lawn.

“Damn it I still need to get Harry a gift he deserves, this is taking to much time I am supposed to be back before he wakes up.” She went down the road looking for the right store, the right gift.

The sun was just barely peaking over the horizon when Harry saw Hermione return on the Marauders Map. “She went to Hogsmeade using one of the tunnels, damn it doesn’t she know how dangerous that is?” Harry left the Common Room and went down to meet her halfway to make sure she was alright and let her know how he felt about her leaving.

Hermione was cold and tired and mad at herself. She spent all day in Hogsmeade and couldn’t find anything for Harry. She gave up when the sun was starting to set in the west. She kept walking slowly not wanting to see Harry until she absolutely had to in the Common Room.

Harry was following the path he had taken several times his third year when he wasn’t allowed to go to Hogwarts getting closer to Hermione.

Hermione was almost halfway when she heard footsteps coming. “Damn it Filch is coming.” Looking around for a place to hide she saw none and prepared to get in trouble.

Harry walked around the corner and saw Hermione looking at her feet. “There you are Mione, what were you thinking going to Hogsmeade? I was so worried.” He wrapped his arms around Hermione hugging her tightly. “I was so worried you were hurt, that I hurt your feelings and you were mad at me. Don’t do that Mione, don’t do that.” He whispered into her ear as the weight came off his shoulders knowing she was safe.

“I’m sorry Harry I was going to be back before you woke up but I couldn’t find anything perfect for you.” She hugged him back as they rocked back and forth almost as though they were dancing.

“You are the perfect thing for me Mione, you are perfect.” He held her feeling her cold skin against his warm body. “You’re cold Mione, let’s go back to the Common Room and warm up in front of the fireplace.” Holding her to him they walked back both relieved that the other was ok. In front of the fire she warmed up quickly from the fire and from Harry.

“This is nice Harry to bad the next term starts soon. I will miss this, being alone together with no one watching.” She started kissing his neck getting the response she wanted. Harry put one hand on her back and the other under a leg to carry her over to the couch while she continued sucking on his neck. “Mine, all mine.” Harry buried his face into her neck getting an animal sound to come out of Hermione. Hermione put her hands under his shirt moving it up and broke contact with his neck long enough to get the shirt off.

“Mione are you sure you want to do more?” Hermione breathing heavily replied with a deep kiss breathing Harry in. Harry’s hands moved to do the same thing that Hermione had done getting her shirt off. “Don’t you ever wear a bra anymore Mione?” She chuckled.

“No it takes more time to get off and I want to spend as much time with you as possible, no time wasted on clothes.” Harry moved his mouth down to her chest getting her to moan as he sucked on a nipple then blew cold air on it to make her shiver. “Harry that is incredible, more.” He started to give her more using his hands and mouth on her chest.

“Harry get some damn clothes on, you to Hermione.” Sirius’s voice came in from the fireplace.

“Oh shit Harry.” Hermione threw her arms across her chest while Harry got her shirt.

“What the hell are you doing Sirius?” Harry got his shirt back on blocking Sirius’s view of Hermione so she could get hers back on.

“Being a good God Father and warning you about what happened earlier today. The Dursley’s were attacked by Death Eaters. The Aurors there fought back when more Death Eaters apparated behind them. More Aurors came and the battle ended with the Death Eaters, the Dursley’s, and three Aurors dead. It appears this was not the main attack as several other attacks happened around the country. I wanted to tell you before you read the Daily Prophet tomorrow.” Harry was stunned, the Dursley’s were dead?

“But where will I go now? Next summer where am I suppose to live?” Hermione was holding Harry feeling his skin go cold.

“With me Harry, I am still a fugitive but with the Dursley’s gone there is no other choice.” Harry tried to cry, he should be crying, the Dursley’s were dead, his last blood relatives.

“Ok Sirius.” Harry tried to push the tears out, why won’t they come?

“Harry you don’t need to cry, you are hurting inside you don’t need to show it, besides they don’t deserve them.” Hermione kissed him on the cheek.

“Harry I forbid you from going anywhere from now on. I know I signed the permission slip for you to go to Hogsmeade but I void it. You will go from Hogwarts to my home when summer comes. You are not allowed to go to the Burrow, Diagon Alley, or any other places. If you like your friends can visit you but you are not allowed to go anywhere, it is too dangerous. If you die your parents will hate me and I don’t want them mad at me when I die.” Harry nodded not wanting to argue. “If you want you may bring Hermione or Ron when he is better by the time school is over. The Grangers are still on the run and sorry to say this Hermione but your house was one of the targets. No one was home so no one died. I have been making plans with Dumbledore to move them here if need be. Grimmauld Place is large enough to house you and them and some of the Weasley’s if we need to. Be Safe Harry.” Sirius’s head disappeared from the fire.



Hermione and Harry were both stunned to the core. Her parents were still on the run, Harry's family was dead, and her house was gone.

"What are we going to do Harry?"

"I don't know Mione I guess go to Sirius's house when we leave Hogwarts. It's all we can do really, I'm sorry about your house."

"I'm sorry about the Dursley's. I know they were horrible to you but they were still family." Harry felt bad about the Dursley's and even worse that he didn't feel bad enough.

"I can't believe they are dead. All the hell they put me through, like my 7th birthday when I tried to kill myself after a week of being starved. Being locked in my cupboard after being beaten because I had better grades than Dudley. Or my 9th birthday when I found sleeping pills; they didn't have the same taste as bleach did. I tried to kill myself several times because of them, but now they are dead, I should feel worse but can't. I sliced my wrists once but they healed themselves, I didn't know why, didn't know I was magical because they never told me what I was. I tried to throw myself down the stairs but only broke my leg which healed itself. Uncle Vernon beat me because I didn't cook Dudley's eggs just right; Aunt Petunia used a broomstick on me for not dusting the house even when she didn't tell me to. All the hell they put me through I feel they deserved it but that is wrong."

"Oh my god Harry they did that to you? Dumbledore left you with them? How could he let them do that to you?" She hugged Harry hard crying for him since he couldn't.

"I don't know Hermione, I hated it there. They kept me in a cupboard for the first 10 years there, even when I was a baby. Dudley would have toys and parties and friends while they literally kicked me out of the way if I cried too much because I had gone in my diaper. I hated them so much Mione but they are dead I should feel bad about it, they were human."

“No they weren’t Harry!” Hermione was angrier then she had ever been before. “I lived with them for over a month and they were that evil. Harry if I had known I would have killed them. Forget Azkaban I don’t care I would have killed them with my bare hands!” She punched the couch several times.

“Don’t say that Mione they are dead and should be mourned. Even the Death Eaters should, they are human even if they are evil.” Hermione punched the couch some more tears flowing down her cheeks.

“Damn you Harry how can you be so nice? They tortured you and you still want to mourn them? How can you be that nice?” Harry shrugged his shoulders not really thinking it was being nice just human. Hermione was enraged with this. “Dumbledore left you with them he had to know how they treated you. How can you consider them human?” Harry shrugged again.

“They were human, just like Death Eaters are human, I hated them but they were my family! I hated the way they treated me, when I was 9, the night I found the pills, my Uncle told my Aunt to dial slowly, if the medics didn’t make it in time it wasn’t their fault.” Harry tried to cry but still couldn’t.

“What about their funeral? Are you going to it Harry? If you are I will go with you...” Harry shook his head.

“No, I mourn them but I still hate them and Sirius said I can’t go anywhere. I would gladly give all the gold in my vault for them to be alive, to have my only blood relatives alive, but I can’t. Now that they are dead I lost my last connection to my Mother...” Damn it why couldn’t he cry? “I would give up everything I owned, everything I had, I would give up my magic if I could just make it so no one else had to die because of the Death Eaters and Voldemort.” He shook his head slowly. “No, there is one thing I would never give up.” He put a hand on Hermione’s head kissing her on the forehead.

“Don’t say that Harry it doesn’t help anything, nothing can help it. Only with Voldemort falling can we end these deaths. Nothing can

bring the dead back, not gold, not magic, nothing.” Hermione was getting tired of talking, the horror of what Harry had told her going through her mind. “How can you expect yourself to cry, to mourn, and to want anything more than a party for their deaths? You are free of them you can now live with Sirius like he asked you to in our 3rd year. How can you be so selfless?” Hermione rubbed her eyes trying not to cry more for Harry and what had happened to him growing up. Harry held her close to him, allowing her to literally have a shoulder to cry on.

“Because they were human that’s how. All life is precious and should be mourned when it leaves. I guess the only comfort I have about Voldemort is that he isn’t human, he isn’t alive so if I had to protect you or Sirius or even Malfoy I could do it.” Hermione continued trying to stop herself from crying.

“But how Harry? I always knew you were a nice person but how? Those evil vile muggles hurt you physically and emotionally, how can you even want to mourn them? Yes they were living creatures but human they were definitely not!” Harry started to rock her back and forth.

“It’s ok Mione, all the times I tried to hurt myself I either healed magically or they called the muggle doctors. When I was six, and seven, and eight, you see the point I’m trying to make, I tried to hurt myself but because of them I never died. Every time I would drink laundry detergent, bleach, whole bottles of cough medicine, they called the medics to save me. When I found the pills they saved me again. When I tried to hang myself Vernon pulled the rope so hard it tore the fan off the ceiling. They may have hated me but they weren’t going to let me die no matter how much they hated me. How can I not mourn them?” Harry tried to cry and still couldn’t making himself furious. “I want to mourn them, I want to cry, and I want to know they didn’t die because of me but they did, this is my fault, everything I touch, everyone I know, destroyed or killed my entire fault.” Hermione pulled Harry down so they could lie together. The tears from Hermione glissading in the fire light making Harry hate himself more, it was his fault she was crying, everything was his fault, why couldn’t Voldemort just kill him and get it over with. Harry and Hermione

hugged each other falling asleep on the couch. Hermione cried a little more falling asleep exhausting herself from crying. Harry was just starting to fade into a dream when he heard someone call him "brother" waking him up instantly. His scar hurt badly and he had to suppress his screams of pain to keep from waking Hermione. The rest of the night she lay next to him sleeping while his scar hurt him hearing that one word, "Brother", from some girl far away. It was starting to torment him not knowing who she was. She looked like him but was a girl, almost like a sister. But he was an only child, his mother and father never had any kids until he was born and his mother was killed before she could have had more.

"Who are you?" He whispered to himself holding onto Hermione for support.

The day after Christmas was uneventful. Harry felt horrible from lack of sleep but didn't want Hermione to see it. She still couldn't believe that Harry wanted to mourn the Dursley's after all they had done to him. He just kept telling her "They were human; any human life ending early should be mourned." The next day he felt better when he had gotten almost five hours of sleep before the girl called out to him. Hermione finally stopped asking him about what else happened with the Dursley's when Harry started to cry of the memories from years of abuse and torture and suicide attempts. The next day more sleep but he had to take a nap to get back to normal. It was their last day to be alone before everyone came in that night, break was almost over. Sleeping next to Hermione helped him relax when they weren't making each other "happy". Harry was starting to feel comfortable around Hermione when she gets in the mood for more than snogging. He even woke her up once making her very "happy" with his hands. Hermione was feeling better than ever now that Harry allowed her to return the "happiness". He only allowed hands, she wasn't sure if she wanted to try more, yet. She had read books when she snuck into an adult store but you can't learn everything from books. She couldn't learn love or happiness from them or how to keep Harry from hurting from his memories.

"Harry I was wondering...." He looked up from the DADA book he had been using to teach the others.

“Yes Mione?”

“I was thinking about us and how much we love each other.”

“And?”

“I want to do something before the others get back. I like how you touch me and I know you like how I touch you but I want to do something more.” Harry closed the book and put it away.

“First I am not ready for that, second we have no protection, third I don’t think you are ready for that. Any questions?” Hermione shook her head.

“Not that Harry I know you and I aren’t ready for that. I told you I read some books when I snuck into an adult store and I wanted to try some of the things in it.” Hermione blushed getting Harry to relax.

“How exactly did you do that Mione? Don’t they check for ages when you go in?”

“Shut up Harry I did wandless magic to get in when it was closed. I was embarrassed just being in there when no one else was let alone when someone was there. Besides being alone gave me time to read at my own pace.” Harry started to laugh.

“Sure Mione not like you didn’t do anything else while you were alone.” Hermione blushed even more.

“Oh my Mione you did? In a store like that? My freaky little brunette doing that in a store, I think I need to get the thought out of my head.” They went up to his dorm room snogging and more for the rest of the day taking short breaks to catch their breaths.

That evening before dinner the Hogwarts Express pulled in letting forth the students filling Hogwarts again with noise and life. Hermione and Harry greeted their friends as they got off the platform. Harry was

glad Hermione and Monica seemed to have made up over the break. Getting into the Great Hall for the Welcome Back dinner everyone seemed to have had a good break. Hermione was eating when Ginny saw the ring on her finger. "You have got to be kidding me he proposed already?" Hermione dropped the sandwich.

"What?" Ginny pointed to the ring. "No he didn't propose he gave it to me as a gift. What the hell made you think he proposed? We are too young for that, I'm only 16 and he's only 15." Ginny didn't believe her looking at the ring some more.

"Come on Hermione he proposed to you and you said yes! It is really beautiful, how much did it cost? Come on we are still friends right?" Hermione nodded.

"You are my friend but he didn't propose it was a gift. I swear he has given me other jewelry, this is just more to add on to it." Ginny gave up.

"Fine but you know it looks like an engagement ring. Glad to hear we are still friends..."

"Of course we are I was just shocked when I went into my room. I didn't tell Harry or anyone so don't worry." Harry leaned over hearing the two talking.

"So Ginny who were you covering for? I thought maybe Malfoy but Monica would never get with someone that slimy. Also has to be someone who is powerful enough to break the boy ban on the dormitory. I don't remember the Head Boy at the dance, he fits the description, but Mione won't tell me. Come on we are friends to right?" Hermione nudged him in the ribs.

"None of your business Harry, if they wanted you to know they would tell you." Harry rubbed his chest where she hit him and gave up.

Back in the Common Room Hermione was starting to get annoyed. Everyone thought her and Harry were engaged because of the ring

she wore. "Alright! Sonorus. Harry did not propose, this is not an engagement ring, it is just a gift! Leave me alone you bloody git." Canceling the spell her voice went back to normal level. "Sorry Harry but it is getting annoying. Ginny said she thought it was an engagement ring to. I can't believe all these people." Harry leaned in.

"I know, like my engagement ring to you wouldn't have a diamond the size of a Snitch. Something like that? Never." She nudged him in the ribs hitting the same spot.

"Shut up Harry we are too young for that."

"We won't always be too young." She giggled pushing Harry away when he started to tease her with kisses. "Nice to see you love me too." Harry laughed pulling her into him.

"I do love you Harry." They hugged in front of the fire for awhile while others stared. Their actions made it hard for the others not to believe they weren't engaged. Going back to the dorms Hermione started to follow Harry.

"Wait Mione you can't come up with me tonight. I know I will miss you and you better miss me but everyone is back." She frowned but went to her dorm room falling asleep in a bed she hadn't seen for over a week.

## Chapter 8 End of One, End of Two

Draco having come back from break was starting to become bolder. Cornering Gryffindors when they were alone to hex them or harassing any half blood witches and wizards from the other houses was a game for him. He once went after Devin setting his robes on fire learning soon after not to do it again when his face was burnt. Madam Pomfrey healed him not letting any teachers know what had happened. The next day Malfoy had found a new target. "Oh Monica, here you go, read it when you are alone, if you show anyone else you will be in trouble." Malfoy sneered and walked back to the Slytherin table.

"What does it say?" Ginny was leaning over trying to read it.

"None of your business, he told me to read it alone." Ginny went back to her seat looking hurt.

"Come on Monica he attacks Devin yesterday and now he is doing this he can't be up to any good." Monica crumpled the note up and burned it.

"He was apologizing alright?" No one believed her but prodding her for more information got hostile looks and remarks. The rest of the day went as normal, another 1st year Gryffindor went to Madam Pomfrey after being cornered by Malfoy and his gang. That night in the Common Room Monica acted strangely snapping at anyone who tried to talk to her. Going to bed everyone else just thought Malfoy had found something to hurt her, Ginny and Hermione were more worried for they knew something that would hurt her and if Malfoy knew it wouldn't be good for Monica.

That morning breakfast was soon ended with the news of an attack. The Daily Prophet arrived with reports on four muggle households whose children were at Hogwarts. Monica read this and started to cry mumbling as she left the table. "Monica where are you going?" Ginny started to get up but Monica pushed her away. "What was that for?" Ginny sat down exhaling loudly upset by Monica's actions.



“I don’t know Ginny she doesn’t talk to me anymore.” Devin commented going back to his food letting out a wave of sadness before controlling it. Finishing Breakfast the students went to classes discussing the recent attacks.

After classes and lunch Harry, Hermione, Devin, and Ginny were walking down the hall when they heard crying and yelling. Getting to the next hall they saw Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle cornering Monica against the wall. Before Harry could say anything Devin had already drawn his wand. “Mekkio Slitis!” A black beam slammed into Goyle causing him to scream collapsing on the floor. “Mekkio Slitis!” Another black beam hit Crabbe causing him to scream and collapse. Malfoy was starting to back away as his friends lay before him seemingly dead except for the twitching of the bodies.

“Make the Barbarian stop or I will have a lot of fun later.” He pointed at Monica. “Make him stop bitch or things will get worse for you!” Devin started to raise his wand pointing it at Malfoy when Monica stepped between them.

“Stop Devin don’t hurt him, we were just talking I swear.” Her eyes still red and puffy from crying.

“Good bitch, just remember your orders and everyone will be safe.” Malfoy ran away leaving his friends on the floor.

“Monica are you alright?” Both Ginny and Devin ran over hugging her.

“It’s all my fault, if I had listened it wouldn’t have happened.”

“What’s your fault? What are you talking about?” Monica just kept saying something was her fault and she had to fix it. They tried to get her to say more but she wouldn’t, she couldn’t.

Things were tense in the Gryffindor Common Room between Monica and the rest. Ginny and Devin kept trying to talk to her but all they got were shrugs and grunts. Around 10pm the students started to go to

bed except for Monica who left the Common Room. "She shouldn't do that what if she gets caught?" Hermione was biting her lower lip.

"Harry can I borrow your invisibility cloak?" Harry said yes before he realized something.

"Wait, how did he know I had one?" Hermione shrugged and saw the Common Room door open and close.

"He must be following her to make sure she is safe." They waited for them to return for over an hour when the castle shook and a loud explosion was heard. "Harry!" Hermione grabbed him hard crushing the air from his lungs. Coughing and sputtering he pulled Hermione off himself. "What was that? What happened! Monica and Devin are out there." Hermione went up to her room and came back with a heavy coat and her Prefect Badge. "We have to go see what happened Harry get your things!" Harry ran up and found his things meeting her back down in the Common Room. "Come on Harry have your wand ready in case we are being attacked!" They ran out of the Common Room trying to find out what happened to their second home, to Harry's first real home.

Running down the hall in the general direction of the explosion they ran into other Prefects, some from their year most not, and eventually ran into Professor McGonagall. "What are all you kids doing up and out in the halls!" Most flashed their badges. "Oh, Prefects, well come on it appears to come from the Astronomy Tower." They followed her now having a real destination getting into where the entrance would normally be they stepped outside... "What the bloody hell happened?" The students were surprised by McGonagall's language but many were thinking the same thing. Where a tower should be was nothing but rubble. Looking around Harry saw a leg.

"Mione come here." She ran to him and saw the leg sticking out from beneath half a table and some rocks.

"Help me lift those Harry." Harry stopped her.

"Are you a muggle or a witch?"

“Oh, Wingardium Leviosa!” The table and rocks flew off showing a girl’s broken body. “Monica!” The table flew over the way as Hermione ran over to find a breathing Monica bleeding. “Professor McGonagall its Monica! Get Madam Pomfrey!” She hadn’t needed to say it as Madam Pomfrey came out of the hole where the tower used to be.

“Oh my she is in bad shape. We need to stop the bleeding, the bones should heal right, we need...” She went on when someone else started yelling.

“It’s Draco! He’s still breathing I think.” Looking over Harry saw a broken bleeding Malfoy, part of his right arm missing up to his elbow, one eye missing, part of his skull seemed to have been crushed.

“My god Hermione, I hate him, I hate him almost as badly as the Dursley’s, but he doesn’t deserve this, Devin did this.” Harry looked at the damage, Hermione looked at him.

“What do you mean Devin did this? Oh no EVERYONE LOOK FOR ANOTHER BODY!” They searched until dawn not finding another body.

In the Great Hall Dumbledore saw many tired students; the Prefects had stayed up all night looking for one body, Devin’s body. No one knew where he was now, not in the dorm, not in the rubble; Harry and Hermione were starting to think he had killed himself when he destroyed the tower. “As you all know by now there was a terrible explosion last night. Two of our students were found very much alive if not in their best conditions. This was not an attack by Death Eaters or Voldemort; this was not an attack by any dark forces so please calm yourselves. Another student is missing if anyone knows where they are please come to me or another Professor. Madam Pomfrey is only allowing family members to visit those who were injured so please do not try to see them unless you are family. I am sorry this had to happen with all the recent attacks on families outside of school but this was not one of them. Please if you could do not worry you are safer here then anywhere else in all of Europe.” Dumbledore sat down letting everyone have a chance to eat or gossip some more.

When everyone was done eating Dumbledore stood up again. "I see several of you are quite tired. Professor McGonagall has told me many of you helped search for bodies and cleaned up the mess. Those of you who have are free to take the day off. Do not worry about your classes today will be a review day for all of the rest." Harry let out a sigh having been awake for over 24 hours he needed a nap.

"Mione care to join me in a nap?" She nodded.

Waking up with Hermione in his arms his stomach grumbled, they missed lunch. "Mione wake up." He shook her a little.

"Leave me alone Harry I was finally with my true love Arnado." Harry laughed making her wake up.

"Tell Arnado if he wants to keep Little Arnado he better keep his hands off my woman or I'll curse it off." Tickling her she started laughing trying to get away from his hands. Running out of breath she gave up and got out of bed.

"Thanks Harry I needed that."

"No problems Mione I needed it to." He sat down on his trunk putting pants on when Hermione shoved him off of it opening it. "What the hell was that for Mione?"

"Your cloak, that's why we couldn't find him! He could still be out there; he could have bled to death under your cloak!" She found what she was looking for, the Marauders Map.

"I solemnly swear I am up to no good." The map activated showing that the Astronomy tower was gone.

"I can't find him Harry, does a person show up if they are dead?" Harry nodded.

"Of course it does, you can see Nick and Peeves right?" She shrugged.

“But this is different, they are ghosts and he might not be.” She looked over it again not seeing Devin in the area of the Astronomy Tower was gone. “Damn it Harry he has to be here, Monica won’t live if he dies.” She started looking over other parts of the map looking for Devin frantically. Most people were in their Common Rooms or Dorms with only the teachers in Hogwarts. Harry grabbed the map and with his wand said a spell Hermione couldn’t here. Immediately his wand point went to a spot on the map.

“Here he is Mione, and what’s this? Luna seems to have found him. Let’s go.” Harry got up not waiting for Hermione to respond.

Hermione chasing after Harry they went closer and closer to the Ravenclaw Common Room entrance. “Harry where is he? He can’t be sitting in the Ravenclaw Common Room someone would have told a professor.” Harry didn’t respond just kept going to where the map said Devin was. Passing the entrance to Ravenclaw Hermione became even more confused. “How did he get this far Harry? Tell me something!” Harry still said nothing stopping next to a statue.

“He’s behind here Mione, something to do to this statue to make it open.” He started poking and pulling different parts of the statue when the door opened.

“Oh you two, I’m sorry I have to go.” Harry grabbed Luna by the shoulders not letting her go.

“No we are going in there.” Dragging Luna with him Hermione followed down the secret hallway finding Devin curled up into a ball at the end of it. “Now Luna please explain to me why you haven’t told a professor about this.” Luna started playing with her earrings not wanting to talk. “Come on Luna don’t make me take points off of Ravenclaw, I’m not mad or anything I just want to hear your reason for not taking him to Madam Pomfrey when it is obvious he is hurt.”

“I’m Not Hurt!” Harry and Hermione were knocked back by the force coming off of Devin.

“Damn it Devin we need to get you to Madam Pomfrey you could be bleeding on the inside. Come on I’ll help you up.” As Harry stuck his hand out Hermione screamed at him to pull away. Before he could he felt burning in his fingers as the skin turned black as though he had just stuck it in a fire.

“Stay away, I can’t go out there, I killed him, I killed her, I killed them both, Luna says I didn’t but I did I know I did, I don’t want to go to Azkaban.” Harry letting Hermione cast a healing charm on his fingers went back to Devin.

“No you didn’t Devin. You hurt them but they are both alive.”

“LIES!” Again Harry and Hermione were knocked back falling down.

“Stop that Devin they are telling the truth.” Luna went over and hugged Devin. “It’s ok Devin they are ok, you didn’t kill anyone.”

Harry didn’t know what to do. He couldn’t get close to Devin who didn’t believe that Monica and Malfoy were alive. “Devin don’t make me do this, I don’t want to do this, but if you don’t come with me I will have to.” Devin laughed the dark evil laugh he had when he killed the Boggart. “Alright Devin you leave me no choice, Stupefy!” The spell bounced off of Devin and hit the ceiling. “Ok that didn’t work.” Harry had run out of ideas when Luna grabbed Devin by the back of the neck.

“Come on Devin they told you she is alive, I told you she is alive, now come with us for I am tired of bringing you food and water.” Devin stood up with Luna’s hand still on the back of his neck showing his clothes torn and burnt in several areas.

“What are you doing to him!” Harry couldn’t believe Luna could just do that without being hurt.

“I’m different, I try to be normal but I can’t be normal.” She walked Devin out of the tunnel this time having Harry and Hermione follow.

Getting to the hospital ward without anyone seeing them was a miracle in Harry's eyes. When they went through the door they saw Dumbledore, Madam Pomfrey, Professor Krats, and Lucius Malfoy. "Ah, is this the boy who attacked my son? We met before haven't we? Yes I remember you at the Yule Ball. Quite a pity it is."

"I didn't attack him you bastard!" He pushed Luna off walking towards Lucius Malfoy. "Your son was trying to force my sister into having sex with him to keep the others safe! He said it was her fault the Muggles were killed if she had done what he told her to in the first place they wouldn't have been attacked! He told her to meet him in the Astronomy Tower to service him if she didn't want anyone else killed!" Hermione pulled Harry back going on about a "Pitch Black Mass" around Devin as things started to shake around him. "In fact now that I know he isn't dead I get the joy of doing it with my bare hands!" He shot a hand out knocking Lucius Malfoy down and went towards Draco Malfoy.

"Protego Psychi!" Professor Krats put the shield up around Devin like she had in the Great Hall. Devin hit it punching it until it broke.

"Sorry Mother but that bastard was going to rape Monica he is going to die!" This time Dumbledore raised his wand.

"Imma Toru" Devin stopped, frozen where he stood in mid step.

"Very good Dumbledore allow me to call the Minister and we can have this criminal carted away before he hurts anyone else." Lucius Malfoy had gotten up brushing himself off.

"I see, you are willing to call the Minister to have your own son taken to Azkaban?" Lucius stopped in the middle of a Malfoy Sneer.

"What? Why would my son go to Azkaban? He was the one attacked!" Dumbledore pointed his wand at Lucius.

"Don't even think about it Lucius, you forget I am one of the greatest mind readers. I already knew what happened when we first brought them here. I also know what you have done Lucius and if I get my

way you will also be spending time in Azkaban.” Lucius Malfoy’s face was starting to turn red.

“Me in Azkaban you old fool! I own the Ministry, thus the Dark Lord owns the Ministry! I will break out before they even get me their now that the Dementors have returned to the Dark Lord!” Raising his sleeve he showed the Dark Mark to Dumbledore with no fear. Lucius never saw them come in, Cornelius Fudge, Prime Minister of Magic, had walked in when Lucius shouted this statement. Behind him were two Aurors and four goblins carrying magical cuffs.

“Well then Malfoy thank you for the confession.” The two Aurors added their wands in the pointing at Lucius Malfoy so Dumbledore could lower his. “As for the boy, Devin I think, is he coming with us Dumbledore or is the other Malfoy?” Dumbledore cleared his throat.

“Right now Minister neither, Draco Malfoy is injured and Devin did nothing wrong. He protected his sister from a vile act by a Death Eater.” The Malfoy’s eyes drained of life, their skin of color, they were trapped, no escape.

“But Minister when have I done anything to harm your great administration? I was just ranting I didn’t mean any of it...”

“Shut up Lucius, you were easily played by me and Dumbledore you know that? One of You-Know-Who’s top men fooled by an old man and little ol’ me. Dumbledore may be the greatest mind reader but I too can do that. I have played you like a violin. Well, a trombone since I can’t play a violin.” Lucius reached for his wand being struck down by the two Aurors before it even left his belt. “I guess he won’t know about his house until he wakes up. All those dark artifacts and books, all the records he kept of his and the other Death Eater activities. Dozens of Death Eaters are being arrested as we speak.”

Harry tired of being ignored coughed to let the adults know he and Hermione with Luna were there. “Oh Potter my dear boy I didn’t even notice! Come to see your friend? You came at an awkward time I’m afraid but we can’t change that now can we?” Harry shook his head.



“No Sir We were bringing Devin here so Madam Pomfrey could make sure he wasn’t hurt.”

“You found him? The Ministry was planning on a searching party if we didn’t find him soon, good job Potter.” Fudge shook his hand. “I see you brought some of your friends along, probably needed to keep him in check from what I hear. He really did a number to the castle.” Luna stepped forward now.

“No we didn’t need to keep him in check. He was furious at Draco and could have destroyed the whole school but he controlled himself. He fled to a hiding spot where I found him. I brought him food and water so he wouldn’t die. He was afraid he had killed them both and was going to Azkaban. Now if you want to punish him I think Dumbledore can release him and we will see how much luck you have.” Luna was blunt with the Prime Minister making Professor Krats nervous about what Devin might do when Dumbledore did release him from the spell.

Dumbledore released the spell as Devin tumbled forward. “Damn it Old Man what was that for! You said it yourself you know what he was going to do, he doesn’t deserve to live. In America he would be dead already no longer a stain on humanity.” Things again started to shake but Devin was keeping himself in control. “Rakkity Do, Sagginshu Norlo.” Devin appeared to be speaking to the goblins. “Rakkity Do! Jiller Notis Bermiu!” The goblins stayed in their place. “Damn it they won’t follow my orders to kill him. Your goblins are very loyal to you Prime Minister you should appreciate that.” Devin appeared to calm himself not being able to get the goblins to kill Malfoy.

“Listen Devin the Ministry will take Draco to Azkaban when he has healed. Do not worry that the Dementors are gone they were not the only ones to guard Azkaban. Many Wards and Charms make it almost impossible to escape.” Fudge looked at Harry. “Your God Father so far has been the only one to find a way to get out of the prison and off of the Island. I have been talking with Dumbledore and he may soon be free now that we have proof that Peter Pettigrew is alive.” Harry couldn’t hide his feelings hugging Hermione causing

Fudge to raise an eyebrow. "I see you are happy by this news it may not happen for awhile though." Hermione kissed Harry. "I also see that she appears to be more then a friend Harry." They both blushed not thinking about what they had just done. "Oh come off it kids you are teenagers, I remember when I was your age oh it seems so long ago." His face went blank as he started to remember the time he...

"Minister we have a prisoner to take back, sometime tonight if we could Sir." Fudge snapped out of it.

"Oh yes lets leave before he wakes. Dumbledore when the other Malfoy is healed could you please send him to Azkaban?" Dumbledore nodded. "Good then we are done here." The Prime Minister left with the Aurors and Lucius Malfoy in cuffs carried by the goblins.

Harry felt something flow over him that felt like every time he was with Hermione, like the time he saw the photo album of his parents, love. He looked over and saw Devin crying over his sister. "Mione what is the color of his aura?"

"Purple with some blue around it, he is sad but his love for his sister is more then he can handle." Dumbledore escorted them back to the Gryffindor Common Room seeing that Harry and Hermione were being affected. "Professor Dumbledore I was wondering how Luna was able to touch him, Harry tried and his fingers were burnt black. When he got angry Harry and me were knocked down but Luna wasn't affected, how?" Dumbledore chuckled at being called Professor.

"First Miss Granger it is just Dumbledore, second she is special. Her emotions are like Devin's but she is able to control them since her soul is still intact." Hermione's jaw dropped hearing this.

"What? Her soul is intact, that doesn't make sense, was Devin kissed by a Dementor?"

"No Miss Granger please allow me to explain the best I can. Luna is like how Devin was a couple years ago but something happened and

as Devin was controlling his emotions he was overwhelmed. His soul couldn't handle the emotions and was 'broken'. Since then he has been in a constant struggle to control his emotions without the help of his soul. He is not like someone kissed by a Dementor for it didn't leave him it just stopped existing. He is the opposite of a ghost; he has a body but no soul." Harry and Hermione couldn't believe what they were hearing; it couldn't be possible to live without a soul.

"How can he live without his soul Dumbledore?" Harry didn't know of any other way to put it.

"His emotions fuel him, why he has to keep them in control. If he were to let go of them he would die. If something happened and he let his emotions out leaving none inside he would die as though he were hit with the Killing Curse." Getting to the Common Room Dumbledore gave the password to let the two inside.

Sitting down on the couch they had too much energy to sleep, fueled by curiosity and the need to know. "Mione is that possible? Is it possible to lose your soul and still live like that? I know a victim of the kiss is still alive but they can't do anything." Hermione didn't know either.

"Luna is the same way Harry yet I have never heard of her meditating or her doing things like Devin does to keep calm."

"Yes she does Mione, Devin reads to lose himself in fantasy I think Luna reads the Quibbler to do the same thing. This explains why she always looks and acts like she does, she doesn't try to let things get to her so she doesn't have to control her feelings."

"I guess that makes sense Harry I never would have thought about Luna like that. She does show her emotions though Harry, Ginny told me why Luna was so desperate to go to the Yule Ball with someone. She wants to be normal, she hates people calling her 'Loony Lovegood' and the things they do to her it's horrible, no one asked her to the Yule Ball. The place we found Devin must be where Luna goes to get away from everyone, you saw the cot didn't you? Ginny said Luna has a place she goes when she needs to cry without

hurting anyone. I didn't know what she meant at the time but that must be it Harry, it must be." Harry didn't see the cot trusting Hermione to what she saw.

"I can't believe this Hermione, and Draco is going to Azkaban?" Hermione lifted a finger to his lips.

"Shut up Harry I don't want to talk anymore, hold me so I can sleep." Harry did as he was told. "I can't believe how hard it was to sleep without you that first night everyone was back; I need you to protect me." She snuggled up against him falling asleep listening to his breathing and heart beat.

That morning the announcement was made that Devin was ok and the Monica had woken up but wouldn't be leaving the hospital wing for awhile until she made a complete recovery. Applause came from everyone except of course Slytherin. Harry wondered what happened to his cloak and was waiting for Devin to come back from the hospital to find out where it was. No mention was made of Lucius Malfoy or Draco Malfoy and Azkaban. One Slytherin, Harry recognized as Mariah, seemed upset over Draco and left the Great Hall crying. That day classes were normal, Snape was his normal hateful self, Slytherin still hated Gryffindor, everything was going back to normal. Harry and Hermione held hands happy as could be going to classes they had together, meeting each other after classes they didn't have together like Ancient Runes and Arithmancy. Harry used Pavarti's Divination book to try and catch up not knowing where his was after he threw it away. The Daily Prophet reported no more attacks since Malfoy was arrested, life was perfect.

Harry was tossing and turning in his sleep trying to help the girl in the cave. The dreams were now coming more often then before and became harder to get away from. Why did she keep calling him brother and How did she keep getting into his head was going through his head when he woke up. He let out a yelp of pain when his scar started to burn. "Damn it Voldemort it's you isn't it? You are trying to trick me you are playing with my head." He rubbed the scar trying to make the burning go away. Laying in bed Harry stared at the ceiling when he saw sunlight coming in through the window. "Well if I

can't sleep neither will she. She is going to be surprised." Getting up and throwing some more clothes on Harry left the boys' dormitory.

"Mione wake up." Harry had a surprise for Hermione that morning.

"What? Lavender? Parvati? What's going on?" Hermione rubbed the sleep from her eyes.

"Mione are you insulting me or them?" Hermione thought she was still dreaming seeing Harry in her dorm room.

"Go away I need to wake up, although you do look good for a dream." She reached one hand into her pajama bottoms rubbing her chest with the other.

"Mione what are you doing?" Harry couldn't believe what he was watching her do.

"It helps me wake up dream boy; you've been in them enough to know that." Hermione moaned a little getting Harry very interested.

"How do they normally go Mione?" Moaning some more Hermione answered with a purr.

"I see does this normally happen?" Harry took his shirt off flexing his muscles.

"Yes but normally you aren't so clear dream boy." Harry then took his pants off. "Very clear now dream boy but why are you wearing pants? Normally it's just you in boxers in your dorm dream boy." Moaning some more Hermione was getting lost in her "dream".

"What if I told you this wasn't a dream? What if I found a way to go into the girls' dormitory and you are doing that in front of me for real." Hermione took her hand out from her pajama bottoms feeling the weight of Harry as he sat on the bed.

“No, no, no way that you are real. I didn't just do that in front of you, no, how?” Hermione was panicked, could this be real?

“You just have to ask the entrance nicely. I was amazed it was so easy but Luna told me about it, how she found out I don't know.” Leaning down he kissed Hermione on the lips.

“Did that feel real enough for you? Or do I need to finish the job.” He put his hand between her legs feeling the moisture she had built up.

“Oh god Harry I am so embarrassed! I can't believe I just did that.” She started to moan interrupting her train of thought. “Yes Harry please finish.”

Half an Hour later Harry and Hermione came down from the girls' dormitory to an empty Common Room. “I guess we are missing breakfast.” They walked hand in hand down to the Great Hall seeing a red head not belonging to the Twins or Ginny. “No, he can't be back, Harry I don't want to eat.” Hermione trembled against Harry holding on to him for support as her knees became weak.

“I think he is back Mione don't be scared. He didn't mean to hurt you did he? You saw his eyes, it wasn't him.” They slowly walked towards the Gryffindor table getting closer to their best friend, to the first friend Harry ever had. “Ron?” The red head turned around showing them a mouth full of food. He quickly swallowed the food so he could speak.

“Hi Mate, hi Hermione...” He winched pulling back waiting for the punch, the smack, the hate.

“Hi Ron.” Harry answered while Hermione gripped his arm even more. “Can we go somewhere to talk? I need to say so many things to you two. It's ok Hermione I won't hurt you.” Ron reached a hand out to Hermione who backed away still holding onto Harry. “We can talk Ron, please follow us back to the Gryffindor Common Room.” Harry took Hermione with him nearly carrying her while Ron followed.

In the Common Room Harry and Hermione sat in one chair, Harry holding Hermione who was shaking in fear. Ron sat across from them

holding his head in his hands. "I'm sorry for the way I reacted, I'm sorry for what I did Harry. I tried to kill myself..." He showed his right arm wrapped in bandages. "Remember kids run down the street not across." Harry had no idea what Ron meant but let him continue. "I can't believe I acted like that Harry I didn't mean to hurt you. You are my best friend, you are the only one I consider a true brother. I would never hurt you like that, except I did." Harry shook his head.

"You didn't hurt me you hurt Mione, I was knocked out while most of it happened but I saw how she was, heard what you were saying, you don't need to apologize to me Ron, it's Hermione you need to apologize to." Hermione had her arms wrapped around Harry shaking more.

"You're right Mate, Hermione please don't hate me. You should after what I did, what I tried to do, but please don't. I don't know what I was thinking, hell I wasn't. I thought you were a Death Eater and were going to hurt Harry. I tried to kill myself every time I woke up to your screams begging me to stop. They had to tie me down to keep me from hurting myself more. My pain, whatever it was, was nothing compared to what I did. I don't remember all of it but the parts I do, the ones that show up in my head, I'm sorry." He stuck his hand out hoping Hermione would shake it. Hermione let out a little scream when Ron stepped closer. "Ok Hermione, sorry I did this to you." Ron turned around and went up to his dorm room. Harry holding a still shaking Hermione let her down on the floor gently.

"I'm sorry Mione Ron might hurt himself more." He went to his dorm room to make sure Ron wouldn't need any more bandages. Getting into his room he saw Ron talking into a mirror.

"It's going alright, part of it didn't work but he doesn't hate me, I should be able..." He looked up seeing Harry. "Oh hi Harry, I was, I was talking to my counselor. I was supposed to tell him how you reacted, how she reacted. He helped me get here quicker, with him I was able to be home last week." He laid down on his old bed. "I miss this place, this bed, the smell, and the people. I have to stay in the Teacher Faculty room for now but I will be here soon. I won't have to be stuck with Snape for long." He tried to laugh at the Snape joke.

“It’s ok Ron take as long as you need, it’s good to have you back.” Ron broke down crying when Harry said that. “Ron, what happened? Are you alright?” He was grabbing his right arm.

“I think I pulled it to much, they said I cut some muscles when I did it. I am lucky to have use of my right hand.” Harry noticed his scar was staring to ache but wasn’t extreme pain like the times Voldemort is killing someone. Why was it acting like this now?

“I am sorry myself Ron, I didn’t tell you in front of Hermione but I am sorry. I was thinking about telling you about us by Owl but Hermione wanted to tell you face to face. We took you into the tunnel so you could yell all you wanted without anyone seeing you.” The pain in his scar went away. “She doesn’t blame you either, she isn’t afraid of you but of what she might do. Give her time Ron.” Ron looked up.

“If you had done it in the Common Room I would have been stopped, I wouldn’t have hurt her. Damn it maybe I’m not ready to come back.” Ron curled up into a ball resting his chin on his knees rocking back and forth quietly humming.

Seeing that Ron wasn’t going to hurt himself Harry went back down to Hermione. “Mione its ok he won’t hurt you again.” He sat next to her holding her head to his chest. “You saw his eyes, it wasn’t him, it wasn’t Ron.” Rocking her back and forth she started to calm down and stopped crying. “We have class today Mione, you don’t want the Slytherin dolts seeing you like this, go to the Prefect bathroom and wash up, I’ll bring you food before we go to class.” He let her go watching her walk away trying not to cry for her. Ron came down the stairs looking at his shoes clenching his fists. “It’s ok Ron; are you going to class today?” He nodded. “Well we have DADA this morning, double classes. We are going over defensive spells, have you been keeping up?” Ron nodded again. “Ok let’s go back to the Great Hall so we can nab some food for us and Hermione.” Ron followed not saying anything as he grabbed his arm feeling the bandages and the pain under them.



Everyone but Slytherin had welcomed Ron back when he first came in the Great Hall even if some of it wasn't a warm greeting. Only one student, Cho, knew what Ron had done during the attack but if Harry and Hermione forgave him he had to of been ok. Most were just glad to see a friend back after months of being away with "serious injuries". Ron thanked Harry for not telling anyone what had really happened with a hug outside of the classroom that was unlike him. Ron pulled back holding his right arm. "Sorry Mate I guess I hugged you too hard." Harry felt his scar start to tingle.

"It's ok Ron just don't go hurting yourself. I missed you Ron, hell I even quit doing anything in Divination since it wasn't any fun unless you were predicting my death." They laughed glad to be able to after what had happened. Sitting in class Hermione sat as far away from Ron as possible still visibly shaking when Ron looked at her. Professor Krats went into new shield charms far more powerful then the "Protego" shield but more advanced.

"Now with Protego the wand moves like this." She showed the wand movement. "But with 'Sholo Willo' the movement is like this." She did it and a pure white wall formed in front of her. "Now this spell unlike Protego can block more then one Stupefy or Expelliarmus. Try it now." Everyone stood up and tried; only Harry could make it. Hermione dropped her wand in the middle of it and nearly screamed when it hit her foot. "Ok class now the beauty of this spell is if you add an extra wand flick like this," She showed them a new wand movement, "You can be surrounded by the wall. Perfect for more then one attacker or for protecting you and others close to you. Who here takes Arithmancy?" Professor Krats looked around the room knowing only one did and was trying to get her to talk. Her best student had not been able to get the shield up, a first time that Hermione had failed at anything that she knew of.

Hermione raised her hand slowly, very much unlike her. "Good Miss Granger then you know that this shield can be made more powerful when more force and power are added to it. Care to explain this to everyone or should I?" Hermione surprised everyone when she shook her head no. "Alright then Miss Granger, so unlike you, here is how it works. I can cast a shield with the power to block several normal

Stupefy spells. Your Headmaster Dumbledore can cast this same spell and block an infinite amount of Stupefy spells. His power and abilities reflect onto the spell so something weak like Stupefy will never harm him. Something more powerful like Reducto may be able to get through if the shield is hit enough times but very unlikely. Mr. Potter Come here please.” Harry walked to the front of the class. “Now please concentrate all your energy on a shield, force your power and emotions into it. Now cast it when you are ready.” He raised his wand.

“Sholo Willo!” The shield came up in a brighter white and seemed rather like a fog was in front of him.

“Very good Potter please step out from behind it now.” Harry did as he was told watching Professor Krats point her wand at his shield. “Reducto!” The spell slammed into the shield but did no damage. “Ok everyone now point your wands at the shield and try a Reducto to break it, do not worry about anything behind it. Not you Harry.” Harry was raising his wand and put it back down.

“Reducto!” Almost twenty Reducto spells hit it causing little harm to it.

“As you can see a Protego would have fallen after one hit from Reducto but this shield is still standing strong. Very good Potter 5 points to Gryffindor.” The shield stayed up while others continued trying to make one. Harry rubbed his scar noticing it was still burning and had never stopped since that morning when he woke up after the dream had come to him again. When he was distracted or busy with something he didn’t feel it but now he was sitting watching everyone else try to put up a shield and this gave him time to feel the pain from his scar.

Ron and Neville were the next ones to get a shield up followed by Pansy Parkinson from Slytherin and then Hermione. By the end of the class everyone but Crabbe and Goyle had the spell perfected, of course they didn’t get a shield up so they couldn’t perfect it. “Very good class, now let me get rid of this wall.” She pointed her wand at Harry’s shield he had made in the front of the room. “Finite

Incantatem.” Nothing happened. “Ok this could be a problem it seems Potter did to well of a shield charm. 5 more points to Gryffindor and could I ask you Potter if I could leave this up? It is a very good example of the spell and I have some 6th year students who should be ashamed of themselves.” The Gryffindors laughed, even Hermione, while the Slytherin students just scowled.

“Alright Professor Krats I guess I’ll leave it up since I don’t know how to get it down.” The class laughed some more leaving for lunch, Hermione grabbing Harry’s arm for support after nearly collapsing as Ron walked by waving to the two. “It’s ok Mione he won’t hurt you.” He brushed the hair out of her eyes seeing terror in them and his reflection.

After Lunch class seemed to breeze by quickly since most of it was review in case Ron had fallen behind. OWLs were starting to become a real threat as Harry saw them the closer they came to the testing week. He was sure he would pass everything with flying colors with all the extra reading and work he had done. Hermione had helped him greatly in the summer and during the year. He had read more books that year then all the other years combined and then some. Hermione had advanced books that not even 7th year would go over and he was glad as his DADA class picked up. That night Ron sat and watched in the Quidditch Stands as he taught the class the Shield Charm that Professor Krats had taught earlier so the 4th and several 3rd year students could do it. “Now I know only me and Mione say Voldemort.” Everyone but Harry and Hermione flinched. “Dumbledore told you that sooner or later you would have to say his name in front of everyone and I am going to help you with it.” This class should be easier then the others, no spells, no wand movements, just say a name. “First why do you fear a damn name? What the hell happens when you say it? Nothing! I say it, Dumbledore says it, Mione says it, Voldemort hasn’t done anything because of it has he? You can’t fear a name and expect to do something if the real deal appears. I have seen Voldemort several times now; I beat him when I was still in diapers! How fucking strong can he be?” People were shocked by his language, more by Voldemort then the f-word. “Come on people you can’t leave until you say his name! Mione put a charm on the field so only those who say Voldemort can leave. I

know it was underhanded but you will say it tonight and tomorrow at breakfast got that?" Some nodded, some were nervous, others moved to the front.

Harry saw Devin push others out of his way and stood in front of Harry. "Well hell Harry in America Voldemort is nothing compared to some of the assholes we have, we got Republicans. Those fuckers eat babies and sodomize little boys and are supported by the brainless racists in the south. Volde-fucking-Mort." Devin walked away.

"Well then you just heard Devin use uh, his way of talking. He still said it though so he was able to leave, who is next?" Luna raised her hand. "Alright Luna go ahead." She cleared her throat.

"Voldemort." Next hand came up; Harry was surprised to see it was Neville. Neville had changed during the year and was becoming quite a wizard.

"Voldemort." Others started saying the name leaving only a few left. Mainly 2nd and 3rd year students had not said the name along with one Ravenclaw student, Cho.

"Well Cho? I've heard you say it before why not now?" She shook her head looking at her feet. "Come on Cho you will be stuck here all night if you don't say Voldemort. Not that I don't mind a night on the Quidditch Field but that would be during a game."

"But I can't Harry, I swear I can't, I can't tell you why." Harry walked over to her. "Come on Cho say it!" She shook her head.

"Fine looks like you are staying here for the night. Anyone else want to stay here?" The others shook their head no and started to say the name. Harry was proud of all of them able to break the "curse" that Voldemort held over them. He started leaving the Quidditch Field when Harry saw that Ron was still in the stands. "Come on Ron we are leaving." Ron shook his head no. "What? Come on Ron curfew is in ten minutes."

“I can’t, I didn’t say his name.” Harry almost laughed stopping himself when he saw the look on Ron’s face.

“Come on Ron just say it, unless you want to stay the night with Cho, hey, that’s not a bad idea Ron, go ahead and stay.” Harry walked back to Hermione smiling as they left Ron and Cho on the Quidditch field and stands.

That morning Harry saw that Gryffindor and Ravenclaw had lost 50 points. “Damn wonder what they got caught doing that cost them 50 points, lucky Ron.” Harry laughed to himself walking over to the Gryffindor table with Hermione starting to tremble the closer they got to Ron.

“Hey Mate Professor McGonagall had to break the charm Hermione used to keep us there last night.” He had a broad smile on his face. When Harry sat down Ron leaned over. “Thanks Mate, the 50 points were well worth it.” Harry now laughing out loud wrapped an arm around Hermione trying to calm her down.

“Stop shaking Mione and eat. You can’t act like that today with Ancient Runes and Care of Magical Creatures can you? Animals can smell fear...” He shouldn’t have said that, it was heartless and careless and he knew it.

“Sorry Harry I’ll be better I swear.” She said quietly, defeated.

“I’m sorry Mione I didn’t mean it like that I swear it.” He shook her trying to get a reaction. “Just remember all the good times Mione, he is our friend, he is sorry for what he did, he wants to make things better.” Hermione nodded and got up walking towards Ron.

“Ron, I accept your apology.” She stuck her hand out trembling still.

“Alright Hermione, I don’t deserve anything from you after what I did but thank you.” He shook her hand wincing when she dug her nails into his skin trying not to scream.

“Sorry Ron.” She went back to Harry cleaning Ron’s blood off her fingernails with a napkin.

Breakfast was soon interrupted as several students walked towards the Staff table. Several more followed afterwards seeing that they were fellow Harry Potter DADA members. Dumbledore stood up after talking with the group that had formed around the table. “It seems we have our first group ready to complete the assignment I handed out at the beginning of the year. If you kids like you can say it alone or all at once.” The students now talked amongst themselves finally turning around facing the other students all yelling

“Voldemort!” Many screams were heard as non-Harry Potter DADA members flinched or even fell out of their seats.

“Very good and may I ask why you decided to be the first ones to complete the assignment?” Ginny turned around and told Dumbledore. “I see it seems we have Harry Potter and Hermione Granger to thank for this. I have heard they were teaching Defense Against the Dark Arts recently for those who wished to learn even more than what was taught in class. Very good you may go to your seats, 50 points for Gryffindor, 10 points for Ravenclaw.” Harry was amused that the points Ron had lost were now made up and that Luna herself earned 10 points for her house while the dozen or so Gryffindor students had earned 50 points altogether. “Now remember everyone you have until the end of the year to say it.” Dumbledore sat down letting breakfast continue.

Hermione went through the motions of being Miss Know It All raising her hand and answering questions almost before they were asked. Harry saw her eyes, how they screamed in silent horror when Ron was anywhere near her. She seemed alright when he met up with her after she got out of Ancient Runes and when they had gotten to Hagrid’s cabin but now she was terrified. They went over a magical bird called the Roc which were so large they could pick up boulders and drop them on ships causing them to sink and leaving the sailors alone in the water to be picked off at random by the Roc. Hermione mentioned an old wizard sailor who wrote of an encounter with a Roc calling himself Sinbad so he would not be violating any Laws about

wizard exposure to muggles. When asked for other examples of this Hermione raised her hand again. "Don Quixote was the same thing, he saw giants where people saw windmills, and Don Quixote saw mighty dragons where people saw air. He was a wizard writing about the journey of his youth in a journal when someone saw it and thought he was writing a book. Don Quixote got the idea to sell the story under a ghost author so he would not be violating any laws."

"Very good Hermione glad to see you got over whatever bug was getting you. 10 points to Gryffindor." Harry wished what Hagrid said was true knowing that it wasn't.

When class ended Harry took Hermione with him down to the lake and sat her down under a tree. The lake was still frozen but no snow had fallen for several days. "It's ok Mione you will be alright." He rested her head on his shoulder whispering to her trying to make her better. They had been sitting there for almost an hour when someone came to them scaring both.

"Sorry about that Mate just wondering where you were." Ron sat down next to Harry letting Harry be the barrier between him and Hermione. "Awfully cold to be sitting out here isn't it? Don't need you catching a cold or something, come inside where we can play some chess." Ron stood up sticking his hand out for Harry to grab onto.

"Sorry Ron I want to be with Hermione for now, maybe in a few minutes." Ron put his hand in his pocket.

"Alright Mate no problems just don't snog to long dinner will be here in a couple of hours." Laughing at his joke Ron walked away.

"See Mione Ron doesn't hate you or me, Ron doesn't care we are together. Ron already found himself someone new last night." He rocked her back and forth as she whimpered every time Ron's name was said.

"Who?" Harry laughed not thinking Hermione hadn't noticed what happened last night.

“Cho! They couldn’t leave the Quidditch Field since they didn’t say Voldemort, they got 50 points taken off both of the houses when McGonagall caught them!” Hermione laughed a little forcing it out of her mind the thought of Ron doing to Cho what he had done to her.

“Good for them, now I don’t have to worry.” She snuggled up against Harry for warmth and comfort both he was more then happy to give.

Getting in much later then he expected he took Hermione up to her dorm room after asking the entrance politely for permission to enter. After laying her down he kissed her on the forehead and headed for his dorm. Trying to be quiet as possible so he didn’t wake anyone he saw Ron was still awake talking into the mirror. “She is afraid of me so this will be harder then I expected. Harry trusts me still and doesn’t seem to hate me. I got myself a new one so I should have help with it.” Harry sat down on his bed not wanting to interrupt Ron and his counselor. “Just tell me when it will happen and I can get everything arranged, trust me, I do and so does Harry.” Harry laid down glad to hear Ron was planning something, not sure what though but it didn’t matter. He might be planning on a Birthday Party for his sister, it was coming up. Or maybe Cho, when was her birthday anyways? Harry didn’t care just glad his friend was back in the dorm room where he belonged. Hearing the snores Harry quickly fell asleep annoyed his scar was now burning more then it had been earlier.

In the Hospital room Monica was reading bored out of her skull. Being stuck in the hospital had been screwing her sleep cycles up since she didn’t do anything to make herself tired. Draco was surprisingly quiet that night not sounding like a choking horse while he slept. When she heard the door open she hoped it was Dumbledore or Madam Pomfrey coming to take her back to the Gryffindor Tower where she belonged. When no one said anything she went back to her book wondering what was going on. Suddenly she heard screaming coming from Draco. Looking up she saw someone was standing over his bed with a wand to his head. “What should I do? Who are they? I should pretend I’m sleeping, the bastard deserves it!” She put the book on her chest and closed her eyes pretending to sleep while the



screams continued. When they ended she opened an eye looking to see what was going on.

“There you go Snuggle Bunny you will feel a lot better in the morning.” The figure leaned down and kissed a sweaty pale Draco on the forehead before leaving.

In the morning Draco was awake and looking better then ever even though part of his right arm was missing his eye was back and his skull seemed to have filled it out. Madam Pomfrey went to get Dumbledore when she saw him leaving Monica and Draco alone. “So uh, Malfoy, who healed you?”

“Madam Pomfrey you stupid Yank!” He refused to look at Monica.

“Not from what I saw last night, someone missed their ‘Snuggle Bunny’ enough to heal you. That was some incredible magic though, probably a Death Eater if they didn’t have feelings.”

“Shut up!” This time he used his left arm to throw a cup of water at her.

“What Malfoy? They know about you and you know it! You are going to Azkaban for what you did! You bastard...” Malfoy this time did look at her.

“What? What did I do? I don’t even remember being here. I was in my dorm room when I heard a noise then I hear you talking about someone healing me and calling me ‘Snuggle Bunny’.” Monica couldn’t believe Malfoy was trying to deny what he had done.

“You bastard you told me I had to sleep with you or people would be killed, I said no, and that night people died. You told me to meet you in the Astronomy Tower so you could rape me or more people would die, this time I did but my Brother saved me from you!” Malfoy’s eyes went wide hearing this.

“What? What attacks? How long have I been out? Where’s my dad?” She looked over at him smugly.

“He’s in Azkaban warming a cell for you.” Draco’s jaw fell to the floor as his eyes became as wide as dinner plates.

“No he isn’t, you’re lying you stupid Yank! My dad would never get caught...” Monica started to laugh making Draco furious, some Yank was laughing at him!

“Sorry Malfoy but he was rather careless from what I heard from Dumbledore, exposed himself as a Loyal Death Eater right in front of Fudge and all. Although you should be glad Dumbledore was there Devin was going to kill you and your father, but now you get to rot away in Azkaban for life. Maybe you weren’t so lucky Dumbledore was there.” She smiled sweetly at him letting the sarcasm drip off her words. The door opened for Madam Pomfrey and Dumbledore.

Malfoy seeing them started screaming. “That fucking bitch said my father is in Azkaban! Where the fuck is my arm, what the fuck happened, why the fuck am I here, what the fuck is going on!” Dumbledore let Draco rant for a few minutes cutting him off after the 79th F word.

“First Mr. Malfoy that will be 200 points from Slytherin, second you are here for your actions towards another student, and third you should calm down before you hurt yourself.” Malfoy shut up at this. “Now yes your Death Eater Father is in Azkaban along with your Mother and several of their friends. Veritaserum worked very well on him allowing us to find them. You on the other hand are still here due to injuries which seem to have healed themselves quite well. Explain to me what you were thinking and I may be able to get you a shorter sentence Mr. Malfoy.” Draco shook his head.

“What are you talking about? What did I do? I was in my dorm room one minute and the next one here. Why am I going to Azkaban?” The last sentence came out as a squeak.

“You are serious aren’t you Mr. Malfoy? You really don’t know what’s happened?” Dumbledore closed his eyes for a few seconds before speaking again. “Interesting, last time I searched your

thoughts it was evil, pure hatred, something even Voldemort would be proud of. This time however something is different, you seem to have been hexed with something worse than Imperius. I know you were initiated by Voldemort even though your Dark Mark was on the part of your arm that was destroyed, but you did it against your will. You consider Voldemort weak for losing to Mr. Potter and your Father weak for following him.” Draco nodded slowly. “Well then what happened?” Monica raised her hand getting Dumbledore’s attention.

“I saw what happened last night Dumbledore. Someone came in and put their wand to his head, he screamed for a little bit then stopped. When she, I think it was a she, was done she called him ‘Snuggle Bunny’ and kissed him on the forehead.” Draco raised an eyebrow.

“You were serious about that? You weren’t making fun of me? Who was it?” No one in the room knew who it was exactly but one had a very good idea who it was.

“The same one who put the Obedience Charm on you.” Dumbledore stood telling Madam Pomfrey to let the two go, they were both healed and he had a lot of work to do.

Harry woke up that morning after having a strange dream. Voldemort had been there talking to Harry as though they were friends. During it he started talking about Hermione, how cute she was and how her intelligence would be a great asset to him. Harry yelled at him after that comment bringing him back to the waking world. Harry got dressed ready to go running in the Great Hall before lunch. Looking over he saw Ron sleeping on the bed wondering if he should go or not. “Ron, wake up.” He walked over and shook Ron.

“What now? I already took my medicine, leave me alone.” He rolled over.

“No Ron it’s me Harry, get up please.” Ron rolled back over opening his eyes.

“Oh sorry Mate.” Swinging his legs over the side of the bed Ron sat up trying to wake up.

“I’m sorry about waking you up Ron but I wanted to let you know whatever you are planning I will help. Is it Ginny’s birthday party? I know it is coming up soon.” Ron shook his head.

“Planning? What?”

“I heard you last night, you said you were planning something and that your counselor should trust you to do it when they had the date for it.” Ron’s eyes went wide with shock.

“That’s not exactly it Mate. I have to do something to prove that I am ready for school that I don’t need to take any more medicine.” Ron stopped seemingly trying to think of what to say. “It’s like uh, an initiation. I am waiting for my counselor to give me the date and by that day I have to do uh, something. Don’t worry about it Harry I don’t need your help, I might want it but I can’t ask you to do this.” Harry’s next words were interrupted by a pillow hitting him.

“Damn you Harry I am trying to sleep, so is everyone else, shut the hell up before I throw something heavier then a pillow damn it.” Both Ron and Harry said.

“Sorry Devin.” Harry elaborated with “It is time to go running so get up, get dressed and get down to the Common Room when you are ready.”

Harry went downstairs to meet Hermione and the others and told them to wait for Ron and Devin. Hermione grabbed Harry by his arm and dragged him away from the others. “Ron? He never ran with us before Harry, and even if I forgave him I don’t feel comfortable around him. Do we really want him to become stronger then what he already is?” Harry pulled her to him whispering in her ear.

“It’s ok Mione, Ron is back, it isn’t the one that attacked you but the one that helped me save you from the Mountain Troll.” Pushing away

he was slightly annoyed by the “Awwww” Coming from the group, seeing that Ron was one of them made him feel better about it.

“No Snogging until after classes are over you two! Some Prefects you are.” Ron smiled laughing with everyone else.

“See Mione, Ron, not that evil thing, whatever it was.” Hermione nodded and ran over to Ron.

“I’m sorry Ron about hurting your hand, I do forgive you though.” She hugged Ron who immediately blushed.

“You saw her Mate she threw herself at me!” This time Harry laughed and hugged him to. “Glad to have you back Ron, glad to have my brother back.” His scar exploded in pain making Harry wince but no scream came out, this pain was nothing compared to the time he had to grow his bones back, or the Unforgivable curse Ginny used on him. “Ouch Mate let go.” Ron pushed Harry off and grabbed his right arm. “I must have hugged to hard, damn muscles.” The scar stopped hurting and Harry lead the group to the Great Hall to go running before breakfast.

“Glad to have you back Brother, glad to have my Brother back.” Harry thought to himself smiling brightly.

After running and eating with the newly returned Monica, Harry and Ron had Divination while Hermione had Ancient Runes. Back in the Divination room with Harry Ron was having fun predicting Harry’s death, usually being trampled by a herd of Field Mice or eaten by flobber worms. “Ok Ron my turn, according to your star charts you will be attacked by midget vampire bunnies with sharp pointy bunny teeth at noon on the day of the, uh what’s a vague term, day of the pixies. Is that tragic enough for you Ron or do I need more?” They both laughed turning in the work laughing the whole time. “Ron you have no idea how much this class sucked without you. Hell I threw my Divination book and notes away after you had been taken away.” Harry realized he had mentioned Ron being taken to St. Mungo’s and was going to apologize.

“Don’t worry about it Harry I know I was taken away and why, can’t act like it didn’t happen.” Professor Trelawney stood up walking over to Harry and Ron.

“I was looking over your star charts and I saw nothing of the sorts that you wrote down. I know you hadn’t been doing well Harry with all the stress of death coming after you, and Ron you were away, but how could you get this all so wrong?” Harry’s mind was blank; Ron though had the quick excuse ready.

“Well look, doesn’t that collection of stars look like a herd of mice? What else would they be doing if not killing him?” Ron pointed at random stars trying to make it seem plausible. Professor Trelawney shook her head.

“That’s not how these work. You don’t see what the stars look like you take the positions they are in to each other and see how they influence the lives of the person born under them. It’s ok dear you were gone for awhile and I will be happy to tutor you. How would you like to meet tomorrow night for some extra credit and tutoring? Have to wait for night though, I will write you a note so you don’t get in trouble for being out to late.” She patted Ron on the head and left them.

“Oh great more Divination, kooky old bat will probably spend the whole time telling me how star A with Star B means you will die a painful death by Death Eaters or something. Actually that would probably be the closest she ever comes to being right. Er, sorry Mate I didn’t mean it like that.” This time Harry was the one to ease the tension.

“It’s ok Ron you might be right except it wouldn’t be Death Eaters but Voldemort.” Ron shuddered hearing the name.

“He’ll have to get through me and Hermione and Dumbledore not to mention Sirius, Remus, and whoever else.” Harry nodded and they started talking about Quidditch to pass the time.

After class ended they met up with Hermione and Cho going to lunch. "If you don't mind I am going to eat with Cho." Ron waved as he walked hand in hand with Cho.

"I can't believe they are dating, Cedric died just last year, how did she get over him?" Harry looked at Hermione strangely.

"What? Is she supposed to mourn forever never being happy again?" Hermione looked down.

"I guess that makes sense. But Ron? You told me they stayed in the Quidditch Field after our DADA meeting they just seem to be moving fast." Harry laughed so she could hear.

"Are you kidding? From what Ron told me he got as far as you can get that night! While I do envy him knowing what it's like to be with a woman I know my speed is a lot slower than his." Hermione looked at him with a stern glare.

"You are telling me they already shagged?" Harry nodded. "Slut." Harry's head snapped towards Hermione at that.

"What was that Mione? Why is she a slut? Because she shagged Ron? As far as I know Ron is her second boyfriend, not really a slut is she?"

"But on the first night? They didn't even date!"

"And what does that make Ron? It takes two to shag, is he not a slut also if we go by your standards?" She pushed Harry away when he started to nibble on her ear.

"Stop that Harry you won't distract me like that. Yes I guess it means Ron is a slut too not just Cho." Harry went back to her ear blowing into it getting Hermione very distracted along with several of the students sitting near the two.

Ron appeared more annoyed then anything after his first tutor session with Professor Trelawney. "Well at least she didn't spend two hours predicting your death."

"No just two hours of predicting your death. 'When the traitor is exposed to Harold James Potter many deaths will come.' What a kooky old bat trying to act like she knows something, even did it in a different voice." Harry laughed and told Hermione what happened.

"Well that does seem like a waste of time." Ron reached into his sack.

"Not completely, since I was to awake to sleep I went down to the kitchen and made these, kind of I'm Sorry Please Forgive Me Cookies. I left most of the sugar out of yours Hermione since your parents are dentists." He handed them both a cookie.

"Well thanks Ron but we already forgave you."

"Don't argue with free cookies Harry, it was something I learned while at St. Mungo's, my mom had brought me some books to read and one was a cook book." Harry ate his, saw Hermione eating hers, enjoying it as they went to the Great Hall for breakfast.

After breakfast the Trio were headed to class when they saw a very happy Peeves flying towards them. "The Blonde and the Red Head oh my!" Malfoy and Ginny? Devin and Ginny? Who else had blonde hair and red hair?

"Peeves you get back here right now!" Monica was chasing after Peeves.

"Oh look fellow students to share the wonderful news! The Red Head and the Blonde were snogging like you wouldn't believe! Oh the scandal!" Peeves turned around sticking his tongue out at Monica who finally caught up with Peeves.

"You think that's funny don't you Peeves? That because you are a ghost that I can't do anything to stop you? Well guess what?" She



reached an arm out and wrapped her hand around Peeves neck. "If you tell anyone about what you saw I will kill you. I know you are thinking that hey, you're a ghost, you can't die. But trust me Peeves I can kill you, just to show a little bit of my power..." She raised Peeves into the air with one hand wrapped around his neck. Suddenly lightning seemed to come out of her hands into Peeves making him scream in pain. This caught the attention of several students who all stared wide eyed and open mouthed at what they saw. A ghost, being choked, tortured, screaming in pain, because of a student. "Just so you know Peeves everyone fears my brother, even Dumbledore is afraid of Devin and his powers, and my brother fears me, guess which one of us is the truly dangerous one." With this she threw Peeves through a wall and walked away.

"Mione am I still dreaming? Maybe Ron put drugs or something in our cookies, we are seeing things that are not possible." Hermione nodded in agreement not knowing what had just happened.

Later that week Peeves was back to no good. He made sure Monica was never around when he did them but he did them just the same. Opening windows when it was raining, lifting chairs and putting them in the rafters before lunch, one time he even chased after Mrs. Norris through the Great Hall during breakfast causing the cat to jump on the tables running through everyone's food, except Gryffindor where Monica was at. Letting in several dark creatures Filch and several teachers were starting to call for Peeves to be forced from the castle. Peeves was on the defense though saying it wasn't him and that only a teacher could have gotten the creatures in. Hermione told Harry that this time Peeves did have a point. "The Lithon can't have been brought in by Peeves, they feed off of souls, like Dementors, without the effect of sucking up happy thoughts. Since a ghost is little more than a soul a Lithon would have attacked him." Harry took Hermione's word for it not knowing what a Lithon was.

"So it is a teacher, I can't believe Snape would be doing this." Hermione punched him in the arm.

“Stop blaming Snape, you have blamed him every year and yet we were always wrong! We had this discussion before didn’t we?” Harry nodded.

“Alright then, besides Snape who else could it be?” Hermione shrugged.

“Exactly, who do we know is on the staff that is a Death Eater.” Harry figured it would be better to listen to Hermione then argue although he did start to act differently in Potions. He still did his best sometimes beating Hermione, but he was as ready to answer questions for Snape in fear of accusing him without realizing it.

Harry was getting tired of people watching him and Hermione wherever he went, with homework, studying for OWLs, and the Gryffindor versus the Hufflepuff game coming up he had to train. One day in Divination he felt extremely cold and several people said they felt scared. Lavender Brown even passed out screaming about some attack. Harry felt like it was a Dementor attack but there were none, this was Hogwarts, and so there just couldn’t be any Dementors. Leaving the Divination classroom made him feel ten times better and with the increase of happiness he had an idea for getting Hermione alone, away from prying eyes.

“Ron, could you go on by yourself? I need to talk to Mione alone.” Ron waved him off going over to find Cho before lunch.

“What is it Harry?” Harry pulled her into an empty classroom. “We aren’t snogging, at least not until after classes, I am hungry and would like to get to lunch.” Harry chuckled.

“No Mione I wanted to take you on a date tonight.” She raised an eyebrow. “The Room of Requirements would be perfect wouldn’t it? In Hogwarts, A History and from past experience with it I know it will have whatever I require. Tonight, instead of going to dinner let me take you to the Room of Requirements for the perfect date.” She threw her arms around his neck.

“Any date with you is the perfect date Harry.” Snogging him hard they both forgot about lunch.

Harry and Hermione snuck off before dinner telling Ron to tell anyone else that they were going to the library to study for OWLs. Getting to the Room of Requirements Harry had one thought in his head. “Perfect date, dinner, time alone, perfect date.” The door appeared and they went in. Both gasped as they saw a tuxedo and a dress that would have cost a fortune, something even Harry would have had a hard time affording. “I guess we should get changed.” Harry watched Hermione change noticing she was again not wearing a bra and only the skimpiest of underwear. Finally dressed they went through the next door and saw a single table with two candles and plates already full of food. Harry pulled the seat out for Hermione before going to his own. “What do you want to drink?” Before she could answer two glasses appeared filled with a purplish liquid.

“Have you ever had wine before Harry? My parents let me have it on holidays, it is pretty good.” Taking a glass each they raised them and drank. “Wow, really does taste good.” Hermione set hers down. “My parents usually go with some good wine but this stuff tastes like something only the Prime Minister or the Pope could afford.” Harry had very few experiences with alcohol and didn’t know how it would affect him. Eating dinner slowly Harry watched as Hermione ate slowly making little moans when she bit into the steak the first time. “Oh god Harry nothing could make a steak taste like this, this is perfect.” Harry hearing those words went to his dinner savoring the flavors.

Finishing dinner Harry and Hermione had time to talk, alone, together. “Hermione I am so glad this worked. I missed being alone with you, being able to talk with you alone, being able to see you as the beautiful woman you are.” He reached out and grabbed her hand hearing a noise when he did. Both looked to the right and saw a door had appeared. “I guess we should go through it.” Standing up together the chairs and table disappeared walking hand in hand through the door. They were outside with a vast sky full of stars. The air was warmer than the real outside would be with no wind. In the middle of the “field” was a large bed and nothing more.

“Gee Harry wonder what the Room has on its mind.” She laughed running over to the bed. Harry had no idea what was on the Room’s mind but knew what was on his and it wasn’t that.

“Mione I don’t know about this, this is amazing and all but this could lead to more then I want.” Hermione grabbed his hand and pulled him onto the bed.

“Shut up Harry and kiss me.” She pulled him down to her mouth kissing him hard. Harry felt her tongue against his teeth and opened them to let her tongue dance with his. Rolling over Hermione was on top of him. “Come on Harry, I love you, let us do more tonight. You thought of this, you deserve this.” She slipped her dress off exposing her breasts to Harry. “Come on Harry don’t make me force you.” She lowered her chest to Harry’s mouth who needed no one to force him. Getting Hermione to moan he felt her hand on top of his pants trying to get them undone.

“Wait Mione.” He sat up with Hermione sitting on his lap legs wrapped around him. He started taking his clothes off exposing his chest to her. When he started on his pants his mind kicked in telling him no, stop, and another part telling him yes, go, now! Hermione stood to get out of her dress leaving nothing on but her skimpy underwear.

“I borrowed them from Monica, had to use magic so they would fit me, it’s a thong.” Harry liked it very much and it showed as he was only wearing boxers. “Harry lean back and let me do what I want.” Harry did lean back but his mind was going into full force. Hermione pulled his boxers off seeing her prize. Harry had seen her naked, she had seen him naked, but the mood made it different, the look on her face made it different. “Relax Harry.” Hermione moved her mouth down on him making him scream in pleasure never feeling anything like it. Hermione was doing what Lavender told her Seamus liked, and what Parvati told her Dean liked trying her best to make Harry like it which he seemed to as his hips rose a little hitting her in the back of her throat causing her to choke.

“Mione sorry.” Harry tried to sit up but Hermione used wandless magic to push him back down so she could finish. Hermione tried her best to take as much of Harry as possible stopping just short of choking so Harry wouldn’t get worried. After several minutes Harry’s breathing got deeper and his hips started to buck more making Hermione very happy that she was doing it right. Minutes later Harry grabbed the back of her head yelling loudly as Hermione felt something splash inside her mouth. Doing what Lavender and Parvati said she swallowed the liquid noticing the sour taste not liking it much.

“Mione that was incredible, thank you.” She laughed crawling up over him.

“You don’t need to thank me Harry we are boyfriend and girlfriend.” Harry was having a hard time breathing after what had just happened closing his eyes. “You know what I thought about Harry?” He shook his head not having enough breath to speak. “There is no way I could get pregnant our first time.” Before Harry could stop her she grabbed him and lowered herself onto him letting out a small grunt as the initial pain was felt.

“No Mione, we can’t do this, you aren’t on the potion, stop this.”

“Too late Harry.” Hermione moved up and down, Harry trying to fight her off only made her move faster.

“Stop this before I do what you want me to, I don’t want to do this, stop.” Hermione was tired of him saying no and used more wandless magic to make him shut up. Harry couldn’t believe the pleasure he felt and the anger and the fear all rolled into one at the same time. What she was doing felt great, he was angry she had used magic on him, and he was afraid what would happen if they didn’t stop before he “finished”.

Hermione kept up the rhythm enjoying herself more then Harry was as she wanted to do this, no she needed to do this. Ever since last week she had to do this, she couldn’t in the Gryffindor Common Room but here they were alone. It was strange to her, one morning she had woken up and a few minutes later she just had this need to

be with Harry. She thought maybe her hormones were kicking in but they were already at full go, how much more could they affect her? Harry on the other hand wanted nothing to do with this, he loved Hermione but didn't want to "make love" with her. "Stop this damn it; you have to make her stop!" Harry tried to scream, he tried to yell, but Hermione made it impossible for him to do so.

"Damn it Harry enjoy this, I gave you something I can give no one else, stop struggling so I can stop concentrating on my magic and go back to concentrating on this." She moved down again being filled. After close to half an hour later she felt Harry start to shake and felt something inside her she had never felt before. Screaming out in something beyond pleasure, beyond anything Harry had ever done with his hand, this was bliss to her. After Harry stopped shaking, after she stopped screaming, she rolled off of him taking the magic off as well. "So Harry how was your first time?" Harry didn't answer. "Come on Harry don't you dare tell me you didn't enjoy that as much as I did. You're a man after all, isn't that what all men want?" She said the last part with a demeaning voice. Harry couldn't believe what had happened, he didn't want to do this, he didn't want to have sex, he told her no but she did anyways. Wasn't that the very definition of rape?

"How could you Mione? I told you to stop, I told you to stop and you didn't. Something is wrong with you Mione, you should have stopped." Harry sat up getting out of the bed looking for his clothes, his real clothes, not the Room clothes.

"You have to be kidding me Harry, I just gave you my virginity, I gave you my entire body, and I gave you something special and all you have to say is I should have stopped? You gave me the necklace, the bracelet, the ring, all things that are special, I gave you nothing special back, so I gave you this." She spread her legs, making Harry think about what Sirius had said over Christmas Break.

"You know what Mione? I can't believe this but I think maybe Sirius was right. I am falling for the first girl who spread her legs." Hermione closed them immediately.

“You bastard, I thought you loved me.”

“I did to, maybe I was wrong. Maybe Sirius was right, you just wanted to be with the Famous Harry Potter, you don’t really care about me do you? Just wanted to shag me so you could tell all your little friends, I can’t believe I let this happen.” He found his clothes in front of the door where he had left them dressing quickly. Hermione didn’t know what to say now, Harry was wrong; she loved him for him, nothing to do with his fame. She had needed him, didn’t he understand that?

“No Harry he is still wrong, I love you!” She got up running towards him.

“Sholo Willo!” Harry cast the wall spell blocking Hermione. “No you don’t bitch. I loved you; you were the first person I ever told that, I haven’t even told Sirius that, my own God Father, who was right.” Hermione was getting angry now.

“You loved me? Past tense? What the hell is wrong with you? We made love and now you don’t love me? How can you say that Harry? How can you say you don’t love me, that I don’t love you?” She fell on the floor crying, completely devastated by Harry’s words.

“Get up Hermione, you don’t really care about me and I am not falling for your acting anymore.” He watched her cry for a few minutes waiting for her to stand up. When she didn’t Harry thought maybe she was telling the truth, maybe she did care about him, maybe she was under a spell and didn’t know it, or was a better actor then he thought. “Ok Hermione I’m sorry, I still love you, now get up and dressed so we can go.” She didn’t stop crying or get up, Harry didn’t know what to do he was lost. “Fine lay there and cry Hermione, if you actually do love me I can forgive you, if you are just acting then we are through, we are no longer friends, you and your parents are no longer welcome at Sirius’s house. I am hoping that you love me but you know what? I can’t tell, I remember last year, all those girls asking me to the Yule Ball. I hoped you were different but maybe you were just better at covering it up. After all you do know every book I am in and then some. If you love me still then tomorrow go to the Quidditch

Field, if you are just a lying bitch you can stay here until you die of starvation for all I care.” Harry felt something inside of him being released; it had been inside of him for close to a week now. He didn’t know why but close to a week ago he woke up and had the realization that Hermione might not love him, didn’t want to be with him, she just wanted him because he was Famous Harry Potter. He put the thoughts out of his mind but tonight proves it she just wanted to shag him so she could tell the world she was his first. It was his entire fault for not seeing it earlier, for not realizing that all she wanted was to be with the Famous Harry Potter.



## Chapter 9 Lovers Lost

That morning Harry was still upset about Hermione. He went down to the Quidditch Field and saw her in the middle crying still. He did tell her if she loved him to go there but he didn't say he would talk to her. Walking away Harry felt rage grow inside him, he wanted to cry, he loved Hermione yet she had hurt him so. She had done something he didn't want to do something that was suppose to be about love was marred by hate and anger. Walking like he was he hadn't seen Ron or Cho and ran into them knocking Ron down. "What the hell was that for Mate?" Harry helped him up. "Nothing, sorry." Cho grabbed his arm before he could leave. "You had a fight didn't you? I can tell, you and Granger had a fight didn't you?" Harry nodded. "We had a date last night and she did something I didn't want to do alright? Can I go now?" This time Ron grabbed Harry's arm. "No Harry, you are my best friend and you seem to be hurt. I won't let you walk away like this Mate." Harry did want to talk about it he had to get his anger out, but to Ron and Cho? "It's personal alright?" "You are my friend so personal includes me. Cho told me how you two talked when you were in the hospital together, she cares about you to, tell us." Harry gave up, Sirius was busy and he couldn't put his feelings into words for a letter, he had to do this. "We went to the Room of Requirements, we were going to have a date alone, away from everyone else, and it was great. When we finished dinner we went into a door that had just appeared. It was a field with an amazing sky full of stars and in the middle was a bed." "Oh." Harry spat at Ron. "No not 'Oh'! I didn't want to, we had seen each other like that before but damn it I wasn't ready for that. I told her no so she used magic on me. It felt incredible, of course it did, but I didn't want it! I wasn't ready yet, I loved her for her not what she was or what we did. She used magic against me to make me."

Cho stopped Ron from saying anything; Harry needed a woman's advice on this. "You mean she wanted to make love with you and you weren't ready. You loved her; you respected her, not for what she was but for who she was. You didn't want to take the next step fearing it would change you both but she didn't give you a choice. Harry you have got to be the sweetest most gentlemen like person on Earth. If she wanted to Harry then she was ready for it, it won't change anything between you two. She loves you Harry, how could

she not? From what you just told me she had to keep making the moves didn't she?" Harry nodded. "You are perfect Harry; you didn't make her do anything she didn't want to do. She moved at her own speed getting to know you better both physically and emotionally. She may have been influenced by some of her friends but she loves you and if she did what she did it was because she wanted to prove her love to you. I bet she was a virgin wasn't she?" He nodded again. "She gave you her most precious gift she could Harry, can't you see that? I have seen the things you gave her; the bracelet itself is something most women would never get from a boyfriend. She gave you something she had, she gave you something she could only give one person, and she chose you. If you talk to her about this you will see she loves you, she didn't mean to hurt you." Harry could finally feel the tears come as his rage grew even more with a new target, himself. "Thanks Cho, Brother, I said some things, did some things, I have to go fix it before she hates me." He ran back towards the Quidditch Field seeing that Hermione had left when he got there. "Damn it this is my fault to, everything is my fault!" Harry could feel the air crackle with energy, his magic was going wild again, like the time he inflated his Aunt.

The ground around him started to shake as his anger became too great for his body to hold. A pillar of earth shot up from underneath him sending him into the sky higher and higher until he towered over Hogwarts. He could here screams and see the students running, looking like ants from his great height. All the little ants below him running away from the Quidditch Field as the earth shook more and more. All he had to do was jump so he could join the ants below him...

Harry woke up with a start as the pain he felt was everywhere. He heard the voice it was talking to him though, as though it was a separate being from him. "Been awhile there boy, what the hell were you thinking? Everyone ran away no one is coming to help you. What are you going to do now? You'll be lucky if that woman can heal you. Your legs are shattered, your ankles are shattered, you have more ribs than a snake right now, you dolt." Harry didn't know if this was true as he couldn't move his head to look down. He laid there feeling the pain but like the Unforgivable Curse Ginny had cast on him, it was there and yet it wasn't. Maybe he had broken his spine, maybe he

was paralyzed. "Harry!" Harry heard the voice, he couldn't see the person, he couldn't move his neck. "Harry! You did come down, oh god Harry I waited for you but you didn't come and then you were attacked and now you are hurt! Don't die Harry I love you and always have and always will!" He heard Hermione run off coming back moments later with Madam Pomfrey. "He will be alright won't he? Please tell me you can heal him!" "Don't worry girl it's just a few dozen broken bones easy to fix." Harry overwhelmed with the news that it could be healed passed out.

Three days later Harry woke up in the hospital room escaping his dreams. Voldemort tormented him the entire time showing him Hermione in the Common Room reading, in the Prefect bathroom, in the library studying, wherever she went Voldemort seemed to be there. He looked around and saw flowers and a brown haired girl whose nose was buried in a book. "Hermione?" She looked up dropping her book. "Harry you're awake!" She hugged him hard causing him to cough. "Sorry. Why did you call me Hermione? What happened to Mione?" "I don't deserve to call you that anymore." Breathing in and out seemed to take more energy then he remembered feeling something around his chest he looked down and saw he was wrapped in bandages tightly. "You healed alright Harry; we were just waiting for you to wake up before they came off." She hugged him again with less force. "Call me Mione Harry, you deserve to, you are my boyfriend, right?" Harry shook his head. "What?" "I said those things to hurt you Hermione, to make you stop loving me. I know I was an asshole, what I did after we made love was wrong, you love me and I love you but it can't stay like this. I can't let you be near me anymore even if it hadn't happened. Voldemort wants you, because of me he wants you, because of me he is going to force you to join him or kill you. How long have I been out?" "Three days." "So for three days Voldemort has shown me you, everywhere, in places he couldn't be, like the Common Room or the Prefect bathroom, or in the Great Hall, or in class. He knows where you are at all times. I can't let you love me anymore." Hermione smacked him hard making him see stars. "Shut up Harry! I love you damn it you can't tell me to stop that! Do you think I fear Voldemort? I don't, not anymore. You can't push me away Harry, you can't tell me what to feel, and I know you love me. Don't let Voldemort have what he wants Harry, how he knows where I am at I don't know but I don't care!" She raised her

hand giving the middle finger to the air. "There Voldemort wherever you are this is what I have to say about you!" Harry coughed trying not to laugh. "Damn it Hermione that's not funny. He is going after you because of me, he went after my parents because of me, look what happened to them." Hermione lowered her hand. "Harry, you are blaming yourself aren't you? Stop that before it consumes you and your soul. Guilt can kill your soul." She lowered her head on Harry's chest.

Harry felt the heat through the bandages, brushed her hair with his hands. "Hermione you are in danger because of me. I wish it wasn't true but it is. I don't want to lose you as a friend but if you hate me for this but live in the end then it will be worth it." She raised her head as Harry reached for his right hand. "Where's my ring?" She reached into her pocket and handed it to him. "Oh. Well no point in putting it back on. Take it Hermione and give it to someone who won't get you killed." He handed it back to her. "You bastard, you are breaking up with me because of Voldemort? Maybe you are weak you are going to throw what we have away because you are afraid of Voldemort. Fine you can have these back." She took the necklace, bracelet, and her ring off dropping them on the floor before leaving. "Good Hermione, hate me, never talk to me again, it will keep Voldemort away from you." Harry lay back down on the bed falling asleep peacefully without the dreams coming to him.

Harry again woke from a dream. This time the girl with his mother's eyes was calling to him. "Good Voldemort will leave her alone now. I hated doing that to Hermione but I needed to keep her safe from Voldemort. Better for her to hate me and live then to love me and die." He sat up swinging his legs over the side of the hospital bed. "Hey they took the bandages off." His chest still hurt but pain was something that didn't affect Harry anymore. Picking up the jewelry Hermione had dropped on the floor he left the hospital. Walking to the Gryffindor Tower he figured it must be dinner time since no students were in the halls or in the Common Room. Getting changed he ran to the Great Hall so he could get something to eat.

When he got to the Great Hall he heard yelling that reminded him of his second year when Ron had gotten a Howler from his mother after they stole and crashed the car. "I told you to kill the Potter boy and

yet all you have done is given me excuses! Since your incompetent fathers got sent to Azkaban his responsibilities have fallen on you three! Finish your duties or I will be the one to punish you!" Harry saw the howler burn in front of Draco Malfoy whose eyes were wide in fear and shock. Before the last bit of the letter was gone Harry saw several dozen wands pointed at the Slytherin table. "I didn't, I'm not, I swear..." Draco stood up, wrong move. The same wands, many from every table besides Slytherin, moved as countless spells flew at the Slytherin table covering Malfoy, Crabbe, Goyle, and several unlucky Slytherin sitting to close. "Now students calm down." Dumbledore's voice got everyone's attention. "Will someone take them to Madam Pomfrey to sort them out? Very good. Now while I believe in the best of my students I am very disappointed in you three. To the rest of the students very good spell work and nice to see how the Houses can come together for a common cause. If we could please go back to our dinners we will be able to go back to our rooms. You 5th and 7th year students need all the time you can get to study for your OWLs and NEWTs. Harry looked at his table seeing that Devin, Ron, and Hermione were already sitting never having gotten up to attack Malfoy. Hermione he understood along with Devin but Ron? Why hadn't his best friend defended him? Had Hermione already gotten to Ron? "Good now that everyone is mad at me they are safe from my plague." Deciding he wasn't hungry he went back to his room to sleep.

Harry felt himself being shaken quite violently, his scar hurting. Reaching for his wand he found that it wasn't where it was suppose to be. "Get up Harry everyone's been looking for you!" He felt a hand slap his face. "Wake up damn it what the hell were you thinking leaving the hospital room like that! Wake up damn it." Harry raised his left arm blocking Ron from smacking him again. "Why are you yelling at me? I was trying to sleep in case you hadn't noticed the closed eyelids and the slow breathing." Ron Picked Harry up and threw him over his left shoulder. "You were supposed to be in the hospital, when Cho and I went to check on you we saw you weren't there and panicked. The whole school's been searching for you for over an hour. I only saw you were here since I was trying to get your map to find you." Ron carried Harry out of the room and down the stairs into the Common Room. "Look what I found everybody!" He tossed Harry down onto a couch. "Harry!" Several students yelled running over to him. "Don't worry he was just sleeping like a baby, right Mate?"

Several laughs follow as Harry stood up shaking the cobwebs from his head. "Shut up I was tired." "Tired? For the past three days you have done nothing but bloody freaking sleep, how the hell can you be tired?" Ron smacked him on the back rather hard, Harry's eyes closed when his scar flashed in pain. "Ouch, sorry Mate, I hit a little hard didn't I? Damn right arm, I've been trying not to use it much since it is still wrapped up." Ron held his arm tightly. Ron made Harry follow him out of the room to the Great Hall. "There should be a Professor or two waiting for us there so they can call off the search."

Harry wondered what kind of search was going on since they had passed no one on the way. He was still tired yawning feeling his head become dizzy several times. Only a few feet from the Great Hall he felt cold, fear, terror. "Dementors!" Harry went to take his wand out but forgot he hadn't brought it with him since he couldn't find it in the first place. Three Dementors walked towards Harry and Ron slowly sucking the happiness out of them. Ron finally got his wand up and started yelling out different curses and charms none that worked on a Dementor. "Run Ron, go and get Dumbledore." Harry fell back into the wall to weak to stand anymore. Ron actually did what Harry told him to do running off in hopes of finding Dumbledore even though that wasn't Harry's real reason for sending him away. "Come on you bastards kill me. I'm the only one left here suck my soul out so Voldemort will leave Hogwarts alone." Harry saw a green flash, heard a woman screaming, he saw a little baby crying as the woman protected him. "Spirio Latta!" A white flash blinded Harry as a scream deafened him. Collapsing onto his side he thought he could feel the air become warmer, the fear left him, maybe Ron had found Dumbledore or he was dieing...

"Harry do you have a crush on me?" Harry heard a voice, a woman's voice, sounded to old to be Hermione. "What?" "I said do you have a crush on me?" Harry opened his eyes to see Madam Pomfrey. "No of course not, ew, not that you're ugly but older and a teacher sort of, ew." "Then why do you spend more time here then you do in class?" Harry started to laugh as he got the joke. "Oh you know I just love these lumpy old beds. Besides where else can I drink potions that taste like sewage?" He heard another voice from behind Madam Pomfrey. "I swear Mate you spend more time on your back then a cheap French whore." "Fleur?" "Shut up Ginny you shouldn't

say thing like that about your sister in law.” “They aren’t married yet.” Harry laughed as the two siblings fought back and forth on their ideas about Fleur and Bill getting married. Harry felt someone was missing, Hermione. “Where’s Hermione?” The two siblings stopped talking looking at Harry. “Do you really think she would come here after what you did?” Harry didn’t know what to feel, sad that his friend was gone, but relieved that she was still mad at him that she still hated he would make her no longer be a target of Voldemort. “So you aren’t mad at me Brother?” Ron nodded. “Ginny is but I wasn’t leaving her alone with her boyfriend.” Harry looked at her. “I was not going to sneak off to see my boyfriend!” “Ha so you admit you have one!” She crossed her arms looking at Ron with disgust. “No I don’t have one you git.” Harry laughed at them breaking the tension. “Look I’ m glad she is mad at me, the more she hates me the better.” The two red heads looked at him strangely. “Voldemort was after her, when I was asleep he showed me her in places he couldn’t be. He has spies here in Hogwarts and showed me he could get her any time he wanted. If she hates me then she won’t be a target anymore. I would rather she never speak to me again then have her love me and die.” Ron seemed to understand but Ginny just got upset over this. “Harry she doesn’t hate you she is just hurt as hell. She can’t stop loving you just like I can’t stop loving...” She cut herself off there. “Damn it Ginny who is it? Devin? Neville? Draco? Who the hell are you in ‘love’ with?” “What was that last bit?” “Come on Ginny you can’t be in love you are to young for that. You have some crush on somebody and you call it love, just like you ‘loved’ Harry.” Ginny huffed and left giving Ron the middle finger.

Harry wished Ron would leave but his Brother wasn’t going to leave him alone. “So Mate where do you want the plaque to go?” “What Plaque?” “The one that proclaims this bed to be the Harry Potter Bed, what else would I be talking about?” They both laughed. “So you are serious, You-Know-Who has spies here?” Harry nodded. “He showed me her in the Common Room reading, in the library studying, he even showed her in the Prefect bathroom.” Harry was a little put off by Ron laughing at this. “What? I wish I had gotten that last vision, bet Hermione is great underneath all those robes.” Harry threw a pillow. “Oh come on Harry like you don’t wonder what Cho looks like underneath her Quidditch robes. You had a huge crush on her last

year even asked her to the Yule Ball. Hmmm..." "What?" "Never mind it would never work now." Harry was going to pressure Ron to find out more when the door opened. "Ginny told us you were awake Harry." Dumbledore walked in with Devin surprising Harry. "Why is Devin here? Are you ok Devin?" Devin looked up at Harry with a scowl. "Don't worry about him Harry he is just upset Professor Snape took points off for being out of the Common Room. I brought him here since I thought you would like to thank him for saving you." "He saved me? I thought Ron had found you." Dumbledore chuckled and let Devin talk. "I did it Harry I told you I knew a spell that would kill those damn things. They saw me and thought I would be easy prey never suspecting they had no affect on me. I was amazed they had noticed me though since the last one couldn't detect my presence. They are no longer a problem even if we don't know how they got in." Dumbledore placed a hand on his shoulder. "We will eventually Devin just not now. Ron were you looking for me?" He nodded. "Why didn't you go to my office then?" He shrugged. "Why were you at the Great Hall in the first place?" "I found Harry and thought there would be teachers there so they could call off the search for him." "So why didn't you go to my office for that?" He shrugged again. "It's ok Ron Harry will be fine just needs a check up by Poppy and will be let go." They left leaving Madam Pomfrey alone with Harry to see if he would be allowed to go back to his bed.

Madam Pomfrey had let him go finally after several tests. On his way back he heard talking from a classroom. Looking in he saw a blonde girl and two tall red heads, the red heads he recognized as Fred and George, but the blonde girl didn't look like anyone from Gryffindor. "Come on you want to do this or not? It would be the greatest thing to happen since, well, the last great thing." She was arguing with them over something. "But the whole school? Couldn't we just get a certain few? Harry and Hermione are the main targets after all." What were they talking about? Who is the girl? "Blaise we have to be very careful planning this, if we get caught not even an army Vampires will be able to protect us." The girl crossed her arms across her chest. "Do you really think I would let any of blundering fools in Slytherin find out? Especially after what happened to Draco and his friends. I made sure not to sit near him knowing that was coming." What the hell was going on? Was she a Death Eater? Were the Twins? Was this how Voldemort was able to spy on Hermione? How could the twins betray



him like this? He gave them a thousand Galleons to start their joke shop and now they were working with the Death Eaters to get him and Hermione? Harry ran back to the Gryffindor Tower to find Ron and warn Hermione not waiting to hear the rest of the “plan”.

“You are lying Harry, why you think this would work I don’t know.” Hermione was trying to get away but Harry had her stuck in the corner. “I’m not lying! They are working with some Blaise girl from Slytherin, I told you Voldemort was after you! I guess they don’t know that you and I broke up, that you hate me. If we have a fight when they get back then they might leave you alone and just come after me.” Harry couldn’t believe he was having trouble convincing her, why would he lie about such a thing? “Blaise? Blaise Zabini? Little blonde girl, why the hell are they talking? You can’t really think they are Death Eaters, they’re Weasley’s!” “I don’t understand it either, maybe the family was threatened and they are doing this to protect them. I don’t like this but I know what I heard, they are going after me and you, if we let them know we aren’t together anymore they will leave you alone and come after me.” The Common Room door opened, the Twins walked in, better now than ever. “Sorry Hermione but I would rather you hate me and live than love me and die.” He had said it before and it was still true. “I don’t care what you say I saw you with him! Just studying my ass he never studies! One would think the smartest witch of Hogwarts would be able to come up with a better excuse!” Hermione cowered back into the corner. “Oh come on I knew it! I can’t believe you I spend a few days in the hospital and you’re already jumping into someone’s bed! Never speak to me again damn it.” Harry turned around hoping his performance was good enough to fool the Twins. “No problem you bloody git!” Hermione stomped off past the Twins headed for the Library where she would be left alone to cry.

Apparently the Gossip Group, Lavender Brown and the Patil Twins, had heard the fight and the news was known in the entire school before everyone went to bed. Quite amazing how fast news can spread amongst teens. The Golden Trio was breaking up over Hermione. Some rumors said Hermione was with someone else but no one really believed those, who else would have the mud blood but those two? Ron and Ginny were confused since they knew that Hermione and Harry had broken up before that fight, and Ron was

“busy” with Cho at the time, not Hermione. Ron was worried when he was talking to Cho as several Ravenclaw students glared at him but Cho knew the truth so he wasn’t in any trouble. Hermione did not show up for breakfast until the last minute grabbing some toast and juice before heading to class. Thankfully Divination was first for Harry so he didn’t have to see Hermione just yet but next class how would that work? “Come on Harry in the bones it says you will uh, is that a goose or a duck?” Ron was trying to cheer him up. “I think a flock of geese with attack you carrying you off to the someplace, does it matter, where, uh, let’s say that’s a pile of gold, you will find a great treasure. I know you don’t die but maybe a sack of gold falls on you crushing you under its tremendous weight.” Harry smiled trying to mask the pain inside. “Thanks Brother but treasure isn’t always gold.” Ron smiled back while Harry read his “fortune”.

Just barely getting through class with Hermione Harry had a new worry. That night was supposed to be a DADA class down in the Quidditch Field but with Hermione angry he wasn’t sure if she would show up or not. Luckily she did for she was to show the new wandless technique of casting simple spells. “Now the point of going wandless is that several spells are ineffective against you. The Expelliarmus spell doesn’t work unless there is something in your hand, to show this I will have Harry cast it on me while I hold nothing. Harry?” Harry raised his wand pointing it straight at her. “Expelliarmus” The spell hit Hermione in the chest but nothing happened. “See? No wand or weapon results in absolutely any affect what so ever. Now if I do it to Harry, Expelliarmus!” She stuck her hand out hitting Harry square in the chest knocking him backwards as his wand left his hand. “Now you see how quick that was? He never saw it coming for I didn’t have a wand in my hand. Imagine what kind of tactical advantage that gives any of you. Now you may not be able to cast a stunning spell as easily as you do with a wand, but with practice I assure you should all be able to do the basic spell casting.” Harry got up getting his wand. “Now break into pairs and practice casting the disarming charm until you have it mastered or until your butt hurts from being knocked on it so many times.” A laugh filled the Quidditch Field followed by many disarming spells and only a few people saying “Ouch.” After ten minutes of constant casting the students were getting better and better almost all of them able to cast the spell with out trouble. “Ok next spell will be a fun one. Since most

of you are sore from being knocked down I figured this spell will help make up for it.” Before he could go farther Hermione stuck her hand out. “Rictusempra!” Harry couldn’t help but laugh, literally. The tickling spell had a hold of him causing him to laugh until he started to go blue in the face from not being able to breath. “As you saw I disabled my opponent with such a simple spell. Death Eaters use Unforgivable spells, all three of which have no affect on Harry and as you just saw he is not invincible. The reason being that he has built a defense against the others, one being blocked since he was a baby, but the spell I used had him on the ground ready to pass out. No spell is weaker then the other just depends on who you use it on, have fun with it and when you are comfortable with it you may leave.” Hermione left Harry on the ground still clutching his sides breathing hard after the side splitting laugh he had.

Harry stayed until everyone was finished to make sure no one stayed on the Quidditch Field to pull a “Ron and Cho”. Walking out of the Quidditch Field someone called his name from the entrance to the locker rooms. Walking over getting his wand out he was ready for almost anything. Standing in the entrance was a Slytherin, Pansy Parkinson, in very little clothing. “Pansy do I need to take points off of you?” “No but you can take the rest of my clothes off.” In as seductive of a voice she could muster Pansy spun to show Harry all her “goods”. “What the hell is this about Pansy?” Harry was worried this was a trap looking around for Draco and his goons. “Oh come off it Potter you broke up with the mud blood and are open for business aren’t you? Even if you are Gryffindor’s Golden Seeker you are still a very sexy man.” She started to walk towards him with a sway in her hips. “Stay right there Slytherin Slut.” Harry jumped nearly three feet turning around to see Blaise with her wand out. “What do you want bitch? If you want Harry you are just going to wait for me to finish with him.” Blaise laughed keeping her wand pointed at Pansy. “Sorry Slytherin Slut but you can have him if he wants you but I thought he should know about all your exploits, like Crabbe, Goyle, Flint, and of course Harry’s favorite person in the world Draco.” Pansy clenched her fist walking towards Blaise. “Shut up right now bitch I won’t let you ruin this for me. I already got one Gryffindor and this one is next on my list. By the time I’m done I will own this school with all the boys wrapped around my finger waiting on me hand and foot just so I choose them for the night.” This time Harry laughed though not as hard as he had

when Hermione put the tickling charm on him. "You are kidding right? You think I would want someone who has let Draco touch them? Although I like your nickname I don't like you or find you attractive in the least bit." Pansy turned around turning her back on Blaise. "You still want the mud blood don't you Potter? How good could that little book worm be? Does she read when you are shagging or does she just do homework until you are done?" Pansy was soon squawking like an ostrich as she had been transfigured into one. "Blaise that is a bit of advanced magic, how did you do it?" She shrugged. "Something I learned from the boys." Remembering her talking to the Twins he had to ask. "Which boys?" She blushed even in the dark Harry could see the red on her face. "That's none of your business. I have to go." Blaise ran away leaving Harry with a ostrich that was running around flapping its short stubby wings. "Hey Pansy you realize that only male ostriches have the black and white feathers?" The ostrich stopped running looking behind seeing the black and white plumage. "Squawk!"

Three days later Pansy the Ostrich was caught and changed back. Going into the Great Hall one would see 50 points had been taken off of Slytherin putting them back into negative points. Slytherin was not having a good year. Ron had a good laugh when he told the story about what happened getting Harry a little worried about the news he had to tell his Brother next. "The girl I told you about, Blaise, she was talking to your brothers about a plan that involves me." Ron was interested at this. "What kind of plan?" "Not sure. Your brothers were trying to talk her out of involving the whole school and just go after me." Harry gave Ron a look that told him what couldn't say. "You think she is a Death Eater and she is using my brothers? Why would she go to them for it though? I know that the tricks they have are pretty advanced but still why didn't she go to one of her own?" Harry shrugged. "When Voldemort was showing me Hermione he showed her in places that he couldn't have gone but a Gryffindor could, or the Prefect bathroom, only a girl could go in their so Blaise could have been that one." Ron shook his head sighing out relief, what he was relieved about Harry didn't know. "Come on Harry to go in the Prefect bathroom you need to be a Prefect or have one let you in right?" Harry nodded. "But Pansy and Blaise don't get along, so how could she get in?" Harry had no idea. "My brothers are not helping a Death Eater, they might be planning something but I know they aren't

helping a Death Eater.” “I hope so Brother, I hope so.” Harry did hope Ron was right but something inside him told him that it couldn’t be.

Classes were starting to pick up as the OWLs and NEWTs got closer and closer. Hermione was either in the library or with a teacher prying into their minds for help. Ron was busy with Wizard Chess or Quidditch books completely unnerved. Harry was reading although not as much as Hermione was. He had gone through his school books over the summer and the DADA book he bought at Hogsmeade several times. He knew he would pass DADA but his other subjects were going to be tricky. Divination didn’t really matter so he never opened the book unless he was in class. Transfiguration was alright especially since he could control his hair and his fingernails. He had worked on his toenails getting them to twist and curl as they grew into different designs. Other transfiguration was a problem not being able to turn a money bank into a pig but he was working on it. Neville seemed to be going into panic attacks whenever a book was opened one time screaming when someone mentioned potions. Harry was worried that at first the stress would get to himself when he finally found that he could remember what he read, he knew what he read, he wasn’t going to worry. Devin on the other hand was constantly meditating to keep calm and his nerves under control. Monica had help studying from Ginny who said it was good practice for her next year. The Daily Prophet arrived one morning with bad news. The news had not been very good for the past few months but wasn’t so bad as to cause people to breakdown until that morning. 3 Dragons Disappear From Dragon Ranch After Death Eater Attack! Pictures showed huts burning and people crying. Harry and most of Gryffindor was surprised to recognize one of the people in the picture. “Charlie! It says here that there were several injuries but no deaths. But that’s Charlie, even in black and white his red hair shows.” Ron and Ginny left the Great Hall with Cho and Monica close behind, one to console their boyfriend and one to console their best friend. “I can’t believe this happened! How is Voldemort controlling the dragons? This isn’t good they can be tough to control and if Voldemort can we are in trouble aren’t we?” Hermione was about to say something when she saw it was Harry who had spoke. She still hated him for what he did even though she still loved him. That was the price of love, to care about someone enough that they could hurt you unlike anyone else.

The rules at Hogwarts had been tightened. No one allowed after curfew, not even Prefects or the Head Boy and Girl. The Astronomy Tower was finally rebuilt although it went unused as no one was allowed out after 9, not even for class, and no couples dared go up there for a snogging session with the new strict punishments. Harry was busy trying to get to Quidditch practice, study for OWLs, homework, and Prefect meetings/duties all while trying to figure out what Blaise and the Twins were up to and who it was letting all the Dark Creatures in. He needed a break and got one unexpectedly one morning. In the Great Hall he was eating breakfast getting annoyed by the coughing from the Hufflepuff. Every time one of them touched a fork they coughed. It was amusing at first but was getting annoying the more it happened. The Ravenclaw table wasn't much better yelling "Woo!" whenever one of them touched someone of the opposite sex, a simple elbow to arm was enough, while sitting down. Harry was highly amused by the Slytherin table though as every time someone sneered all the juice in the glasses would shoot up into the air spraying all the Slytherin students which happened almost every minute. So far it seemed Gryffindor had lucked out making Harry suspicious. He wished now that he hadn't made Hermione so mad so he could talk to her when she got there. The Slytherin table finally got fed up with being sprayed with juice and tried to leave finding they were unable to as their butts were glued to their seats. Finally Hermione came in and sat down as far away from Harry as possible. The second she touched a spoon all the silverware at the table shot up into the air and stuck in the ceiling. Several Gryffindor students yelped in pain as some were holding onto the silverware at the time it shot into the ceiling. It seemed everyone was glued to their seats making everyone mad. The teachers seemed slightly amused by what had happened to their students. "I see someone is taking April 1st as an invitation to have some fun with their fellow students. Now it was funny at first but some may want to eat today and leave for class soon." As soon as Dumbledore clapped his hands together there was a bright pink flash. Blinking and rubbing his eyes Harry saw that everyone was now pink. Their clothes, skin, hair, even their eyes were pink. All the tables, the food, silverware in the ceiling, all pink. "Well then I do say that was different." Dumbledore took his glasses off now that the lenses were pink and he was unable to see through them. "I hope whoever did this knows that this kind of magic is highly

difficult and even if I am impressed if you are caught you will be given detention.” Dumbledore sat down quietly going back to his breakfast.

It seemed that the Great Hall wasn't the only thing affected. The entire castle was pink inside and out. The Gryffindor Common Room was pink, the dorms were pink, even the clothes inside the trunks were pink. It appeared to have been the same as all the students were still wearing pink. Ron walked up behind Harry patting him on the back. “See told you they weren't Death Eaters.” Harry felt like he had just been punched in the stomach as he realized what had happened. “That's why they were talking with Blaise; they needed someone inside of Slytherin. How did you know this?” Ron Smiled. “They came to me so I would ask Cho to get Ravenclaw.” Ok so now that explained everyone but Hufflepuff. “Who got Hufflepuff?” “Will Flitwick's best friend is in Hufflepuff and she agreed to put the charmed boxes in the places they were supposed to be. Took quite awhile for them to plan it that it did.” Harry was thinking about all the plans he had heard about this year, it all fit. “Is this what you are doing? I remember you were talking to your counselor about a plan to prove you were ready to be back, is this it?” Ron shook his head. “No I did that already this was just a fun thing to do.” Harry laughed hard as they went to class with everything still pink.

That night Harry had a new worry. If it wasn't the Twins and Blaise then who was it that was spying for Voldemort? It was hard to study as all the books were pink hurting everyone's eyes. Potions was tomorrow, oh what a sight Snape will be. Harry was looking in the mirror at his pink hair and eyes. Even without them being green his eyes still reminded him of his mother and the girl from his dreams. He wondered about making himself bald like he had in class but his bright pink head made him think of something that was very wrong. Professor Binns class was a little more interesting since even he was pink but it wasn't enough to keep most of the class awake. He tried to pay attention now that he didn't have Hermione to share notes with but it just wasn't going to happen. Harry opened his Charms book trying to read it while Professor Binns went on about some Goblin Revolt from the 1700's. Harry had gotten the book from the library hoping it might have something useful that he hadn't already learned soon becoming disappointed.

Harry hadn't realized he was asleep seeing Hermione from a different point of view. It reminded him of when Voldemort would show her to him but different. There was no evil force, there was no blood red eyes staring at him, he recognized who was looking at Hermione. "Ron!" Everyone who wasn't asleep stared at him, in other words Hermione and Ron. "What the hell was that Mate?" Harry shook his head, it couldn't be, Ron was his brother. It was different, there wasn't anything evil this time, maybe he had just linked with Ron somehow. After all he couldn't have been in Prefect bathroom. "Sorry I just fell asleep and saw a herd of flobber worm mice mutants eating you. It's your fault for giving me the idea from Divination." Ron laughed quietly. "Gee Mate thanks for the concern." Going back the charms book he saw that where he had left it open when he fell asleep had drool.

Classes being over Harry was too tired to do much. Going up to his room he saw the strangest bird ever. He hadn't recognized it as an owl until it started to hoot. "Hedwig!" Even the owls had been turned pink. He saw the letter on his bed opening it.

Dear Harry;

I have heard from a source that you and the Granger girl have finally broken up. I told you she only wanted you because you were famous. It's not your fault, I remember being young, not that I'm very old even less compared to Dumbledore. Sorry your first girlfriend turned out to be what she was.

The reason I am writing you is to tell you that I am a free man! Peter was caught at the Dragon Ranch unconscious giving the Ministry proof he was alive and with Veritaserum he told the whole story. They have given me a million, that's right, a million Galleons in compensation for my wrongful imprisonment and past couple years of hiding as a fugitive. I know I don't have to tell you that I would give it all away if only to get one of the years I missed being your God Father.

Another thing Harry, with you two breaking up will it be a problem this summer? Her parents are still here and are worried about how you feel. They said they will be willing to leave if it is what you want even though the young Granger said she still wants to stay here. I am sorry



that things didn't end well for you two but now you are free to find someone better. Didn't you have a crush on that cute Asian girl from Ravenclaw? She is the Seeker for the Quidditch team if I remember correctly. Or what about that Blonde girl you told me about, Monica? I talked to her mother for Order business and she says her daughter has been single the whole year, wouldn't it be nice to date her, someone who doesn't want you because you are famous. If you had listened to me at Christmas this never would have happened would it? I know I am not your father, Granger made that clear enough, but I consider you my son and did not want you hurt. If you need to talk to me about anything just write and I will try and help.

Sirius

"Someone better? I can't believe Sirius thought that about Hermione. I broke up with her, not that I can tell him why. Damn it Sirius." Harry got a piece of parchment and a quill and wrote a short reply.

Sirius

It's ok for them to stay. I broke up with her for my own reasons none of them as you say. I am happy you are finally free, what about Buck Beak? Cho is with Ron and I have no interest in Monica besides as a friend and Quidditch player. Will see you in June which seems so soon now, to go home, a real home.

Harry

Handing it to Hedwig he went to his bed and fell asleep almost as soon as his head hit the pillow.

Harry was tired of Ron shaking him in the morning, all he had to do was wake him up without shaking him like an English Nanny shakes a baby to shut it up. "Damn it Ron I was having a good dream." Ron raised an eye brow. "Did it involve a lovely Brunette named Mione?" Harry scowled at him. "Hey not my fault you were talking in your sleep Mate. If you miss her so much why don't you tell her?" Harry sat up pushing Ron away. "Because as long as she hates me she isn't a target. Hell I wish you would get mad at me sometimes just so I wouldn't worry about losing my Brother." Ron pushed back rather

hard, more than Harry had pushed him anyways. "Don't say that I could never really hate you. I know I throw tantrums or the time in the tunnel, but I couldn't hate you Mate, you are the only brother I have who has been a true friend, much closer than any of the other gits who call themselves my brothers." It was then that Harry noticed something had returned. "Hey nothing is pink." "Yeah it ended at midnight. Blaise and the Twins actually went through with it, I can't believe them." Harry saw that Ron had no problem with Blaise, a Slytherin. "You trust her? I know she hasn't done anything to us, hell last year she didn't even wear one of those 'Potter Stinks' badges but can we trust her?" Ron shrugged. "I don't know Mate but my brothers seem to have fallen for her. The Quidditch team might be a little uneasy for the last game seeing as how the Beaters broke up with two of the Chasers but shouldn't affect it too much right?" Harry had no idea that had happened. "Wait they both broke up with their girlfriends for Blaise? How the hell does that work?" "Who knows Mate, she doesn't seem to mind though. I talked to her a couple times helping with the plan and she seems ok. Maybe the Sorting Hat put her in the wrong House." Harry remembered the Hat, he would do well in Slytherin but he wanted Gryffindor and so he was put there. His choice changed his fate

Choices on his mind he went into Potions. Snape seemed to be in more of a foul mood than ever. "Now for today we have the Budokai Potion, used in Ancient Japan to give the maker strength, speed, and courage. Banned in the 1860's during the Meiji Era of peace it was also used by Wizards in England during the war against the Nazi forces. Given to muggles they hoped that the young men sent over to fight would be able to defeat the enemy without many casualties. Sadly it led to more deaths than there should have been since they had false courage in battle, something that no one would recommend. Make it and give it to a rat, if they show the effects I want you will pass, if not you will fail. Begin." Harry chose not to laugh as Neville nearly spilled an entire flask of Mandrake Juice into his cauldron when you were only supposed to add a tablespoon. He chose to laugh as Malfoy almost the same thing except he did pour it all. "Potter that isn't very nice to laugh at a handicapped person, 10 points." Even Gryffindor glared at him, they hated Malfoy but he did only have one arm. "Sorry Professor Snape it was Neville almost doing it and then Malfoy actually doing it, for a minute I thought they

had switched seats. Malfoy does need to be pitied becoming even worse than Neville. Wonder how he will catch the Snitch during our Quidditch match, well, except he never did catch the Snitch did he?" Harry chose not to back down, Harry chose to milk this for all it was worth, his hatred for Malfoy had only grown since he broke up with Hermione and Malfoy found out about it. "What is this Potter? Another 10 points seems to have been lost for Gryffindor." Harry could have chosen to shut up as everyone at his table was telling him to but he felt an urge, he had to choose to continue. "Someone mad they haven't seen the House or Quidditch Cup since I got here? Must be a fond memory being able to hold that trophy, how many times was it on your shelf? Not that you could pick it up, at least not by yourself." Harry smiled waiting for Snape to reply, where this bout of courage, or stupidity, came from he wasn't sure. He hadn't even finished his potion so it wasn't the false courage. "20 points. What has gotten into you Potter?" Harry was sure he saw a hint of concern on Snape's face, a tone of concern when he spoke. "Not what has gotten into me but what I was able to get into." He motioned his hand towards Hermione who went red from embarrassment and anger. "Potter while you may feel like a man I will have to crush those fantasies. 50 points and detention." Harry laughed loudly. "Oh sure Snapey, want me to tell you stories of holding the trophy? I can get a picture of it for you if you want me to." What the hell was wrong with him? Why couldn't he stop? "100 points and another detention!" Snape was trying to keep his class under control.

Devin stood up pointing his wand in the air. "Sorry Harry! Stupefy!" The spell went up into the ceiling then came down hitting Devin on top of the head. When Devin collapsed Harry felt his courage go away, filled with emptiness followed by fear at what had happened. "What the bloody hell is happening to you?" Snape ran over checking on Devin who was just knocked out from the spell. "Devin, it was him, he did something to me. I'm sorry for what I said Professor Snape." Harry knew Devin had lost control of his emotions but why? Why was he the only one affected? Devin must have figured it out which was why he stunned himself. "I see Potter you did not mean to disrespect me did you?" Harry shook his head. "Fine, I'll take one detention off. "Ennervate!" Devin came to. "Sorry Harry I didn't mean to, please don't tell my mom." Harry held a hand out to help him up. "What the hell was that about Stark? What did you do to Potter here?" "I don't

know, I was sitting there when I felt a spell hit me from under the table. All of a sudden I felt an emotion fill me up and come out in one direction, at Harry. I thought maybe he had cast it on me but he wouldn't have, he couldn't have, I don't know what that was. Harry started acting like a jackass not being able to stop, my emotions made him do it, it's my fault, give me detention not him Professor Snape." Snape walked back to the front of the class. "Well then I don't think I told you to stop making your potion did I? 50 points from Slytherin." This confused everyone, why had he taken points off of them? Maybe he knew one of them had cast the spell that hit Devin.

Harry was stuck in detention but did it without complaint. He deserved it, he had said things that were disrespectful to a Professor and so needed to be punished. What had happened to Devin no one was able to figure out. Nearing ten o'clock Harry was let go by Snape to go back to the Gryffindor Common Room. On the way he heard talking coming from another hallway. "He really should be kept under watch after what happened Diane." Diane? Who was that? "Albus I will not have my son watched like a lab rat! What happened in class has nothing to do with what you are talking about, he will be fine." Diane Krats, or Stark, had to be. "You know what my beliefs on this are, what happened to your son hurt him in ways we couldn't have predicted. If his emotions were let out until he had none left the consequences would be negative." Hearing Dumbledore using a stern voice was foreign to Harry. "I don't believe that! He isn't some thing but a living human being! If you weren't my boss..." "Go ahead Diane, he is your son and whatever you say will not affect your job. He isn't a thing, he is a living being, but his soul was..." "FINE! Old Man I don't care what you think I know my son, what happened that night did hurt him and it made these powers worse but he is still my son! I won't have him watched just so you can confirm some wild idea that is so off the wall it can't be true!" Harry couldn't believe someone could talk to Dumbledore like that. "With what happened with the young Malfoy when Devin damaged part of the castle he was weak afterwards. He needed to build up emotions and feelings to power his body. He had only used a small portion of them and look what he did and what happened to his body. If his soul was..." Diane Krats, Stark, interrupted Dumbledore again. "Shut up Old Man, I've had enough of this! I want this job, need this job, and my kids are doing well here, don't make me do something that will jeopardize that." Harry ran off

so he would not be caught when Professor Krats, Diane Stark, turned her back on Dumbledore and started her way down the hall.

Harry getting back to the Common Room saw that everyone had gone to bed already. He wasn't expecting anyone to wait for him really after he had made Hermione mad and Ron was busy with homework all the time. Going up to his dorm room he saw that Ron wasn't there. He panicked at first thinking something bad had happened but realized it was Ron, knowing him he went down to the kitchens to get food. Slipping into bed Harry wondered to himself about Devin. Devin was sleeping, harmless, yet what had happened yesterday, and Dumbledore talking, and the first time he saw Devin use his strange power, could Devin really be that dangerous? Were they in danger with Devin being here? He could hurt people that Harry had seen first hand with Malfoy but would he hurt others who didn't deserve it? "Go to bed Harry you need the sleep and it will keep you from worrying." Laying down he fell into a deep sleep uninterrupted by nightmares.

Waking up early Harry saw that Ron still wasn't there when Harry got ready for his morning run. "Hey Devin are you ok?" Devin turned around getting his shoes on. "Why wouldn't I be?" Harry responded "I don't know Devin I just wanted to make sure. I don't blame you for what happened in Potions and I wanted to make sure you didn't think I did. Sorry." Devin laughed. "Oh come on Harry like I would worry about something like that." Harry wasn't sure if he was offended or relieved. "Well we are friends aren't we?" Devin laughed again. "Come on Harry you really think that? Sorry but I don't have friends. That would require me to care about something which leads to emotions which leads to destruction. Caring about my mother and sister is enough for me to deal with without caring about others." "What about yourself?" Harry was now offended, he tried to be friends with Devin yet Devin was being well, himself. "Nope. Just be glad that if I had the chance to kill you I wouldn't. It's a lot easier not caring about others since all it does is lead to pain." Devin got up and left without saying another word.

Finishing the run Harry got ready for classes. Hermione was ignoring him as was Devin leaving him with Ron to practice different curses on each other. Ron was having a hard time using his right arm and so he

switched to his left hand causing some dangerous affects. "Brother its swish, swipe, swish, jab, not swish, swish, swipe, jab! You nearly took my head off with that spell." The hole behind him looked rather nasty making him glad he had his Seeker reflexes. "Sorry Mate, using my left hand is about as good as using my right hand." Harry winced at the mention of the right hand still wrapped up in bandages. "It is ok Brother I can dodge them you slow poke." Ron tried another spell getting the wand movement wrong again making it stronger and different from the spell it was suppose to be. "See?" Ron and Harry laughed as Professor Krats went over and took the wand out of Ron's hand. "Ok you pass this part of the class just don't cast anymore spells!" Handing it back to Ron he sat down smiling. "Cool, do half the work, most of it wrong, and get to pass. If only Snape was so nice." "Professor Snape." Harry corrected Ron. "Whatever Mate. Why you call him that is wrong, he is a Death Eater, even if he works for Dumbledore, doesn't mean we should respect him." Harry frowned. "He saved my life in our first year, help us both in our second year, been teaching us for 5 years, he deserves respect for he has earned it even if he does act like a bloody git most of the time." "Ok Mate if you say so." Ron raised an eyebrow as they watched the rest of the class doing the assignment, successfully.

"What is going on with you and Hermione now? She still mad at you?" Harry looked at Ron with a look to make Snape proud. "What do you think? I did it on purpose though so can't be mad at her. It's for Hermione's own good." Watching Hermione send spell after hex after curse at Neville Harry felt the rage inside grow. Why couldn't he be happy with her? Why did Voldemort have to ruin everything? She was so beautiful, moving gracefully as Neville tried to curse her back. "You still love her don't you Mate?" Harry nodded before he realized what he was agreeing to. "Then how does that protect her? If she still means something to you You-Know-Who will still be after her. It doesn't matter if she hates you if you still care for her." Ron in a moment of maturity shone brightly, he was right, if Hermione hated him but he didn't hate her how was he protecting her? He had to hate her; he needed to hate her to protect her. "Although I doubt she hates you Mate, how many times have me and her had a row? She may not talk to me for a bit but she never hated me." Harry sighed. "You never fought over what we did. You never hurt her like I did, have you?" Wrong question. "Shut up Potter!" Ron had his wand out pointed at

Harry point blank range. "Sorry Ron, I didn't think..." "No you didn't think, if you had you never would have said that." Ron put his wand away. "Sorry, I know you forgave me, and she did to, but I still feel bad about it. Don't say anything." Ron cut Harry off before he could say anything else.

Harry back in the Common Room tried to think of a way to hate Hermione. She had to of done something to make him hate her, something worse then anything he could remember. If she hadn't showed up on the Quidditch Field he could hate her for that incident but she did, she did love him. How could he protect her, or Ron? Ron was his Brother and had to be a target but he couldn't make Ron mad, not after what happened. If he just left into the Muggle world he would protect them, if he just got his things together and left, that would work right? But Voldemort would still be around and Harry had to kill him, he had to kill Voldemort for what he had done. Harry stood up and went to the dorm room to gather some things together for his new mission. If Voldemort was the one causing all his problems he would be a problem solver by taking care of his problems head on. Harry so busy with his thoughts never heard the door open. "What are you doing Harry?" Devin walked over looking into the bottomless pack that Harry had. "None of your business." Harry shoved some clothes into the pack trying to think of anything else he would need. "Hmmm, going somewhere from the looks of it. What are going to do Harry?" "I said none of your business!" Harry shoved Devin out of his way as he headed for the door. "Harry whatever you are thinking of doing I wouldn't do it. First it is close to curfew, second you don't seem to be in a right mind, and third you have Prefect Duty tonight." Harry couldn't stop, he had made his mind up and was going to solve his problems. "It is NONE of your business!" Harry slammed the door as he ran down the stairs deciding which Hogsmeade tunnel to use.

Finally making it into the basement of Honeydukes he crept up the stairs. The door was closed and locked, from the other side. "Alohomora!" The door swung open. Harry went through and got to the other door, once he opened this door, once he left, he could not turn back. Harry's hand reached for the doorknob when he heard yelling. "What the hell do you think you're doing kid? You broke into my store!" Harry should have realized there would be security of

some kind. "I'm sorry Sir, I didn't break in I was just..." "Stupefy!" Harry fell to the floor not achieving his goal, not solving his problem.

Harry woke up to the sight of Tonks, Sirius, and Dumbledore. He wasn't in the hospital wing recognizing it as Dumbledore's office. "So Harry I see you have finally woken up. What the bloody hell were you thinking!" Sirius grabbed him by the front of his shirt and picked him off the floor. "I hope you really were just breaking into Honeydukes and not planning something stupid." Sirius pushed Harry into a chair as Dumbledore spoke. "I do not believe you were breaking into Honeydukes Harry as that would be wrong. You may break the rules but you would never do that would you Harry? Please explain your actions." Harry crossed his arms on his lap. "I had something I needed to do." Sirius stood behind Harry placing his hand on top of Harry's head. "You're going to have to do better than that Harry. Your father never did anything this stupid, or got caught doing something this stupid, what were you doing?" Harry shook his head to get Sirius's hand off his head. "None of your business Sirius." This time Tonks spoke up. "Harry it is our business, you are family to Sirius, so please tell us, we won't be angry." Harry sighed. "I was taking care of a problem." "And what problem requires you to be out that late? We found your pack, it had some things in it that leads me to believe you were running away. You know Hogwarts is the safest place so why would you leave it?" Dumbledore adjusted his glasses. "I wasn't running away! I was going to take of a problem. You are wrong Dumbledore, Hogwarts was the safest place but with me there it becomes a target, the students become a target, so I was going to make it safe again." Sirius tossed Harry his pack. "So you were running away so Voldemort wouldn't go after it? He will still go after it, Hogwarts, the Ministry, these two places will always be targets as long as..." Sirius finally knew what Harry meant by "solving a problem". "Harry do you really think you could kill Voldemort? You don't even know where he is! Even if you did his Death Eaters, his Dementors, you wouldn't get close to him." Harry hung his head down, he hadn't thought that far ahead either. How would he find Voldemort? How could he get close enough to kill him? "Harry you did break several rules and so you will have 50 points taken from Gryffindor and you lose your privilege to the Prefect Bathroom for one month." Harry understood what he had done was wrong, he did break the rules, but he had failed, he always failed even when he was trying



to do something good. "Sorry Sirius, Dumbledore, Tonks, it won't happen again." "Damn right it won't Harry, I told you not to leave the castle! You are safer here then just about anywhere else. Thankfully your friend told us that you were acting strangely." "Ron?" Harry hadn't seen Ron so how did he know what he was doing? "No the other one, blonde kid, the American." Sirius tried to think of the name but Harry already knew. "You mean Devin, and he is not my friend, he is just someone who if I had the chance to kill I wouldn't." It's what Devin told him so Harry thought it would fit. "Harry please head back to your dorm room, you need to sleep and be ready for classes tomorrow." Sirius waved his hand not looking at Harry.

A/N Hey may be awhile for the next chapter. I got the first 8 up quick since I had already made them before I found This one was about halfway done when I posted those up. But now I need a way to take the story to the ending that I have in mind. It may turn into a Inuyasha(for anyone who's seen the show, all 167 episodes you know what I mean) ending but I have book 6 in my head already so this story may be rushed to finish it before my head explodes. Thanks for the 2 reviews so far, and IDK, I read 2 other HP FFs and they sucked so hopefully this one will make up for them! Also look out for my Daria FF College Pains coming when I get the 8th chapter finished.

AA/NN Dang it, my PC is screwing up a lot lately so formatting HDs, then replacing them with a larger one, and then doing more tech work when the 320gig HD gets here. So I may need to re-upload everything soon. Sorry for the inconvenience.

## Chapter 10 Hell Hath No Fury

A/N I know the story changes, the format anyways. I was too lazy to do it before. But since I got some mail commenting on it I figured I better change it quick. If I was really energetic could go back and redo the whole thing but that's not my style.

Life slowly disintegrated for Harry. Devin was ignoring him, Monica was to, and with Monica her best friend Ginny. Hermione was ignoring him like before leaving Harry with Ron, except Cho was taking up a lot of his time. Harry had plenty of time for studying things he already knew. He was reading more and more, had actually finished the Necronomicon, Defense and Offense, Teach Yourself and Others, and Hogwarts, A History with many more. He had a hard time with Hogwarts, A History since he kept remembering Hermione reading it, always pulling out little facts that no one needed to know; now he knew those facts. Salazar Slytherin had left after a dispute with the others over Muggle Born witches and wizards never to return. Nothing on the Chamber of Secrets or on the secret tunnels or other interesting things Harry knew, had found out with his friends. "So now what boy? You have ended up alone, isn't this what you wanted? Of course, you failed in killing Voldemort but hey what could you do? Don't even know where he is. I bet the Malfoy boy knows..." The voice was back and this time had a good point. Harry set down the current book, A History of Merlin, and decided to find Malfoy, couldn't be that hard with the Marauder Map.

Draco was in the Slytherin Common Room, a place Harry couldn't go, normally. He didn't know if he could trust her, but the Twins did, and if he made it up as a prank she would probably love it. He got Hedwig and sent a letter to Blaise who was also in the Slytherin Common Room. He went to the Great hall Entrance to wait. Several minutes later Blaise showed up. "What do you want Harry?"

Harry motioned to her to follow him to an empty room. "I don't know what you're thinking Harry but it better not be what I am thinking." Harry shook his head.

"I got a great idea for a prank but I need to be able to get into the Slytherin Common Room. I don't know the password and if the

entrance opens with no one entering it would look strange. I have a way to make myself invisible and want to follow you into your Common Room so I could pull my prank on Malfoy." She thought about it for a minute but agreed. "Ok I will be back in a few, you will know it is me when the door opens and no one enters." He did as he said and was ready for what he planned.

Following Blaise closely he remembered the last time he was in the Slytherin Common Room with Ron, no Hermione since she had used a cat hair for her Polyjuice Potion, as Crabbe and Goyle. As the entrance opened he could feel the air change around him, it felt like it was thick with something, like a fog, but there was none. "Does it always feel like this?" He whispered to Blaise.

"Like what?" She whispered back letting him pass her. Harry went up the stairs to find Malfoy in his dorm room. Entering he saw Malfoy was alone, closing the door as quietly as possible Harry cast a silencing charm on the door so no one would hear Malfoy scream.

"So Malfoy are you ready?" Malfoy snapped his head up looking around the room, no one was there. "Foolish Slytherin, you may want to pray to whatever god you believe in." This time Malfoy stood getting his wand out.

"Who are you? What are you talking about?" Harry cast a binding spell dropping Malfoy to the floor before removing his cloak. "Potter! When my Father..." Harry stands on Malfoy's chest wand inches away from his face.

"You'll what? Your Father? He is in jail Malfoy and soon you will be begging to join him." Harry tapped Malfoy on the nose with his wand before picking up Malfoy's wand.

"You are so dead Potter! When I tell Snape they are going to expel you!" Harry tried not to laugh without any results.

"Are you kidding me Malfoy? Then I will be able to do what I want! They expel me I go out into the world to hunt down the one thing on this planet I truly hate. But first you are going to tell me Death Eater,

where is your Lord?" Harry twirled both wands in his fingers waiting for a response. "I see, you aren't going to tell me. Well as long as I have your wand no one will be able to trace these next few spells back to me. Wonder what this one does." Harry waves Malfoy's wand reciting an incantation he read in the Necronomicon. Malfoy started to shake making no noise before boils started popping out all over his body. "Hmmm, interesting. I wonder what this spell does." Harry does another spell causing all the hair and nails on Malfoy's body to burst into flame. This time Malfoy did scream, for help. "Malfoy no one can hear you, I cast a silencing charm before I started this. Now, if you want this to stop tell me where Voldemort is."

Two hours later Harry left the Slytherin Tower with no information. Malfoy was either very loyal to Voldemort or really had no idea where Voldemort was. He went back to the Gryffindor Tower ready to rest on thoughts towards finding Voldemort when he literally ran into Filch. "Whose there?" Filch started swinging his broom around trying to find the 'thing' that had ran into him. Harry ducked it the first time but got hit the second time across the temple. "Ha there you are!" Filch grabbed Harry's cloak before Harry could cover himself back up with it. "You are coming with me!" Harry takes his Prefect badge out smiling.

"I am out on patrol, or do you want to deal with all the Weasley Twin jokes yourself?" Filch looks at the badge.

"Why are you using a cloak like this then?" He holds it in front of Harry between two fingers as though it was dirty.

"To catch them of course, they know I am a Prefect so if they don't know I'm there I can catch them in the act." Harry grabs the cloak out of Filch's hand.

"Fine then get out of my way." Filch pushes Harry out of the way in a huff leaving a smiling, lying, Harry Potter to go back to the Gryffindor Tower.

The next morning Harry woke up after seeing the girl again. She reached out for him calling him by name, it was starting to drive Harry

crazy. This girl says brother before, now cries out his name. Leaving the dorm room Harry waited for Dumbledore to tell him he was expelled. Instead he saw a very injured Malfoy, hair grown back and the boils removed, at breakfast looking like something Harry never thought he would see, broken. Harry was going to feel bad for Malfoy before realizing that Malfoy was a Death Eater, anything short of death itself was punishment for his ways. Malfoy begged him to stop; Harry came close to stopping once when he thought he had killed Malfoy. He may have wanted to hurt Malfoy but he wasn't a murderer, he wasn't going to kill a human, except for Voldemort which Harry doubted was human so wouldn't be going against his beliefs. Sitting down next to Ron he waited for someone to finish the Daily Prophet so he could read it. "Hey Mate, heard some rumors about you." Did Malfoy tell someone? Harry told him not to, or at least go tell Snape so Harry could be expelled, free from Hogwarts rules.

"What are they saying about me now?" Ron stabbed a piece of bacon with a fork. "You were seen with a girl, I heard it was Blaise. People are saying you pulled her into a room for a snogging session. My brothers were not amused until they talked to her." Harry didn't know what to say, snogging with Blaise?

"That isn't what I did. I had a prank to play on Malfoy and needed a Slytherin to let me into the Slytherin Tower. She was the only one I could ask since she would appreciate a good joke." Harry went to his food waiting for Ron to finish stuffing his face.

"What you do?" Now Harry was in trouble, he had to think of something didn't he?

"Well it won't happen yet. When it does you'll see Brother." It was the best he could think of.

"Alright." Ron went back to his food leaving Harry to think about what to do. If nothing happened Ron would get suspicious, if Harry did do something else Malfoy might do something back. "Why is your scar hurting boy? Thinking too hard? It is always hurting now isn't it?" The voice was back, it was taunting him? Why would a voice taunt him?

“Ron I need to see Dumbledore, tell Professor McGonagall I’ll be back as soon as possible when you get to class.” Harry stood up to go to Dumbledore’s office to wait. His scar was hurting a lot now, should he tell Dumbledore about the voice? He might end up in St. Mungo if he tells Dumbledore about that.

Getting to the entrance of Dumbledore’s office Harry saw the gargoyle guarding it. “Lemon Drop.” Nothing. “Botts Every Flavor Bean?” Nothing. “Chocolate Frog?” Bingo! The gargoyle left his post allowing Harry through. Walking into Dumbledore’s office Harry sees Fawkes sleeping on his roost. “Hello Harry what do I attribute this meeting to?” Dumbledore was sitting in his chair. “My scar.”

“I see, would you like a Lemon Drop?” Harry shakes his head sitting down.

“My scar hurts all the time. It hurts more when I’m around other students but it is always there.” No need to mention the voice, it had been helpful for the most part, only being wrong once with Malfoy.

“I see Harry and you are wondering why. It could be anything from Voldemort being more powerful to you being more powerful. Your scar connects you to Voldemort and Voldemort to you; he may be trying to hurt you without ever touching you.” Harry had these same thoughts, but why did it hurt more around students? “The student’s magic may amplify it or your scar could be trying to warn you. You do have friends here and enemies. I understand the young Malfoy and his friends aren’t exactly happy with their parents going to Azkaban and blame you for this. Your scar may be picking up on their thoughts, their hate towards you.” Dumbledore had read his mind; again, Harry was sure of it. So he thought to himself ‘But that doesn’t explain why it hurts more in the Gryffindor Common Room.’ To see if Dumbledore really could read minds. “Harry, is there something else on your mind?” Yes there was, and Harry knew Dumbledore could read minds, he just knew it.

“My scar hurts more when I am in the Common Room, no Slytherin students, yet it hurts more.”

“You and Hermione had a fight your scar could be picking up on her emotions towards you. I heard it didn’t end well between you two, a large fight in front of the other Gryffindor students from what I was told.” Dumbledore had no idea how bad it really was. “But I don’t really believe it was how they say it was, you were covering something up Harry. Were either of you threatened by the Death Eaters?” Damn it damn it damn it! Dumbledore could read minds. Wait, damn it! Just keep thinking that and he won’t know what else is going on in your mind.

“Uh no, it isn’t anyone’s business but our own. I just wanted to tell you my scar has been hurting to find out what you think it could be. I need to get to class.” Harry stood up leaving Dumbledore’s office before he could say anything else, or read his mind again.

Harry got through the day with his scar going from dull pain to an annoyance to near crying when he and Ron had to duel causing Ron to hit him twice with wrong spells. Ron said he felt bad but Harry saw it in his face, Ron was happy he had hit Harry. He had done something only Voldemort had done. After Tonks cleaned up the blood and fixed his clothing Ron and Harry got to sit for the rest of the class. “So what did you talk to Dumbledore about?”

“Not saying.”

“Come on Mate you can trust me right?” Harry really didn’t want to talk about even with his Brother. “Yes I can trust you but I don’t want to talk about alright?”

“Fine.” Ron opened up his bag and started getting out a Quidditch book.

“Why don’t you do your homework? You have at least ten minutes to get some done.” Ron looked up at Harry.

“Who do you think you are, Hermione?” Both Ron and Harry shut up after Hermione’s name was mentioned. “Sorry.” Both say this to the other not looking at each other.

“We shouldn’t be like this, she is still your friend Brother and I did break up with her. She didn’t do anything wrong.”

“Heh, she did something great from what you told me and Cho.” Harry tightened his hand into a fist.

“Shut up about that.” Ron brought his hands up in surrender.

“Alright sorry. Just think it is strange, it wasn’t supposed to happen like that.” Harry raised an eyebrow to this.

“Like what? You think we were going to break up anyways? Thanks.” Harry turned away from Ron.

“Not what I meant Mate, just that, well, never mind.” They waited for the class to end before heading to the Common Room until dinner.

Harry was done for the day, he now had no friends, no girlfriend, his God Father was mad at him, his voice taunted him, Harry’s day was done. Laying down in bed he heard Ron toss and turn in bed. He heard the other snore or breath all asleep, away from the world for the few hours they were asleep. Harry wrapped a pillow around his head trying to relax his mind, tried to empty it out as his scar hurt more and more until it burned with a fury. He could hear Ron making strange noises in his sleep while the scar continued to hurt more and more. Harry put a hand over his scar feeling the burn move into his hand. “I need Dumbledore.” Harry started to stand up until the pain racked his body sending him to the floor. This pain was different, it wasn’t physical, it wasn’t magical, not even the Crucio Ginny had cast could hurt this much. “Dumbledore, Sirius, anyone.” Crack “Mr. Harry Potter Sir, you called?” Dobby had come! “Dobby, get Dumbledore for me, please.” Crack Dobby disappeared, the minutes it took for Dumbledore to arrive seemed like decades to Harry as the pain spread out. His shaking knocked things over waking the others up. “Harry what are you doing?” Neville goes over to Harry only to jump away as the pain from Harry jumps into Neville when they touched. “Damn it Harry what the fuck is wrong with you?” Devin turned over trying to ignore Harry and the commotion. Harry was breaking under



the pain, he couldn't tell what was going on around him. He could hear more panicked yelling as his world ended in a wall of black.

Harry awoke in a similar room. "Madam Pomfrey?" She wasn't there, no one was. What did he expect? He had made everyone close to him mad one way or another. He felt his forehead, the scar was still there but didn't hurt. It was light out, was he only out for a few hours? A few days? He felt his chin, no beard had started to grow so couldn't have been too long. Harry got up and went over to the window. Nothing was going on, it was almost peaceful, but he wanted to see people, he didn't want to be alone. "Hello!" He yelled out the window not even getting an echo for a reply. "Hedwig!" He would give it a try, he hadn't made her mad, yet. Seconds later a large white owl flew into the room through a different window. "Hey girl, I don't have any treats, just wanted to see you." Harry held his arm out for Hedwig to jump on. Hedwig nipped his ear in appreciation, almost as though she was trying to whisper in his ear. "I know I haven't seen you much Hedwig. But I will have a letter for you to carry soon, just need to leave here when allowed." He would just leave but last time he did that he panicked people. "Hedwig, go get Dumbledore, or Madam Pomfrey, or anyone, let them know I am up." Harry stuck his arm out the window so Hedwig could take off.

Harry waited ten minutes before anyone came.

"So I see you are up Harry, are you feeling any better?" Dumbledore with Madam Pomfrey behind him entered the room.

"Yes, now. Did Dobby get you Dumbledore?" Dumbledore nodded.

"He said you seemed to be in a great bit of pain. Your friends said the same thing. What happened Harry?"

"I don't know. My scar started to hurt, I tried to make it go away, and it didn't."

"Well it appears our earlier conversation was not finished. How many times has this happened Harry?"

“Never. I would have told you if it had. I trust you Dumbledore, you would help me no matter what it was, and even if there was nothing you could do you would try to help me.” Madam Pomfrey finished checking Harry over leaving Harry to Dumbledore.

“Harry did you see or hear anything when this happened?” Harry shook his head.

“Well who was near you? Who was sleeping? I believe your scar detects the feelings around you, about you, so if someone was having a nightmare about you it could cause this.”

“Ron was sleeping, so was Neville, I think Seamus was to and Dean. Devin was probably the only one who was awake.” Harry wasn’t sure but maybe Dumbledore was on to something. “Or it could have been someone from the girl’s dormitory, if someone who didn’t like me had a dream about me it may not have been a nice one.” Hermione hated him; she was probably sleeping, so it could have been her.

“It could be the person you are thinking of Harry, how to tell we would need to watch you and them tonight.” Damn it Dumbledore was reading his mind again. “So boy what do you think? Comfortable with the old man watching you? He may not just read you mind when you are awake, your dreams would be invaded also. He might be able to tell you who that girl is you keep dreaming of though.”

“It’s ok Dumbledore I don’t need anyone to bother Hermione. She would get more mad at me if I did that to her.” Harry shrugged his shoulders rolling his head around cracking his neck. “Is it ok if I go back now? I sent Hedwig so I wouldn’t panic anyone like last time.”

“If Poppy says it’s ok you may leave Harry.” Dumbledore walked away while Harry waited for Madam Pomfrey.

“Before you leave Potter I was wondering something.” Harry didn’t know what she was wondering and really didn’t feel like knowing, he just wanted to leave. “Malfoy was here a couple days ago, had some very interesting injuries. He said he got the injuries during a duel when I know there were none. You and him have had problems in the

past making me believe it was you. I do not like what I saw Potter, you are such a nice boy, but Malfoy's injuries were severe, some I had never seen before. If I ever see Malfoy in here again I will go to the Headmaster with what happened." Madam Pomfrey was inches from Harry who was currently in pain from his scar. "Do you understand me Potter? I don't like to interfere with the students but what I saw was vicious and to know that another student did it is too much for me."

"Yes." Harry was thinking about lying but his scar hurt too much for him to think of anything. "Alright then you may go." Harry got up leaving as fast as he could. The farther away from Madam Pomfrey he got the better his scar felt until there was no pain. "Why me? Why does everything have to happen to me?" He knew the answer, Voldemort. Harry went to Transfiguration catching the last ten minutes of class.

"Harry you need to get notes from one of the other students if you want to catch up on class. You will have an extra day to do the homework." Professor McGonagall completed the class uninterrupted.

"Mate you feeling alright?" Ron was at least talking to him again.

"Yeah, kind of, I guess." His scar was starting to throb again, Hermione was staring daggers at him, Harry tried to block it out.

"Well don't do that again alright? Had us all scared You-Know-Who had attacked you or something."

"Oh yes Ron so sorry I was in intensive pain while you were sleeping, next time I'll make sure I am alone when my scar goes nuts." Harry bit his tongue after he said that, he wanted to say it but shouldn't have. Ron was probably going to be mad at him again.

Ron packed his things up walking with Harry until he saw Cho. "Sorry Mate but I'm going to eat with her again alright?" Harry nodded letting Ron go enjoy himself.

Harry had missed his first class and most of Transfiguration and no one he could rely on for notes. Hermione was mad at him, Ron didn't take them, and the rest were either mad at him or using their notes to do the homework. "Ron what was the assignment on?" Ron pointed to the page he was reading. 'Nails and Hair, Why They Can Be Changed and How.' "How long does it need to be?" Ron just stuck three fingers up. "Thanks..." Ron had gone back to not talking to him. The homework didn't seem too difficult; Harry could change his hair easily, but why and how? Harry went over his book and found the answers after over an hour of searching. If he had notes he could have been done by now which was annoying him immensely. If he had friends he could rely on for notes, like Hermione, he wouldn't have to worry. But no, they went out and it went to hell. He told her he didn't want to date her if it meant they would stop being friends if they broke up, didn't seem to matter. He had to be a man about this; he was more than fifteen and a half, just another year and a half until he became an adult. Harry stood walking over to Hermione who currently had her nose buried in a book, the book he got her for Christmas. "Hermione?"

"What?"

"Could we please talk?"

"You can talk, I can listen, if I talk back is up to me." Harry sat down on the floor not wanting to sit next to Hermione on the couch.

"I am sorry for what happened. I am an idiot, what I did was wrong, I shouldn't have done it. I told you when we first started dating that I would rather be friends with you and not date then go out and break up. I don't want you mad at me, I don't deserve your forgiveness, I don't deserve your friendship, but I would like us to be friends again or find a way to make you stop hating me." Harry felt the hand across his cheek when Hermione slapped him but it was physical pain and didn't affect him. He kept sitting there in front of her on the floor waiting to see what else she would do.

"Harry please go away, I don't want you near me alright? I don't hate you but I can't stand you, you disgust me, you are not what I

thought you were. I can't believe I wanted to go with you to the Yule Ball last year, I should be glad Victor asked me even if I was obsessed with wanting to go with you. I will try to find someplace else for me and my family to stay over the summer so I won't have to deal with you or Sirius. I already talked to Dumbledore and he says if I really want to I can stay here but my family will have to stay somewhere else since they can't see Hogwarts being Muggles." Harry did as she asked and left her alone going back to his dorm room.

Lying on his bed Harry couldn't help himself from crying. He had no friends; they all hated him, or didn't want to be around him, and this he couldn't blame on Voldemort. He wanted Hermione to hate him before not knowing how much it would hurt to lose her as a friend and girlfriend. Ron was mad at him to, something he wanted, and again he didn't think about it. He lost Ron before when he was in the hospital and this was far worse, Ron was so close to him but so far away. "Harry? Are you crying?" Harry didn't even look to see who it was.

"Yes." Please don't be Ron, be anyone but him.

"It's okay. Just cry until you feel better." It wasn't Ron; he would have made an immature insensitive comment.

"It's alright Devin I just needed to get it out of my system." Devin frowned at Harry.

"Lucky. I wish I could do that sometimes." Devin reached into his trunk and pulled out a silver sphere. "This is about as close to it as I can get." Holding it in his palm the sphere started to rise then change as though it was a liquid.

"I saw you playing with that earlier what is it?" Devin moved the sphere around some more as waves of something hit Harry.

"I am not playing Harry; Dumbledore gave this to me to help me release my emotions without hurting anyone. It works pretty well even

if it isn't enough to let me be normal." Harry sat up wiping his eyes trying to get the tears out of them.

"Thanks Devin, don't tell anyone alright?" Devin just nodded controlling the sphere some more.

"Could you go now Harry? You are breaking my concentration." Harry left the dorm room sitting on the steps outside the door since Hermione was probably still in the Common Room.

Later that evening Devin let Harry back in the dorm room when it was late enough for bed. A few minutes later the rest, including Ron, came in to go to sleep. Harry's back hurt from sitting on the stairs for so long and was having trouble sleeping. Harry heard Ron toss and turn trying to ignore him until a light started to come from Ron's bed. Harry sat up to see Ron talking into a mirror, the one he had been talking into before. Harry couldn't hear what they were saying but was annoyed enough to yell at Ron. "Turn that damn thing off, whoever you are talking to can wait!" Ron dropped the mirror which shattered on the floor. "Sorry Ron let me fix it." Harry got his wand out and tried to repair the mirror. "Reparo." Nothing. Ron picked up the pieces carefully and put them on a sheet.

"Don't worry Harry you can't fix it, I need to buy a new one, thanks." He then picked the sheet up to dump the pieces in the garbage.

"I can pay for it, it's my fault."

"No, I will pay for it; I don't need your charity."

"It isn't charity Ron, I broke it, and I'll pay for it."

Ron lay back down on his bed ignoring Harry. "Are you two done yet? Some of us are trying to sleep."

"Shut up Devin!" Both Ron and Harry yell back at Devin waking the others up. "Sorry, it's nothing, just go back to sleep everyone." Harry turned over trying to sleep as the others dropped off to sleep one by one.

Eventually falling asleep Harry did not want to wake up. He was so close to that girl in his dreams, he thought he could feel her in his head still. He couldn't fake sick since Madam Pomfrey could cure just about anything, or say he missed the bus, or any other Muggle excuses. "Come on boy, just don't go. What can they do, give you detention?" Shaking his head Harry got up later than normal, missing his run, breakfast, and a chance to take a shower before class. Thankfully his hair did as he told it so he at least looked half decent for class; although he had to admit he probably should have stopped to at least wash his face in a bathroom on the way to Care of Magical Creatures. Hagrid made everyone get together around a new cage with what seemed to be pond scum on the bottom.

"Now you can see the Boogle on the bottom, they are really interesting creatures. They don't got teeth to bite with but have a neat thing they do, anyone know?" Hermione raised her hand. "Alright Hermione, how about you come and show us what they do?" Hermione walked over and slowly put a hand towards the cage inserting a finger past the bars. The second Hermione touched the pond scum a loud bang was heard and a few yelped as the cage became bigger to accommodate the new 'creature' in the cage. "Very good, 10 points to Gryffindor."

"What happened? How did she get in there?" Harry was really worried as a Hermione sat in the cage while another one was getting up after being knocked down by the cage expanding.

"The Boogle becomes whatever touches it. The shock is usually more than enough to scare whatever was after it."

"How long does it stay like that?" The Boogle/Hermione was walking around the cage with a blank look on its face.

"Not sure. The books on them are few since they are illegal to own. Thanks to the Headmaster I was able to get one from the Ministry. Great man that Dumbledore is." The rest of the class just stared at the Boogle/Hermione waiting for it to change back.

“Why are they illegal?” Ron spoke up looking intently at the Boogle/Hermione.

“Well people used them to impersonate others when You-Know-Who was around so they could torture the real person. They were made illegal two years into the war by the Ministry. It didn’t help much since Death Eaters were doing illegal things anyways.” Hermione reached out and touched the Boogle/Hermione in the cage which with a bang changed back into the pond scum looking thing in the bottom of a small cage. “Hey it worked.” Hermione walked back to the group of students letting Hagrid take over again.

Going back to the castle Hermione ran ahead of everyone else as it started to rain. Ron ignored Harry wrapping his left arm around his right arm that was still wrapped up to keep it dry. “Arry could you stay behind and help me?” Harry nodded and went with Hagrid into the cabin. “You having problems Arry? You don’ seem to be yourself.” Hagrid set out a cup and poured tea into it.

“It’s nothing Hagrid.”

“Then why are you having problems in class? I talked to Professor McGonagall and Professor Flitwick and both say you aren’t doing as well. Your God Father...” Harry slammed his tea down on the table stopping Hagrid from saying anymore.

“I don’t care what he has to say Hagrid, I am fine, I just have some things going on alright? I’m sure when you went to Hogwarts you had things outside of class that distracted you.”

“You know about my problems in Hogwarts Arry. You know I was expelled because You-Know-Who framed me. You have You-Know-Who after you now but as long as you are here you are safe. Dumbledore is a great man and You-Know-Who is afraid of him, don’t let You-Know-Who distract you Arry, it will be what he wants.” Hagrid got a rag and cleaned up the spilled tea. “And your God Father worries about you Arry, you should write him soon to let him know you are alright.”



“Fine, can I go now?” Harry huffed and stood.

“Yes Arry, sorry for tryin to be helpful.”

“I appreciate it Hagrid it’s just I don’t want you worrying about me alright? I can take care of myself; I dueled against Voldemort and lived, it’s everyone else I worry about.” Harry stood and left quickly running through the rain up to the castle. “Damn rain.” Harry got inside the castle running into another student.

“Damn it, what in the deep bowels of hellfire and brimstone is your problem?”

Harry knew who it was not by the voice but how they talked. “Sorry Devin, I was running trying to stay dry.”

“Why? Rain won’t kill you, in fact water is needed to live, and it’s the basic thing all living things need.” Devin brushed himself about to let Harry go. “You might want to watch out though if you are heading towards the Common Room, the women are doing something and threw the men out. Some Feminazi thing, what is it about Valentine’s Day that make women act like that?” Harry shrugged his shoulders and decided to go to the Common Room anyways. His books were there and he did have homework to do. Walking through the castle Harry wondered what Devin meant by ‘Feminazi’. Getting to the Fat Lady he gave the password and entered a rally.

“They expect us to do something special when they do nothing for us! Oh they might give you chocolates, but where do they go? To your hips then they complain you got fat and leave you! We should protest the so called ‘Holiday of Love’ as the anti-female holiday it is!” Hermione was standing on a table shouting to the other girls. “And there is one of them now!” Hermione pointed at Harry who was just about to get to the entrance of the boy’s rooms. “He acts like he is so great yet he is just like them all, a pig! I loved him and what does he do? Breaks up with me because I showed him how much I loved him. He made a fool of me don’t let him make a fool of you!” Harry ran upstairs before Hermione could use him anymore for her ranting. Getting into his room he sees Ron, Dean, and two girls.

“What are you doing up here?” Monica and Ginny looked up from the game of Wizard Chess.

“Getting away from that Feminazi rally Hermione is having.” Monica, like her brother, used that word again.

“What does that mean? I know who the Nazi’s were, but Feminazi?”

“It’s a Republican term for women who want to be more than the slaves of men. I use it because it fits what Hermione is doing. I was just waiting for a mustache to grow and a Swastika to fall from behind her. Of course Hermione is going on about how evil February 14th is while the Republicans use it to make female Senators and business women look like Nazi’s to the brainwashed followers.”

“Oh, why didn’t you join the others?”

Ginny spoke up after making her move taking Ron’s knight. “I really don’t care. They are acting like women are exploited or something and that all men are like Malfoy. Can’t let the nice guys out there show them wrong. Besides I have...”

“Damn it Ginny I don’t want to hear it. I don’t know who it is but you probably like them enough to get mad at me for beating them to a bloody pulp for even holding your hand. The Twins might not take mom’s advice but I am your brother and will make sure you don’t do anything stupid.” Ron made a move. “Check.” Ginny made a move as Harry joined Monica and Dean in watching the battle between siblings. After a heated match Ron came out the winner taking Ginny’s queen with a rook. “So Harry, you want to play a game?”

“You feel like talking to me again?”

“Sorry Mate I was tired and mad about something.”

“Well I did make you break the mirror and should pay for it. I take responsibility for my actions.”

“Don’t worry I don’t need it anymore. I need to borrow Hedwig though to send a letter. I had to send some letters out and already have the other owls out.” Ron set the board up while the other three got seats to watch the new game.

“Go ahead Brother, my owl is your owl.” Harry made his first move in the game leading to his utter annihilation by Ron, again.

Two days before Valentine’s Day Hermione had gotten word to the other houses about her planned protest of “Fake Love” day. So far it seemed her protest would be mostly girls without steady boyfriends with the few who did hiding out for the day. Harry knew this was his fault, everything was, and Hermione wouldn’t be acting like this if he hadn’t made her mad. Everyone knew they broke up, and now his ex was driving all the guys insane with her ‘Feminazi’ rants. Ron was still talking to him since Cho wasn’t on Hermione’s side so he at least had his Brother to talk to. “Ron I need to stop Hermione, she is doing this because of me and now I am making everyone else’s life suck.” Ron was scribbling away avoiding his Potions homework.

“Well talk her out of it.”

“It’s not that easy Ron. I tried talking to her before and it didn’t work.” Harry rubbed the cheek Hermione slapped, it was the last time she had touched him.

“Then try it again. You told me you took responsibilities for your actions, and this is a result of them, so take the responsibility.” Ron finished a sketch of him and Cho holding hand under a moon in the shape of a heart. “I’m going to meet Cho later; she took her OWLs last year and said she will help me with mine.”

“Hmmm, didn’t know they had a making out class, how come I’m not in it?” Harry poked at Ron laughing at his joke. “Although I don’t have anyone to study with anymore so the class wouldn’t go so well for me would it?” Harry finished his Potions homework and set it away. “Damn it Ron you’re right, I do take responsibility for my actions and I need to take of this.” Harry stood up leaving the dorm room.

In the Common Room were people working on homework, studying for OWLs and NEWTs, and several girls working on a banner for the protest. Hermione not being one of them Harry went over to Ginny who was studying with Monica quizzing Monica for OWLs. "You know where Hermione is?" Both pointed towards the entrance of the dorms. "Oh." Harry walked over to the entrance, asked nicely if he could go up the girls' stairs, and entered. He thought of knocking on the door but entered so Hermione wouldn't have time to cast a spell locking him out. "Hermione?" A head with brown hair shot up from behind a bed.

"What are you doing Harry." Hermione had her wand out before she could finish talking.

"I wanted to talk to you, alone, about what you've been doing." Harry took his wand out and laid it on the floor so Hermione could see. "I don't want to hurt you or anything so please put your wand down." Hermione didn't. "I know why you are doing this Hermione, you are still mad at me for protecting you."

"What if I didn't want to be protected? You just made up your mind and decided my feelings weren't important anymore!" She kept her wand pointed at Harry.

"That's not all I did. I hurt you badly Hermione, you gave me something you can't give anyone else, and I mistook it as something else. Why you did it I don't know, but what I did I don't know why either. I kept thinking that you were with Harry Potter, Boy Who Lived, not Harry Potter, idiot who pisses his friends off and someone who was more than a friend." Harry opened his arms in surrender.

"I did it because I loved you!" Hermione threw her wand at Harry instead of casting a spell. "I thought you loved me too but you didn't!" Hermione walked over stomping her feet for as much noise as possible slapping Harry several times. "I thought you loved me too..."

"I did love you Hermione. When Ron got back I thought everything would be perfect again. Ron was talking to me and you, he was trying to make things right, he even baked us cookies. I was in love with you

Hermione, no, not was, I am in love with you. Why do you think I haven't gotten another girlfriend? I haven't even looked at another girl the way I do at you. But Voldemort is after me and anyone I love, putting you in danger."

"You stay friends with Ron, why aren't you trying to protect him? Just because I am a girl doesn't mean I'm weak! I know more than Ron, I know spells to defend myself with, you don't need to defend me." Hermione scrunched her face up trying not to cry.

"I do Hermione. It has nothing to do with you being a girl or weak or how much you know. If I could I would try to protect Dumbledore even though he doesn't need me to. I have to protect everyone I care about because me caring about them puts them in danger."

"Don't you dare use that excuse with me Harry Potter! That will only get you so far in life until someone makes you take responsibility for your actions!" Hermione was inches away from Harry, her face turning red as she yelled at him. "You need to have a life, if you let Voldemort take away everything because you are afraid of him then he has won already hasn't he?"

"I'm not afraid of Voldemort I am afraid of what he can do to my friends. I have no family left because of him, he killed my parents, my aunt, uncle, and cousin, and now I only have Sirius left. What do you think will happen to Sirius if the Death Eaters ever get a hold of him?" Hermione pushed him hard onto the door.

"If they get Sirius Dumbledore will send the Order to get him. Do you think that Voldemort isn't going after Sirius right now? Even if you had a fight with him Voldemort would still be after him." Hermione picked up her wand and Harry's wand. "Look Harry I don't hate you but I can't say I love you, anymore. Maybe we can become friends again but what you did to me was more evil than anything Voldemort has done to me. I expect him to try and hurt me but I trusted you to do everything not to hurt me. Yet right now Voldemort went after me once over the summer while you have hurt me at school, the 'safest' place in England if not the world." She throws Harry's wand to him. "Look I will stop my protest if you apologize to me right now for being

the most insensitive boyfriend ever, for hurting me in a way no one could, if you take responsibility for what you did. You apologized to me before but I wasn't listening, now I am Harry."

"Alright Hermione. I am sorry for what I did. I was more of an idiot than I had ever been. I was mean to you for no other reason than my own doubts, you deserved better, and I am sorry for it. I love you Hermione, I would never want to hurt you like that again, and I miss my friend. Please accept my apology, I take responsibility for my actions and towards you they were wrong." Harry got it out in one breath hoping it would be good enough.

"Fine, accepted, and I apologize for smacking you." Harry bowed his head and left the room quickly. He went back to his room where Ron was still working on a sketch.

"You alright Mate, the side of your face is red." Harry nodded and lay down on his bed.

"It's nothing, don't worry about me."

"But I do Mate no matter what you do I kind of have to worry about you, may not be the things you think I do, but I do."

"Alright, I am going to take a nap, or just sleep until tomorrow, haven't decided which one yet."

February 14th came with little commotion. Some of the girls still had the protest but after Hermione quit as the leader it dissolved. Almost everyone got Valentine Cards, some like Cho and Ginny got flowers, while others got chocolate and other sweets. Devin blushed after reading his card and put it away quickly. "Who sent you a card Devin?" Harry started to feel embarrassed when he got close to Devin getting hit with what Devin was feeling.

"None of your damn business Harry." Harry had no mail, no letters, no cards, and felt left out at first before deciding it was better not to get any.

“Who sent you the flowers Ginny?” Harry tried to read the name on the card before Ginny squealed and put it away.

“Someone special who I love very much and hope they know it.” Ginny sniffed the flowers before blushing from the look Ron was giving her.

“Come on Ginny if you love the guy so much why don’t you tell me who it is? I won’t tell Harry I promise.” Ginny just shook her head hugged the flowers. “Fine...” Ron read his card and smiled sending a look over to Cho who was sniffing her flowers. “Well Mate at least you didn’t get any hate mail from the ‘Lemisasi’ group. Hell hath no fury like a bunch of teenage girls on some girl power thing.”

## Chapter 11 Back and Front to Normal

A/N Ok, gonna be extra short I know, but I don't think adding the next parts would work under this chapter.

February was passing quickly only being 28 days long. With the end of February coming meant the Quidditch match of the year, or complete stomping of the year, Gryffindor vs Hufflepuff. The Twins had the Quidditch team out training rain or shine, mostly rain. With the warm February the others hoped for nice weather but these thoughts were rained on, repeatedly. Harry sped around catching the Snitch quicker and quicker, Monica stopping more goals than ever, which may not have pleased the Chasers but meant something good for Gryffindor. The Beaters being the leaders were split between the responsibility of leading the troops and fighting with them at the same time. Finally February 27th came, the day of the last game of the year. If the Gryffindors got 30 or more points they would get the lead from Ravenclaw who beat both Hufflepuff and Slytherin with the help of a new Cho Chang, unless Hufflepuff scored 470 points Gryffindor would have the lead.

"Harry, just catch the Snitch. Really that's all we have to say. You catch it we win, you don't and we score three goals we win. Any questions?" Monica raised her hand. "Yes Keeper?"

"Didn't you guys say Hufflepuff was nothing? So why were we training so hard?" A smirk on her face Monica was satisfied trying to get her hair to dry.

"Because in March our last game, Gryffindor against Slytherin, and I want us to be at our best. I'm not too worried though about the cup it's just we don't want to lose to them. We were able to avoid the colder months with the other Houses playing against each other but now we have two games less than a month apart. Thankfully we played Ravenclaw early in the year when they were having 'problems' with a player. The Slytherin game will be the hardest game we play this year and it will be our last game, we want to win that. Don't let the rain bother you just do your jobs and we will have the cup!" The team broke apart and got their brooms.



During the game Lee Jordan was calling the action, or what he could see of it. Harry searched for the Snitch diving after anything shiny, once going after another player whose arm was just shiny enough with the rain water on it to catch his eye. The people wanted the game to end early to get out of the rain rooting for both teams to just catch the Snitch. It was already 40-0 as the lightning and thunder started. The lightning helped Harry see better if only for a second. Finally he saw his prey and chased after it dodging players and Bludgers. The people watching weren't sure what was going on not being able to see through the rain but cheered anyways when Lee announced someone had landed on the ground with something in their hand. "Not sure who it is yet but my money's on Harry, literally." It was the Gryffindor Team who had won 210-10 with Harry's catch of the Snitch. "That's it! Gryffindor has won the game! And with only one team left to play, Slytherin, the Quidditch Cup is all but theirs! Thank you Harry! I couldn't afford to lose 10 Galleons." Others started to jump and down in celebration forgetting that just a moment before they wanted nothing more then to run inside out of the rain.

Getting inside felt wonderful to Harry, he had just won the game and practically the Cup, and now was able to relax in the Common Room. Ron left later to join Cho for some "studying" which Harry really should have been doing also, actual studying, not Ron's version of it. Instead he let his life be normal for a change, Hermione was right, he needed a life. The Twins were setting off their own fireworks in celebration causing everyone to either duck for cover or look at all the pretty lights. Lee Jordan took some of the other students with him to the kitchen to get some food from the House Elves, Monica was telling stories of America to some of the younger students, and the only ones Harry didn't see in attendance were Ginny and Devin. "Go Devin." Harry lazily raised a fist in support as he was tired from the match to do much else. The party went until dinner when most of the students left to eat. Harry had enough food from what Lee Jordan brought up so stayed in his chair resting. The game hadn't really worn him down so much as the rain and the wind had. A tap on the shoulder made him jump as he turned around to see who it was.

“Hi Harry, good game, but you really should be studying, OWLs are just a few months away.” Hermione had two Transfiguration books and handed one to him.

“Thank Hermione.” Harry tried not to look at her not wanting to jinx this moment of normality.

“Don’t expect me to be your Pedagogue Harry you will have to read as much as I do. No copying off my notes or anything else since that will only hurt you when the tests are here. I would have Ron join us but he has been studying with Cho. Cho took the OWLs last year so maybe we could get her to help us study sometime since she knows what will be on the tests and what they want us to do on the practical exams.” She pulled another chair up and sat down. “Now since we have mainly...” Hermione went on about what she thought they should study as the two quizzed each other. By the end of the night Harry was even more tired then before but his spirits were up. Hermione was a friend again, mostly, things were becoming normal. “Well Harry tomorrow is Sunday and we will have a full day to study. Meet me in the Library after lunch with your school books and any other book you think might help.” She stood packing her things up.

“Wait Hermione.” She stopped. “Thanks for helping me, I have read a lot of books and probably don’t need the help but thanks for helping me anyways. It means a lot to me.” She didn’t say a word and continued to pack her things. After she left Harry got his things together and went up to his dorm room for bed. Getting into bed Harry wrapped the sheets and blankets around him feeling the warmth take him into the night. He slept, and slept, until the girl came back to him. She was wearing a new cloak deep red with a black design on it. Harry wanted to get closer, to see what it was. The girl backed away though, before she always seemed to want to get close to him but now was pulling away. She was up against a wall when Harry was able to see the design, the Dark Mark!

“NO!” Harry sat up in bed. The sun wasn’t up yet and neither were his roommates. Harry shook his head and curled up into a ball. What was going on? Why was the same girl appearing in his dreams again

and again? Harry stayed in his position until the sun came up enough for him to get changed and go for his morning run.

After his run Harry went back and took a shower. He could use the Prefect Bathrooms again but didn't feel like it. He went down to the Common Room to wait for Ron to get up before going to the Great Hall for breakfast. He heard footsteps and talking come from the girls' dorm rooms and saw Monica talking to the air. "Hey Monica who are you talking to?" Harry was curious as to what exactly she was doing.

"Uh no one." She put a finger to her lips telling someone to be quite.

"Invisibility Cloaks are probably against the rules right Hermione?" Harry walked over towards Monica waving his arms around trying to find the person.

"What are you doing Harry?" Hermione had just gotten down the stairs and saw Harry flailing about.

"What are you doing there?" Harry was confused now. The only other girl who knew about his cloak was Ginny, and while Harry knew how to get past the entrance to the girls' stairs he hadn't told anyone and highly doubted Ron had read 'Mystery and Mysticism' where he found out how to get past the entrance.

"Uh Monica was talking to someone so I thought you were using my cloak since no one else was here."

"I'm telling you I wasn't talking to anyone." Monica turned on her heel and left quickly leaving the door open a few seconds longer to, Harry thought, let someone else through behind her.

"See that? Someone was following her. She had to keep the door open for them."

"Annoying to think someone else has a cloak like yours?" Hermione had her hands on her hips smiling at Harry.

“No just dangerous. Remember all the things we did? All the trouble we got in because of that cloak? Can’t be letting other students running around like that, as a Prefect it is my duty to make sure they don’t.” Harry tried to sound serious but had to admit he wanted to know who else had a cloak. Maybe it was Monica’s; she did come from America so that may explain why Harry or Hermione hadn’t seen anyone else using one. Well, hearing about someone using one since you can’t ‘see’ someone using an Invisibility Cloak. About five minutes later Ron came down from the boys’ dorm rooms and saw Harry and Hermione talking.

“It’s about time you two started talking again. I now know what it feels like to be Harry when you and I use to fight Hermione.” The Trio went to the Great Hall for breakfast together again, life going back to normal.

A few days later, and many Quidditch Practices later, the final game of the year was about to be played. The Twins had just shaken hands with the Slytherin Captain and were getting on their brooms. The balls were released and the players took to the air. Harry went above the rest of the players looking for the golden Snitch. About five minutes into the game he was hit from behind by a large Slytherin player. “Scrawny Seeker, I bet that hurt didn’t it? You might be a little faster than I am but I have the size advantage.” He kicked the back of Harry’s broom and flew off towards the stands to show off. Harry kept looking around not listening to anything else but the flutter of wings. Harry dove and went to the left following the sound of wings fluttering. After a 50 foot dive he saw his prey, the Snitch, and went after it like his life depended on it. Keeping his eyes on the prize Harry never saw the large Slytherin player come up from the side. The Slytherin Seeker knocked the wind out of Harry but not off his broom. “Come on skinny that’s all you can take?” He went for a kick missing Harry’s head by centimeters.

“Foul! Excessive roughness on the Seeker, free shot for Gryffindor.” Katie Bell took the Quaffle and shot at the left hoop. “Goal! 70-20 Gryffindor! Thank you babe, keep this up and I can spend that money I’m winning...” A stern look from Professor McGonagall stopped Lee from saying anything else. Harry went back to looking for the Snitch,

something that did not take long. Harry again heard the flutter of wings before he saw it. Going after it he wouldn't let up even after the Slytherin Seeker tried twice to block him. "Harry sees the Snitch, he's chasing after it, go Harry go!" Lee stood up and started shaking his fist in support. "He almost has it, just a little closer Harry, come on Harry!" Harry reached his hand out just barely out of reach of the Snitch. "Does he have it? Did he get it? Yes! Harry got the Snitch!" Yelling and shouting filled the air as Gryffindors celebrated the win. Harry landed on the ground only to be swamped by the students who wanted to congratulate him. "You did it Harry you got us the win! We did it! We win the game and the Cup!" The Twins hugged Harry hard then let him go so everyone else could hug him.

Half an hour later Harry was in the Common Room celebrating with everyone else, almost everyone else, Devin was up in his room after he got a little too happy so he could meditate. "Come on Harry drink, eat, and be merry!" Ron shoved another cup of pumpkin juice into Harry's hand spilling some onto his lap. Harry felt his scar tingle when Ron patted him on the back, must be his scar picking up on everyone's feelings, and now Ron's since he was touching him. Not that he needed his scar to tell him that Ron was excited. He had already told Harry that next year he was going to try out for Beater and with help from his older brothers he would be the best since well, The Twins. A tap on his shoulder brought Harry out of his mind and back into the world.

"So Harry now that you can't use Quidditch as an excuse ready to study for OWLs?" Hermione used her wand to dry the spilt pumpkin juice. "Sure Hermione I'm sure I can help you study for your OWLs." They both laughed and continued to celebrate late into the night not caring about anything else.

## Chapter 12: The OWLs Are Coming The OWLs Are Coming

Harry woke up to an owl sitting on his chest. "Hi Hedwig." The owl hooted back hopping off his chest and picking up a letter. "Thanks." Harry opened up the envelope and read the letter.

Congratulations Harry! You would have made you father proud. Now all you need to do is get just as good of scores on your OWLs and you will be set to be the next Quidditch Player for any team you want! Anyways, sources tell me you and Hermione are talking to each other again so I should apologize for what I said about her. Her parents moved in last week and have been quite a handful, Muggles, so interesting to show them the simplest of tricks and watch them gape in amazement.

News came in through the Order that a certain Malfoy family is broke after having to pay all the fines for their Dark Arts material and banned items, not to mention two of them being in jail. I know you and the Malfoy boy don't get along so thought I would inform you of this. Not that you need good news, you won the game and the Cup! Now just keep this up and the House Cup will belong to Gryffindor for another year. Although there is some bad news...

Remus got news that the werewolves of England were being contacted by the Death Eaters. The next full moon is for another two weeks but be on edge anyways, werewolves are stronger and faster even when not in wolf form. Don't worry about this Harry since Dumbledore is at Hogwarts meaning it will never be attacked. Study hard for your OWLs and write me if you want to Harry.

Your Godfather;

Sirius Black

Well Sirius almost apologized for what he said, and was his Godfather; Harry got some paper and pen and wrote back quickly giving the letter to Hedwig. "Sorry for making you fly back so soon." Harry got a nip on his finger for a response before Hedwig flew off. Harry started to change into his running clothes but decided not to after feeling his muscles strain just from bending down to put his

shoes on. Staying up that late celebrating was probably not the best decision Harry had made but it was well worth it at the time. He heard someone else stirring in the room.

“Hey Harry, not gonna run?” Devin was rubbing his eyes stretching his neck and back before standing up.

“No, sore.” Harry lay back down in his bed closing his eyes.

“Alright I guess I could take a break to.” Devin got up and went down to the Common Room.

A couple hours later Harry got back up when Ron made him get up. “Hey Ron I have Prefect Bathroom privileges again, want to go there with me? They are a lot bigger and better then the regular ones.”

“Sure, why not?” Ron and Harry grabbed clean clothes then went out to get to the Prefect Bathroom. Ron took the first tub and soaked while Harry showered. “You’re so lucky Harry, Prefect Bathroom, power to take points off of people, great friends, Quidditch Hero, a vault full of gold, is there anything you don’t have?” Harry frowned at Ron not wanting to think of all the things he didn’t have. “Oh yeah, well, you have Sirius, and my parents consider you a Weasley, so you do have family.” Ron tried to make up for what he just said realizing what he said before wasn’t exactly nice.

“I guess, but no blood relatives, not anymore.” Harry finished and changed into his clean clothes. “Uh I guess I can wait, not suppose to leave you here, I think. I didn’t think to ask Hermione about leaving while a non-Prefect stays.” Ron quickly finished and changed into his clean clothes following Harry down to the Great Hall for lunch having slept through breakfast.

After lunch Hermione made the two follow her to the library so they could study for OWLs. Harry didn’t mind that much, he got some new books and read them having already read his school books plus others. “Hermione, I finished the Necronomicon, if you want to read it you can borrow it.” Harry got it out of his pack and handed it to her. Ron looked strangely first at Harry, then at Hermione, then at the

book. "It's an old book, real depressing, has a lot of strange spells in it. It was a good read though when I was bored and was trying to avoid History of Magic work."

"Knowing your history is very important Harry. How do you plan to get an Outstanding in History of Magic if you don't study for it? I'm not going to let you copy my notes, either one of you."

"Who says I want an Outstanding in History of Magic?" Both Ron and Harry say this laughing afterwards.

"You should, even if you aren't going to take it next year you should do well so you can add it to your resume for when you get a job."

"I'm sure the Quidditch teams will really care if I get an Outstanding in History of Magic." Again both Ron and Harry speak at the same time.

"You don't know that you will make the teams. Especially you Ron, when was the last time you played for Gryffindor? That's right never, so I wouldn't be so sure of making a professional team." Hermione handed Ron a Potion book. "Your worse subject is this, study until your eyes bleed or I'll make them bleed, trust me, I know several spells that would do that." Hermione got a History book out and handed it to Harry. "You already know your DADA, you need to study your History, and again study till your eyes bleed or I will make them bleed for you Harry."

"And what will you be studying?" Harry looked over at her pile of books.

"Ancient Runes, I keep mistaking several of them so I need to study just as hard as you two need to study. Quiet for twenty minutes and then I might let you talk." Hermione put her nose to the grind stone opening two books and taking notes before Harry or Ron could respond. Waiting exactly twenty minutes both of them yelled...

"Who do you think you are, Professor McGonagall?" They laughed slapping each others hand.



“No, I think I am the smartest witch in our grade if not the whole school for a reason.” She crossed her arms staring at the two.

“Alright Hermione sorry we don’t have brown bushy hair.” Harry went back to his book reading on about a Goblin Revolt in 1762.

“Well Ron you having something smart to say to?” Ron stared at his book not letting Hermione see his eyes. “I guess you can’t say anything smart since you haven’t been studying! How do you expect to pass anything and make it into our sixth year if you don’t study? You’ll be kicked out of Hogwarts not able to get a job anywhere, unless your brothers decide to let you work for them.”

Ron just stared at his book not even reading it. “Alright Hermione sorry I said that, you are trying to help me and Ron. Look I already finished the first three chapters alright? You don’t want to burn out and crash do you? Studying to much is just as bad as being Ron.” Ron elbowed Harry in response to Harry’s joke.

“You shouldn’t worry about your OWLs that much. No one should, if you just relax and do your best you can do what you need to do without burning your brain out. I’m not worried about my OWLs, I know no matter what happens I will be fine.” Hermione started to glare at Ron until Harry waved a hand in front of her face.

“We will study Hermione don’t worry. I need an Outstanding to stay in Potions. Why I want to stay I’m not exactly sure but it is something useful to know when you need to. If you hadn’t known about the Polyjuice potion we wouldn’t have been able to get into the Slytherin Common Room our second year. Of course you didn’t since you decided to see what you would look like as a cat.” Harry and Ron laughed as Hermione stuck her tongue out at Harry.

“Although she did make a pretty pu-“

“Don’t you dare say that!” Harry nearly smacked Ron in the mouth to shut him up before he could say the next word.

“Alright sorry I swear it was just a joke.” Ron went back to his book skimming over it trying to look like he was studying hard. The Trio studied, or pretended to study, for another three hours until Ron finally had enough and just stood up telling the other two he was done for the day. “Have to start practicing for Beater next year if I want to make the team.” Ron walked away leaving Hermione and Harry alone.

“Well, I could put some more time in Hermione, only a few chapters left in this book.” Harry went back to his book letting Hermione read more in her book. Forty minutes later Harry finished his book and closed it. “Hermione I’m done for the day. Thanks for helping me with this, although my eyes aren’t bleeding, yet.” Hermione closed her book suddenly. “Ok Harry, don’t worry about your eyes, wouldn’t want them to bleed anyways.” Harry smiled and patted her on the head. “Thanks for not casting whatever spell you know to do that on me and Ron even if he probably deserves it. He won’t be playing on the team next year if he doesn’t pass his OWLs and make it to his sixth year.”

“Thanks Harry for defending my honor.” She smiled back and hugged Harry before letting him leave the library. Harry put the book back in the shelf and left going to the Common Room to relax in front of the fire before going back to Hermione to study some more. She was right, he needed Outstanding in everything just in case his career in Quidditch didn’t take off as he planned it would. He did want to play Quidditch but didn’t want to be someone who got on the team because of his fame but because he was smart and talented. Of course if he didn’t make any teams he could always be an Auror, hunting down Death Eaters, going after Voldemort instead of hiding behind Hogwarts walls scared about what might happen to his friends if Voldemort went after them.

A few days later and many hours of studying with Hermione and sometimes Ron when he wasn’t dodging the library Harry was again burying his nose into a History book. The OWLS were less than two months away and everyone was starting to feel the pressure. Dean Thomas had snapped earlier and had a panic attack when he couldn’t remember which Goblins lead the Goblin Revolution in 1488. Without Quidditch Harry was able to get the studying in and the next class of

his and Hermione's DADA class ready. "Hermione?" She looked up from her book motioning to Harry to sit in the chair next to her. "At our next DADA could you not humiliate me completely? I know I deserved it last time but maybe this time we could not use me as the target dummy for the different spells?" Hermione laughed as she closed her book. "It wasn't that funny you took me down in front of the whole class."

"Yes it was Harry. You beat Voldemort when you were a baby yet a little Muggle born witch had you down on the ground disarmed laughing so hard you could barely breath. That is what I consider funny." She laughed some more getting up from her seat. "But if you like we could do something different. How about we teach them the defense wall we learned earlier in DADA? You could make yours and then wait for everyone else to make their own. We partner them up with someone and see whose wall last the longest. That way I don't get to cast any spells on you or humiliate you." Hermione stuck her tongue out at Harry. "You deserved it though."

Two days later the Harry and Hermione DADA class was in the Great Hall with permission from Dumbledore. "Now this spell we have in mind some of you may have already learned, but the rest it will be new to you. Before we use it though we want you all to cast a simple Shield Charm." Hermione waved her wand casting the Shield Charm. "Your turn everyone." The rest of the people, including Harry, cast the same spell. "Very good. Now while that will stop a spell, a weak one at that, this spell is more difficult but far more powerful." Hermione waved her wand again showing the proper wand movements. "Sholo Willo." The wall like spell came up. "This spell is far stronger and can become stronger with the more power you put into it. Someone like Dumbledore could cast this spell and never have to worry about what you cast, unless you were to cast an Unforgivable Curse, but that is illegal so don't cast any of them." Hermione went on more about the spell reusing some of the lines Professor Krats used in class and then added some things she had learned from other book. "Now I want you all to partner up and cast your own spells, then when the spell is up have your partner try to destroy it as quickly as possible. Last one standing will be the last one standing." Everyone said the spell, but not everyone created one. "Alright for those who didn't make it try again, and if it still doesn't come up keep trying, remember, the wand

movement goes like this.” She waved the wand correctly. Several people tried again and most completed except a few second years. “Well try again and if you still can’t do it go over to the side and practice the Shield Charm.” After this only three of the second years had to go over and practice on their own Shield Charms.

“You’re good at this Hermione, planning on being a teacher when you leave Hogwarts?” Harry cast his own wall so Hermione could try to take it down.

“Well the DADA spot will be open again so I might take that although I would want to teach for more than a year.” She recast her own wall making this one stronger than the first one since it wasn’t a demonstration.

“How do you know that? Professor Krats is the first female DADA teacher we’ve had maybe she will break the curse. If she didn’t would hate to see Monica and Devin leave because of that.” Harry cast a blasting spell on Hermione’s wall to little effect. Casting a few more he saw that the wall was weaker around the edges and started to go after them.

“I know but still, no one has held that spot for more than a year for almost 20 years.” Hermione cast a stronger spell than what Harry had been casting creating a loud bang when it hit making the other students in the Great Hall jump. “I thought for sure that would do it, Merlin used it in his battle against the Dark Lord Vegaro.” Hermione cast it three more times causing everyone to jump every time it hit before deciding to use a different spell.

Harry was still having troubles with Hermione’s wall. He tried to think of a spell he read in the Necronomicon or another book that might do the trick. There was that tomb break spell used to break defensive spells on tombs to keep thieves out. “Eto babi” The wall shattered and fell before disappearing. “I win Hermione!” Harry smiled back at her as she kept casting different spells at Harry’s wall. An hour later there was only one wall up, Harry’s.

“Well it looks like Harry wins. Good class everyone, if you want you can stay and practice the spell but me and Harry need to go study for OWLs. This will probably be the last class of the year, don’t worry, we will do this next year, right Harry?” Harry nodded. “So good luck to any other 5th years that have to take OWLs.” Hermione walked out of the Great Hall with Harry following.

“So Hermione do we really need to study? The spell I used took a lot of energy to cast.” Hermione turned around stopping Harry.

“What spell was it? I didn’t recognize it and it sure isn’t something we learned in class.” She crossed her arms trying to act tough.

“Read the Necronomicon and you will find out to. I didn’t know it would work like that, should really stop using spells until I know what they do.”

“You’ve used other spells from it before? When?” Harry was stuck in a bad situation, he couldn’t tell Hermione the truth.

“I tried to use a drying spell when it was raining before the Quidditch game against Hufflepuff and it didn’t work how I thought it would.” Hermione accepted this story and went on her way to the library letting Harry go to the Common Room.

A week before the OWLs and NEWTs many more breakdowns and freak outs were starting to take a toll on the 5th and 7th year students. Madam Pomfrey was over worked trying to take care of all the students who came down with rashes from nervousness and stress. Harry, Ron, and Hermione were doing well. Hermione was studying hard but knew not to over do it, Harry was studying also just not as hard, and Ron was ‘studying’ with Cho a lot. Ron claimed they did actually study, sometimes, but Hermione did not want to hear it. The closest Hermione came to having a nervous breakdown was when she started yelling at Ron when she caught him sneaking his broom out to go practice for Quidditch instead of studying. The rant was already a legend among the other students who were afraid of a ‘Hermione Gone Wild’ if they weren’t studying. The testing day came closer and closer like, as Devin put it, “Climax of a bad movie you can

see coming a week before you see it.” Harry was worried about his tests and decided to send a letter to someone who had already taken his OWLs. He doubted the OWLs Sirius took would be the same as Harry’s but he had taken them before and might know what to expect. Sending Hedwig out Harry went back down to the Common Room to find a Hermione sleeping using a book as a pillow.

“Get up Hermione you’ll hurt your neck sleeping like that; trust me, learned that enough times in History of Magic.” A tired Hermione mumbled out something Harry couldn’t understand so he shook her shoulder.

“I don’t want to, let me sleep, you are so warm.” This time Harry could understand what Hermione mumbled.

“Get up Hermione.” Harry shook her a little harder which finally woke Hermione up enough to know what was going on.

“What happened? It’s daylight! Oh no I slept all night I need...” Harry put his hand on her shoulder to calm her down.

“It’s dinner time, you need to eat. You know what will happen if you study too much after what happened to what’s her name in Hufflepuff.” Hermione stretched and yawned before getting up straightening her shirt out.

“Alright, thanks Harry.” She shook her head to get the cobwebs out before leaving the Common Room.

The OWLs were just one day away. Harry had finally received Sirius’s response.

Dear Harry;

Don’t worry Harry you are plenty smart enough just keep studying. I admit I didn’t do very well on my OWLs but I was more concerned with a certain female student at the time and didn’t really care. You on the other hand can make your parents proud and me proud. Just do your best and don’t worry! If you get stressed out about your

OWLs you will do worse then if you just relax. Thanks for writing me Harry and know you can always write me since I am a free man so what ever the problem is or if you just want to talk write me.

Sincerely;

Sirius Black

Devin had been working so hard and worrying so much he started to affect everyone around him so he went up to the dorms to study. Harry and Hermione were in the Library studying, Hermione on Runes, Harry on History. He was going to work on his Divination but surprisingly Hermione told him not to waste his time with such 'rubbish'. The Library was starting to get crowded as more and more students came to get away from the noisy Common Rooms. "Let's go to your Dorm room, Devin is in mine so don't want to disturb him."

"Uh I don't know Harry that would look kind of bad wouldn't it? Why not a Prefect Bathroom? I heard Cho used it to study last year."

"Oh yes so much better the two of us go to a Prefect Bathroom together then your dorm room." Harry smiled at Hermione to show he was joking.

"Well maybe if we go to Hagrid's cabin he will let us study there. We don't see him as much as we use to, except for class." Harry figured that was a good idea and would be nice to see Hagrid.

Hagrid let them in happy to have some company. "Haven't seen much of you, where's Ron?" The two shrugged their shoulders. "Well have some tea won't you?" Hagrid got out two cups and filled them up with tea. "So what do I owe the honor of having my two best students visit? Not worried about the OWLs are ye? I never took mine as you know I wasn't here long enough to take em."

"Well we were studying in the library but then more people showed up and we needed someplace quiet to study." Hermione got a book out and showed Hagrid what she was studying.

“Well my hut is your hut until ten, and then you need to go back to the castle.” Harry and Hermione talked with Hagrid a few minutes longer before getting back to studying. Five minutes before ten o’clock Hagrid got their attention. “You need to get heading back to the castle now. I can walk you up if it isn’t too embarrassing to be seen with a teacher.” Hagrid laughed deeply patting his stomach.

“Why would it be embarrassing to be seen with you Hagrid, you are the coolest teacher at Hogwarts.” Maybe not the best Harry thought, but with teachers like McGonagall, Krats, and even Snape it was hard for someone else to be the best teacher. Hagrid walked them up to the castle entrance saying good bye before going back to his hut.

“Harry if you want we could study some more or just go to bed. A good night of sleep should help more than reading though, need to rest your brain before taking a big test.” Hermione kept talking about the pros and cons of studying to sleeping only stopping to give the password to the Fat Lady. Inside they saw the Common Room was littered with passed out students drooling on books and notes. “See? They need sleep but now they won’t get the best rest that they need, help me Harry wake them up so they can go to sleep.” Harry laughed at what Hermione said making her think of what she said. “You know what I mean Harry.” They went around shaking student after student getting them up so they could go to bed in a real bed instead of using a book as a pillow.

“Good night Hermione.” Harry waved as he started going up the stairs following Seamus who was the last person Harry woke up.

“Good night Harry, good luck tomorrow.” Hermione waved back following Monica who was the last person she woke up.

Harry tried going to bed but kept waking up. First time due to the girl in his dreams coming back again, she was no longer wearing a cloak with the Dark Mark but she was covering her neck for some reason. The second time he woke up after a dream about another girl much closer to him. He tried to get the dream out of his head by going over the different Goblin Revolutions in order by year then by name. This took another hour before he fell back asleep waking up only a few



minutes later after the girl in his dreams started screaming and grabbed her neck causing him to wake up to real screaming.

“Ron!” Harry got up to shake Ron hard but when he touched Ron he felt his scar explode in pain dropping Harry onto the ground. After a few seconds his scar stopped hurting and Harry stood up to see Ron sitting up in his bed sweating. “Are you alright Ron?” Ron nodded. “What was that all about?”

“I was having a horrible dream. I couldn’t wake up the feeling was horrible like when you use a portkey but worse.” Ron shook his head rubbing his right arm on his forehead. “Well there’s one use for the bandages, make it easy to scratch your head.” Ron tried to laugh to show Harry he was ok.

“Hey shit heads we have OWLs in like two hours so could you two go to sleep or at least shut up? Damn it I don’t like waking up this damn early!” Devin was clenching his fists grinding his jaw trying to keep his emotions under control.

“Yeah would you two go back to bed or something? I need to get as much sleep as possible. I have to do well in Transfiguration and Potions if I want to get the job I want.” This time it was Neville yelling at the two. It was late and Harry figured it was stress making everyone worse then normal if even Neville was yelling at them.

“Alright sorry.” Harry raised his hands in surrender going back to his bed. “Just two more hours until I have to get up and eat, then take my OWLs, and then hope I pass.” Harry put the pillow around his head to cover his ears from the noise of the others tossing and turning trying to go back to sleep.

Morning came too early for Harry who still couldn’t go back to sleep after being woken up again by another dream. This one seemed different from the others as it took place in Hogwarts. He couldn’t see the person clearly but could hear a whisper about “plans come together” or something like that, Harry was trying to forget it. Harry got up and went to the Prefect Bathroom to soak and go over the Goblin Revolutions again in his head. Finishing the list Harry got out

and changed into clean clothes heading towards the Great hall when he was interrupted in mid-step.

“So Harry you ready for your OWLs?” Cho Chang seemed to be waiting for Harry as there was no real reason for her to be there.

“I guess how hard can they be?”

“Not too hard if you studied hard enough. I wanted to ask you something about Ron, you don’t have to answer, but I want to know, is Hermione interested in Ron? She keeps bugging him about going to the library or going out to Hagrid’s cabin. I trust Ron but I don’t know Hermione that well so don’t know if she is just being herself or if she is trying to get Ron alone, away from me.”

“No she was just trying to get him to study. She’s been going after everyone to study, why she had me in the library everyday for hours.” Cho seemed to smile with her eyes then chuckled.

“So the rumors you two got back together are true?”

“What? No, she just doesn’t want me dead anymore. Who thought we had gotten back together? Why did they think we got back together?” Harry was confused, yes Hermione wasn’t acting like he was scum anymore but how did they jump to them being back together?

“Oh, sorry. You two were cute together.” Cho smiled and waved before leaving Harry alone still wondering who was saying that Hermione and him had gotten back together. Getting into the Great Hall he saw many nervous students eating very little trying to cram as much information into their head as they could. Harry ate a normal breakfast not wanting to eat too much or too little, he wanted nothing to ruin today, but now he had the thought of Hermione in his head and wouldn’t go away.

“Hi Harry, ready for the OWLs?” Hermione sat next to him grabbing a muffin. Harry simply nodded after his head went blank when he

tried to talk. "Don't drink too many liquids or eat too much meat, also avoid cheeses, they say it slows the thinking process, how they didn't say just said they did." Hermione continued on about what to eat, how much, how little, and kept continuing sometimes with food in her mouth.

"Calm down Hermione and chew the food, I don't need you to choke and go to Madam Pomfrey missing your OWLs do you?" Hermione stopped talking long enough to chew her food before responding.

"But if I get it done quickly I can get an extra half hour of studying in before I have to go to the Potions Room for my first OWL." She started to eat again but slowed down enough to chew her food.

"What do you need to study for Hermione? If you get less OWLs than Ron and me put together I'll give you a hundred galleons." Harry was serious he wouldn't be surprised if Hermione got an OWL record at Hogwarts let alone beat Ron and him together. "Besides take the time to relax, get any tension out of you, or other thoughts..." Harry knew what thoughts he would have to get rid of in the next half hour. He had to admit he had dreams on it, but never thought about it during the day.

"Alright but only if you come with me to the Common Room, I'll be too tempted to get a book open and study by myself." Hermione drank the last of her juice and got up waiting for Harry to finish his juice.

Sitting in the Common Room the noise was starting to get annoying. Hermione was trying to relax but her thoughts kept clouding her mind. "Just relax Hermione, think of one thing and focus on that then get that out of your head." Harry was saying what he had read in one of his books on how to meditate. "Don't worry, let the tension go." Harry was having a hard time following his own advice as his thoughts were focused on one thing but then he couldn't get it out of his head. Nearly twenty minutes of trying to relax left Harry more frustrated than before but did seem to help Hermione.

“Thanks for the idea Harry I feel better then before.” Hermione shook Harry’s hand in appreciation then left for her first OWL a few minutes before she needed to. A red Harry wiped the hand that touched Hermione’s on his shirt still trying to get the image out of his head. He had a few minutes before his History of Magic class and tried to remember the Goblin Revolutions in order.

“I knew this why the hell I can’t remember it!” Harry hit his head with his palm trying to knock the information loose. Harry grabbed his pouch and went over his notes as he got up to leave for History of Magic. Walking slowly he went over his notes twice trying to remember it again as quickly as possible. Getting in to the class he took a seat and kept going over his notes until the OWL Official came in.

“Now you students will have one hour to write down your essay about the 1788 Goblin Revolution, how it started, why it started, who lead it, how it ended, and who ended it. At least three pages in length, with a topic introduction and at least one reference to well, you’ll know when you get to it.” The man clapped his hands together and all that was left were the students, parchment, writing utensil, and an hour to get the essay done.

Harry did his best although not remembering who stopped it, but realized that the rest should work, especially since he remembered that the Goblin who lead that revolution was the son on another Goblin leader who lead a revolution in 1759. Harry turned in his paper ready to get out of the room and head for his next OWL, Potions.

Harry got to Potions a little nervous; this part would require a test on paper and a practical test. He had all the formulas they went over during the school year in his head only interrupted by a mousy little brunette when he went over the Dream Suppressor. Harry waited until the door opened and was allowed in.

“You want to take the test first or the practical part first?” A large man who reminded Harry of a large toad with hair broke his chain of thought.

“I guess practical.” Harry figured this would give him more time to go over the ingredients in the other potions that might come up on the test.

“Alright then come with me Harry Potter, if you need anything just call for me, the name's Examiner Slughorn.”

“How did you know my name?”

“Oh come off it boy everyone knows who you are just by seeing that scar on your head. You know I taught your mother and father back in the day before I retired from Hogwarts, all you students did a number on me heart.” The large man lead Harry over to a cauldron next to a table with different ingredients. “All you have to do is make a Volo Jinor Potion and give it to me to test. You have forty five minutes to complete this then half an hour for your Potions.” The large man walked away leaving Harry to himself. Harry went to work finishing the potion and handing it to Examiner Slughorn. Examiner Slughorn shook the beaker and then put some on his hand.

“Well?” Harry was curious to know if it had worked, if it did the Examiner should have a clean spot where the potion touched.

“You'll find out when you get your results, here is the test, go over there and complete it.” Harry went over where he was told avoiding the other students who had gotten there later then him or who had been taking a longer time with the potion. Harry went over the test and quickly finished it. Harry was sure that an Examiner and not Snape had made the test for it seemed so easy to him. Standing up he turned it in ten minutes before he needed too getting a smile from Examiner Slughorn. “Good job boy, you must have some of your mother's talent in you.” Harry left the room and went outside for his Care of Magical Creatures OWL. He had to wait a few minutes as he had completed his Potions OWL early and other were taking their OWLs for Hagrid's class.

“So 'Arry think you will do well?” Hagrid waved towards Harry to get his attention.

“I think so Hagrid, it is just a written test right?”

“Sure is, those folks from the Ministry wouldn’t take my suggestion at all. The boring old paper test when you could deal with the real things if it were up to me.” He laughed and patted Harry on the back hard. “Don’t worry though ‘Arry I’m sure you will do just fine, you paid attention to my classes.” Harry picked himself off the ground brushing his pants off.

“I’m sure I will Hagrid you are a good teacher.” Maybe not great, Harry thought, but Hagrid was better than others that’s for sure. Harry waited a few more minutes before a spot opened for him. Getting his test he was relieved to find it was a simple match the description test. Some were easy as nothing else out there was like a Boogle or a Hippogriff; others though had mostly the same characteristics, like a Mogg and a Goblin. Harry took almost all ninety minutes to complete the test. Turning it in Harry was relieved to know he had lunch before his next few OWLs.

Harry got to lunch eating quickly. He was going to stay longer but Hermione hadn’t showed up and Ron seemed to busy looking up notes for Transfiguration to talk. Harry looked through his schedule of OWLs and found he to had Transfiguration next followed up by Divination and then DADA being rounded off by Charms. He had two classes after dinner, Herbology and Astronomy. Harry started to think about just skipping the Divination OWL, he didn’t care what he got, he wasn’t planning on taking it next year, but Hermione would be mad at him if he got a T in anything. He started to walk towards the Transfiguration classroom so he could wait until it was time.

About ten minutes later the door opened and released students so new ones could come in. Harry was joined by several other students, one being Ron, and were sat down in assigned seats until the rest of the students who had their Transfiguration OWL at that time got there. Harry looked at the three sticks in front of him wondering what they would have to do.

“Alright people listen up!” The voice made Harry jump a little since he was looking at the sticks and hadn’t noticed the Examiner. “You

need to turn one stick into a log, one stick into a mouse, and make the third one grow hair. After you have completed this task you will be given a written test and if you have anything special you want to show us you may at the time you turn your test in. You have ninety minutes, use that time wisely!" When he stopped talking Harry saw and heard many wands come out and start to swish around. Harry was confused though, he could see mouths moving but no voices. "It's a special spell boy, you think they would make it that easy? If you could hear the spell a successful person uses then you could use it and pass." The voice came to him again, it was probably right. Harry waved his wand causing the first stick to enlarge and become big enough to Harry to be considered a log. The next one was a little trickier but he completed it on his second attempt. The third one seemed easy compared to the second one as Harry finished the practical by growing long blonde hair from the stick. Harry went to raise his hand but before he could do it the log, the mouse, and the hairy stick disappeared and turned into a test. Harry went over it getting through the pages easily. Harry may have complained about being bored early that summer but reading his books was helping him pass the OWL quickly. Getting it done he went up to the Examiner who was sitting behind Professor McGonagall's desk.

"You need help?"

"No, I finished it."

"Really? You still have twenty minutes left." Harry shrugged his shoulders and handed in his test. "Well, you have anything you want to show me?" Harry was about to say no when he remembered his hair tricks.

"Well I can do this." Harry scrunched his eyes together making his hair grow, shorten, part on different sides, and then made a beard grow from his face and disappear.

"What kind of special training have you been doing?" The Examiner was impressed with the hair tricks.

“None, I could just do this really. When I was younger my Aunt would cut it short and I didn’t like it so I put it back how I had it.” The Examiner wasn’t truly buying Harry’s story but this was class not a trial so he let Harry leave the class.

Harry quickly went towards the Divination tower wanting to get that OWL over as quickly as possible. He was going to try, somewhat, but if it took him more than twenty minutes Harry was just going to write death omens on everything. Harry was surprised when he got to the entrance and found several students waiting. “What’s going on?”

“Some idiot is taking forever to finish his OWL. They won’t let us in until he finishes so we have to wait. Better not make me late for my Herbology.” Seamus sat down on the floor tapping his foot on the ground. About ten minutes later the door opened and Neville came out getting a sigh of aggravation from most of the students waiting. “About time Neville.” Seamus stood up and with the rest of the class went into the tower. Harry felt sorry for Neville but figured it couldn’t have been that bad. Inside the tower there was an Examiner ready with cups of tea, a star chart, and tests.

“All you need to do is tell me my future one by one first by tea then by star charts. While you are waiting to do the tea with me you can work on your written test.” The Examiner pulled out a list and called out the first student, going by alphabetical order. Harry sat down and just wrote what he thought would bring Professor Trelawney the most pleasure of reading even if she wasn’t the one going over the OWLs. Finishing quickly waited for his name to be called. About twenty minutes later Harry’s name was called and he went over to the booth that had been set up using several spells to make sure no one cheated.

“Alright Mr. Potter all you have to do is predict my future, there is really now way to get this wrong but as the Examiner you can at least humor me.” The Examiner confused Harry, what did he mean?

“You don’t believe in this either?” The man chuckled responding to Harry.



“Are you kidding? So far I have been given at least twenty different futures, now how do we tell if they are correct or not? But at least try to go by the books you were using to learn this so I can give you a good grade.” Harry had a good time predicting that the man would go on a trip in the future. Then predicted long hours of sitting down and writing as Harry made things up as he went along. “Yeah back to my office so I can right O’s on all these. Actually yours is so far the most accurate Smartass.” The man laughed harder this time giving Harry a piece of paper. “Use that information to predict my future by the star charts, or just write down the same thing you told me, would be strange if you got two different futures for me wouldn’t it?” Harry stood up and went to a desk writing down the same thing that he told the Examiner. The longest part of this OWL had been waiting for his name to be called as Harry finished in less than twenty minutes. One problem fell on Harry, he now had half an hour before his next OWL. Harry figured he could go to the Great hall and run a couple laps to get the energy and any non OWL thoughts out of his head, or try to.

Completing the laps Harry headed towards the DADA classroom ready to see what they would throw at him. Getting to the classroom he was ushered in. “Uh there is a problem, you were supposed to run into a Boggart on the way here but another student stomped on it to death. You now have two choices, show different defensive and offensive spells or do an extra essay on werewolves and vampires. They will both count towards your practical exam so choose which one you want. Harry figured the spells would be the easiest and went with that. “Alright first show a Shield Spell and then another defensive spell of your choice.” Harry cast the Shield Spell with ease and then cast a Wall Spell. “Very good, Finite Incantatem.” Nothing happened.

“Let me take care of it.” Harry cast the tomb breaker spell he used before and broke the wall.

“Wow, very impressive. Now you must cast a stunning spell, the disarming spell, and any others of your choice. Try not to be too destructive though, we are down to three dummies after the last one was turned into ash by the kid who killed the Boggart.” Harry cast the first two spells with no problem then thought about what other spells to use.

“Expecto Patronum!” The stag came out and walked around the room and then disappeared.

“Very good, that is a very advanced spell, how did you learn it?”

“In my third year my God Father had escaped from Azkaban and they sent Dementors to Hogwarts to protect me. The problem was the Dementors were more dangerous than Sirius so Professor Lupin taught me that spell to protect myself in case they attacked again.”

“Alright very impressive, any other spells you want to cast?” Harry cast a couple more he learned from the Necronomicon. “Very good Mr. Potter! No wonder you were able to duel with You-Know-Who last year! I am not supposed to say anything like this but I admire you Mr. Potter, some people would let fame go to their head but you seem very normal to me and with such wonderful displays of magic I have no doubt you will get an Outstanding! Now you just need to take your written exam and you can go to your next OWL.” Harry took the test and turned it in twenty minutes later. “Very good Mr. Potter you have done very well, good luck on your other OWLs.” The Examiner shook Harry’s hand acting as though it was something the Examiner had wanted to do all day. Harry left and walked to the Charms classroom. Getting there he was allowed in when he got there.

“Now you aren’t supposed to be here for a bit while but as long as you are here might as well take the test. Cast these Charms in order and then take a written test, simple enough and if you need help hope for a miracle for I am not going to help you.” The Examiner sent Harry over to a desk so he could cast the spells and then take the test. Harry did as he was told and turned the test in nearly an hour later. “Ok kid you can go to your next OWL, or dinner, whatever is next on your list.” Harry left quickly and went to the Great Hall. Finishing dinner Harry had another ten minutes before his next OWL. He was exhausted mentally after all the tests he had taken but awake physically. He tapped his fingers on the table nearly screaming when someone sat next to him.

“Hi Harry doing well on your OWLs? I am I hope although I think I screwed up on a translation for Ancient Runes and I know I messed up on an equation for Arithmancy but so far so good bye.” Hermione was gone before Harry could even say hello. Harry did some meditation exercises to relax his mind before his Herbology OWL while still in the Great Hall. Five minutes before his Herbology OWL Harry stopped and went to the greenhouses. Getting there Harry was again let in without having to wait and given a written test. Finishing it Harry was then told to identify the plants in front of him. He did this quickly not really caring, he wasn't planning on taking this class next year anyways but did well enough to keep Hermione from yelling at him when the OWL results came. Harry now had an hour until his Astronomy OWL. He went back to the Common Room and relaxed in a big chair again doing his meditation exercises. He was shaken awake by a fourth year after he had become to relaxed.

“Hey you have another OWL right?” It was Ginny.

“What? Yeah, what time is it?”

“It's time for your Astronomy OWL, Monica left for it about five minutes ago.”

“Oh damn it I got to go, thanks Ginny, bye.” Harry got up and ran as fast as he could making it just in time for his last OWL.

“Look through the telescopes and find the constellations, map them, and then turn in your work in one hour.” Simple enough Harry thought. He did his best and turned in the work ready for bed even before he got to the Common Room. Eventually finding his bed Harry fell face first glad to have completed his OWLs.

Waking up late the next Morning Harry realized what he had just done. He had completed his OWLs, only three more weeks until he goes home to Sirius, to a home where he will be treated like a son, to a real home. He woke Ron up to go and sit in the Common Room and talk about the OWLs. Finding Hermione who had her nose in a book Harry and Ron came up on both sides and closed the book

nearly taking Hermione's nose off. "What was that for?" The two boys laughed.

"Come on Hermione we just finished our OWLs what could you be studying for?" She crossed her arms in a huff.

"I was seeing if I had mistranslated a rune. How did you guys do?" Ron sat down next to Hermione as Harry sat down on the other side.

"Well I did well in everything I think but know I am getting an Outstanding in DADA and Divination." Harry hoped anyways, the Examiners seemed impressed, or didn't care either way, in those classes.

"Divination? How did you do that Harry? That class was pure rubbish and you know it." Hermione still didn't consider Divination a worthwhile class.

"The Examiner told me. He didn't believe in that stuff either so I told him what I knew would happen in his future, being stuck in his office writing a lot."

"Hey that's not fair! I actually tried, kind of, a little anyways." Ron grabbed another book away from Hermione when she tried to get it out. "So how did you do Hermione?" She grabbed the book back from Ron before responding.

"I did great I hope. The DADA exam was alright, the Boggart scared me though, never saw it coming."

"Wow I didn't get to fight it. I think, no I know, Devin got to it before I took my test and killed it so they had me do a different practical. Just cast a few spells and the guy nearly gave me a trophy."

"That's not fair, I could have done that and the Boggart, I hope it won't effect my grade." Hermione looked worried chewing on a fingernail.

“That’s not fair Harry I had to deal with that stupid Boggart, turned into a werewolf and nearly bit my head off before I realized what it was. You got the easy test, I want the easy test!” Ron stuck his tongue out at Harry to show he was kidding.

“Well now we have two weeks of classes after a one week break, then we go home for the summer! I will get to see my parents again, I really miss them, been almost a year since I got to see them.” Hermione looked like all the happiness had been sucked out of her by a Dementor after saying that.

“Well they are at Sirius’s house last I heard. We’ll be living in the same house again Hermione, that’s if you want to stay there.” Hermione had been talking to him again but living in the same house might be too much for her, or him as the thoughts of what happened the last time they lived in the same house filled his head.

“Of course I do Harry since my parents can’t stay here being Muggles.” Hermione tried to smile but couldn’t get the feelings behind it. “I hope it is large enough for all of us, I don’t want Sirius to think he has to keep us, and there are probably other places we could stay if there isn’t enough room.” Hermione started to chew on another fingernail.

“I think there is room or he wouldn’t have agreed to it to begin with. Of course I’ve never been there so I don’t know how big or small it is. It is magical so he probably could cast spells to make the rooms bigger or something.” Harry wasn’t sure but it sounded good to him and seemed to calm Hermione down. “What will the classes go over now that we did our OWLs?”

“It’s just review and a meeting with the head of your house to see what kind of career you want. Don’t think you can relax Ron just because it is review you may need it.”

“Oh come on Hermione I’m not worried and why should I? I don’t even really care what I get on my OWLs, no need to worry.”

“I am too tired to argue so I will let it go for now Ron.” Hermione opened her book and continued to read.

“Well Harry you want to play some chess?” Harry shook his head; he was still tired mentally from all the exams.

“How can you have so much energy? My brain still hurts from all that work.”

“Well I didn’t do as much work since I didn’t need to.” Ron leaned back in the chair and put his hands behind his neck to cradle his head. “I am not going to stress out about any OWL or other test like some people.” Harry didn’t know if Ron was being serious or not, how could he be so relaxed?

“Well I am going to my room and meditate with Devin if he’ll let me.” Harry stood up and went to his dorm room trying not to disturb Devin too much. “Is it ok if I meditate with you?” “Watch out boy he isn’t right, something upset him, get out of here now!” The voice kept Harry from sitting down which was probably a good thing as he felt Devin hit him with a wave of emotion that nearly knocked Harry down. Harry got out of the room before Devin hit him again and went back to the Common Room.

“I thought you were going to meditate with Devin?” Hermione set her book down long enough to see Harry.

“I was but he isn’t in a good mood.” Or something Harry thought. He relaxed in a chair and took a nap trying to keep his dreams away from any women, the girl near the coast that looked like him, a brunette, or the one he saw the night before making plans of some sorts.

## Chapter 13: The End Of The World As We Know It

A/N This Chapter Contains Violence, Blood, Gore, And Makes a Jason Vorhees or Freddy Krueger Movie Look Like The Teletubbies, Caution To The Squeamish!

Harry was having a good week of relax and comfort. He went out onto the Quidditch Field with Ron, The Twins, and Cho to help him train for Beater. Harry was amazed at the new Cho who was completely different from the Cho he played against earlier in the school year. According to Cho it was the good luck necklace Ron had given her. He went down to Hagrid's cabin a couple times catching up on the things he missed over the year. Harry was going over his career's with Hermione based on what he thought he did well in as Hermione went over her career options.

"Basically Hermione as long as you didn't have your heart set on being a prophet or seer you can do whatever you want." Harry joked with her as he went over a list of jobs in the Ministry checking off the ones he thought he would be good for.

"I don't know Harry, I talked to Bill before and you have to do well in your Ancient Runes and Charms to get a job at the bank and I know I did badly on my Ancient Runes OWL." Hermione went over another list drawing a check next to almost job.

"How do you know this Hermione? I thought you said Divination was complete rubbish if I remember correctly." Harry smiled at her writing a check next to Secretary to the Head of Muggle Relations. "This would be cool, working with Ron's Dad." Harry kept going down the list checking off a couple more.

"Well don't think he would give you special treatment just because he knows you, he hasn't given you special treatment even though you are The Famous Harry Potter." Hermione smiled back checking off more jobs on the list. "I'm glad you are interested in your future unlike a certain red head we know." Hermione had tried to get Ron to join them but he always waved her off going to do something else.

“Yeah well this is just for Hogwarts, I know I can get on a Quidditch team when I graduate, I practice hard, I play hard, and I know I can do it. But I could get an injury like Malfoy’s so it is better to have a fall back in case my first goal isn’t reached.” Harry wrote a check next to Assistant for Shop Clerk.

“Also Quidditch isn’t year round you know, what will you do during the off season? Although you probably wouldn’t have to do anything with all the money you’ll make off of Quidditch and what you already have.” Hermione turned to the third page and started checking off more jobs.

“Quidditch is year round if you do it right, practice, and I could probably teach some people to gain a little extra gold if I needed to.” Harry skimmed through page five only checking off one other job. “Besides I’ll need to be at home some of the time when I get older.” Hermione stopped checking off jobs.

“What for Harry?”

“Well you know, get older, find the right woman, settle down...” Harry blushed and went back to the jobs list seeing if there was anything good he missed.

“Well you really are looking into your future, glad to see you are and not letting yourself worry about You-Know-Who.” Harry looked up at her and stared. “Sorry, so you aren’t worrying about Voldemort.”

“Why would I? Sure him and his Death Eaters want me and everyone I love dead, sure right now I have the second most powerful wizard alive who wants me dead, but Dumbledore is here and I know quite enough to defend myself, and Voldemort can’t kill me, our wands screw up when we duel since they have the same tail feather in them.” Harry tried to pass it off as the truth but Hermione could tell he was a little scared, if not for himself then for the people around him that he cared for.

“Well I’m sure the Aurors and the Ministry will stop Voldemort, they rounded up how many Death Eaters after the arrest of Malfoy?”



Hermione went through the last two pages checking off even more jobs. "I finished the Necronomicon, pretty good read, and I think I know something about Monica she didn't want anyone else to know." Hermione handed the book back to Harry. "We should turn these in to Professor McGonagall so she can go over them." They stood up and left for Professor McGonagall's nearly running into a screaming panicking Monica.

"They're coming, Salazar saw them and told me they are coming, they already got to Hogsmeade, we gotta get Dumbledore!"

"What?" Hermione and Harry were confused not understanding half the things Monica had just said.

"Death Eaters!" This they did understand.

"Here? No way, Dumbledore is here, they wouldn't be that stupid would they?"

"They are too! Salazar told me so! We gotta warn everyone and tell the teachers! Please believe me!" Monica looked like she was on the verge of crying. "Please believe me I'm not lying and Salazar isn't either, he wouldn't want something to happen to his home." Monica wrung her hands together pleading with Harry and Hermione.

Harry and Hermione knew where Dumbledore's office was but they would have to take at least ten minutes just to get there from where they were. "Wait, I know what to do, Dobby!" Crack

"Yes Mister Harry Potter Sir."

"Go to Dumbledore and tell him Death Eaters are attacking the castle." Crack

"Good thinking Harry, but now what do we do? What if Monica is wrong?"

"I am not wrong! Salazar said the Death Eaters were using a path in Honeydukes to get into the castle so he took a quicker route to get

here. He already said he was going to warn the other ghosts and have them spread the word.” Monica looked like she was about to smack Hermione. “We gotta find a teacher and other students, what do we do? We never had this problem back at home why the hell did we have to move here!” Monica was getting more upset as Harry and Hermione tried to think of something to do.

“We were going towards the Transfiguration room to see if professor McGonagall was there so let’s keep going.” Before any of them could take another step Dobby appeared with some bad news.

“The Master of Hogwarts is not on school grounds, a House Elf needs the Master of Hogwarts permission to leave it and he is not here Mister Harry Potter Sir.” This wasn’t good, the Master of Hogwarts was Dumbledore so if he wasn’t here...

“Dobby you would do anything for me since I freed you, and I am sure Dumbledore would understand so go to him wherever he is and tell him Hogwarts is under attack! You haven’t been ‘working’ for Dumbledore like you ‘worked’ for the Malfoy family so it’s not like you fall under the same rules and spells right?” Harry was getting worried, if Dobby couldn’t go to Dumbledore since he wasn’t on school grounds then if Voldemort came here now the school would be destroyed and a hundred people could be killed easily.

“I guess I could Mister Harry Potter Sir, the Master of Hogwarts has been very kind and even pays Dobby so he can buy more socks.” Crack, Dobby disappeared again. The three continued towards the Transfiguration class finding it empty.

“Now what do we do?” Hermione and Monica were worrying and it was starting to show on Harry.

“The Great Hall, there has to be someone there, even if it is just students we can warn them to go to their Common Rooms, safest place I can think of for now.” The three started running in the direction of the Great Hall when they ran into Devin.

“Devin! The school’s getting attacked!” Monica hugged her brother then started going on about Salazar and his warnings.

“You make the weirdest friends Monica.” Devin didn’t seem worried or even hint at any emotion to the news. “So what’s the game plan?”

“We are going to the Great Hall and warn everyone there and then finding a teacher and hope Dobby gets to Dumbledore wherever he is, but you need to go to the Common Room.” Hermione was trying to rush her words and get Devin out of the way.

“Only if Monica comes with me.”

“I’m not going to the Common Room I can take care of myself and you know Devin!” The two siblings were interrupted by Hermione.

“Fine come with us then we just need to get to the Great Hall now move!” Hermione shoved Devin and Monica out of her way and started running towards the Great Hall. The rest followed her running stopping when they could hear screaming. “It’s coming from the Great Hall, the Death Eaters must have already gotten in from the Honeydukes tunnel, but how did they know about the tunnel?”

“Wormtail, he was a Marauder so he would know about it, and the Whomping Willow tunnel from the Shrieking Shack.” Thankfully the third tunnel had collapsed so no one could get in through that one. “Get your wands out and keep you heads down, if we can get the surprise on them we might be able to stop this group, let’s just hope it is only Death Eaters.” Harry knew this sounded strange but really human Death Eaters weren’t that scary to him, but Zombies or Trolls or other nasty creatures could cause a problem. More screams came from the direction of the Great Hall so the four teens ran faster stopping outside of the entrance. Looking inside Harry could see over twenty Death Eaters laughing with about a dozen students laying on the floor around them.

“They’re dead, all dead, those bastards don’t know what they did.” Devin shoved Harry out of the way but never touched him; Harry could see the red aura coming from Devin becoming thick pushing

Hermione and Monica out of his way too. "Hey, Assholes!" Devin walked into the Great Hall getting the Death Eaters attention. "Fools, you are mine, I will drink your blood like wine and when I am done killing your ass I will use your skull as my glass." Devin's red aura became black and started to spread pushing chairs and tables and bodies of students out of his way. "Run!" Devin pointed a hand at Harry, Hermione, and Monica pushing them away from the entrance of the Great Hall.

"Devin don't do it, you heard mom you ain't supposed to use your powers like this!" Monica tried to get into the Great Hall but again was pushed away by Devin's power.

"Avada Kedavra!" Three Killing Curses flew and hit Devin but nothing happened.

"That's the best you got? You can't kill me with that, the spell strips a person of their soul; I have none, at least not yet." Devin stuck his arms out wide laughing as everything around him started to shake. "You fools have no idea what's about to come, do you?" Devin threw his arms up causing all the chairs, tables, wands, and everything else made of wood to shatter into thousands of slivers of wooden needles.

"We need to get out of here, you heard Devin, run!" Hermione grabbed Monica's arm dragging her away from the Great Hall entrance just as Devin sent the slivers of wooden needles at the Death Eaters shedding them of their lives. The three ran towards the Gryffindor Tower warning any student they saw on the way finally running into a teacher when they were near the entrance of their Common Room.

"What are you three doing out here the school is under attack! I sent the House Elves out to warn the other students and am waiting for the Headmaster to get back here." Professor McGonagall set her wand down giving the password to the Fat Lady so the three could go in. "As long as they don't know the password they can't get in if they are able to get past me." The three ran inside and found chaos in the Common Room. The older students had their wands pointed at them nearly casting spells at the three as they got in.

“Has anyone seen Ron?” Harry was worried about everyone but he worried about his Brother the most, his right arm was injured so he couldn’t defend himself very well if he had to.

“No we were hoping he was with you.” The Twins seemed to be the leaders of the older students.

“Where is everyone else?” Hermione noticed that everyone here seemed old, no 1st year or other years.

“We made them go into their dorm rooms incase the Death Eaters make it in here. You three should probably go to yours just in case.”

“Are you kidding? I could beat everyone here in a duel, probably all at the same time, I’m not going anywhere.” Harry got his wand out and was ready to prove his point if needed.

“I am a Prefect so I too should stay out here but you Monica need to go to your Dorm Room, make sure Brown and Patil are there, and be ready for anything.” Monica crossed her arms not complying.

“If it wasn’t for me you wouldn’t even know about this! Salazar came to me since I was the only one who would listen to him!” Hermione crossed her arms getting ready for an argument.

“ You mean you were the only one who could! You’re a Necromancer, you deal with the dead all the time don’t you? It’s how you could hurt Peeves when he caught you with...” Hermione stopped there giving up, there were more important things to worry about and she had promised Monica she wouldn’t tell anyone about Monica.

“I am not a Necromancer! I don’t raise the dead or any other shit like that; how in the hell did you even think that!” Monica was not about to let up on this.

“I read the Necronomicon, it said that Necromancers can see and talk to spirits others can’t, and they raise Zombies, and use the flesh of the dead to cast spells, and are evil, Merlin fought two of them in his life, they are always evil. You said Devin feared you and I can see why, some of those spells were Dark Magic at its worse, or best if I was a Necromancer.” Hermione wanted to stop fighting; there was something a lot more dangerous than a young Necromancer.

“You just said Necromancer’s raise the dead, use the flesh of the dead for spells, and are evil, I don’t raise the dead, use flesh for anything, and I’m not evil! I may see or talk to ghosts but it doesn’t make me a Necromancer!” Monica seemed to be getting mad so Harry decided he needed to intervene.

“Look who cares alright? We have something called Voldemort attacking the castle if you don’t remember? You two can fight over this later if we all live through this.”

“Who do you think told them where to go? I bet she has been helping them the whole time! Maybe Draco was the victim in the Astronomy Tower.”

“Shut Up!” Harry stood between the two girls fed up with the bickering. “Like I said, if we all live through this you can fight then but until then shut the hell up!” Harry was about to snap and cast silencing spells on them to shut them up.

“Sorry.” Both girls remained quiet standing with the other students who were waiting for the entrance to open and spill forth evil. The door opened but thankfully it was more students, younger ones who were sent to their dorm rooms. A few minutes later the door opened again and Professor McGonagall came in.

“I need to go to somewhere, if this door opens cast whatever spells you want at the person, no one and I do mean no one should be coming in.” Before Professor McGonagall could leave Harry spoke up.

“What about Ron and Devin? They haven’t made it here yet.” This caught Professor McGonagall off guard.

“Well, I’m sorry to say this but if they haven’t already made it here then I can only fear the worse has happened. Although if they do make it you should stun them in case they are under the Imperius Curse.” This time Professor McGonagall did leave the Common Room for wherever it was she was headed.

“That can’t be true, Ron isn’t dead, he probably just went with Cho to her Common Room, and Devin...” Hermione wasn’t sure what happened with Devin and didn’t want to say what she thought.

“What if he wasn’t? What if he was outside practicing for Quidditch? I can’t stay here and let him die, he would come for me and I will come for him.” Harry started to walk towards the entrance when Hermione tried to stop him.

“You can’t Harry you will get killed! I can’t let you do this Harry, I can’t let you through your life away!” Hermione raised her wand and pointed it at Harry.

“Go ahead and see what I do Hermione if you try to stop me. Ron is my brother, I can’t stay here, and if I die it wouldn’t be thrown away. I have an idea though Hermione that should help keep me safe. Harry ran to the dorm rooms and went to his friends Dean, Seamus, and Neville.

“You’re alive! Where’s Ron?” Neville got up and hugged Harry.

“I don’t know that is why I am getting some things and going to look for him.” Harry got his Invisibility Cloak and Marauders Map. Harry ran back down to the Common Room and showed Hermione the objects he got. “This way I will be safe and able to find him quickly.” Harry opened the entrance and left Hermione and the others behind in the search for his friend. Going a few feet he got the Marauders Map and activated it. He saw that the Great Hall only had one person in it, Devin, not showing the names of the students who were already dead. “Well I guess this means you don’t show up if you are dead.” Harry kept searching the map looking for Ron and any name that Harry didn’t recognize so he could avoid them. He kept looking over

the map still not finding Ron but did see another student who was in trouble, Cho. She was outside and seemed to be dealing with several Death Eaters. Harry ran as fast as he could thankful for all the running he had been doing over the year getting to the doorway to see Cho doing something Harry never thought he would see her do. She was standing above another student, the Head Boy Michael Nikkturn, wand pointed at his back as he kept asking her why she was doing what she was doing.

“Avada Kedavra.” Cho took his life as though she was swatting a fly. She then stood there like a statue until someone called out and told her to turn around. Harry looked up and tried to see who it was but they were with other Death Eaters and had a mask on. Cho turned around and pointed her wand at Harry casting another Killing Curse. Harry used his Seeker abilities and dodged out of the way casting spells at Cho who then used her Seeker abilities to dodge them.

“Stop!” Cho immediately stopped moving and was hit by a stunning spell from Harry. “Very good Harry but I don’t think you are good enough to stop a top lieutenant of the Dark Lord. The Death Eater removed his mask smiling at Harry.

“Ron!” Harry couldn’t believe it; he reached into his pocket getting the Marauders Map out and looked at where they were seeing that the Marauders Map showing the person in front of him was indeed Ron Weasley. “No, you’re under the Imperius Curse, fight it Ron, fight it Brother!” Harry went to cast a spell at Ron but was stopped by a binding spell from another Death Eater.

“No Harry I am not under some silly spell I am doing this all on my own, oh this feels so good to finally tell the truth.” Seemed to stretch his neck out mocking Harry. “I was such a valuable person to the Dark Lord, it was because of me Wormtail got away, it was because of me you and Hermione broke up, it was because of me Cho has been nothing but a pawn, Cho!” Cho turned to face him. “I have no more use of you, kill yourself.” Cho turned her wand on herself and cast the killing curse. Before she had hit the ground Harry broke the binding spell and cast a stunning spell at Ron who dodged it easily. “Are you kidding me Harry? I have trained under the Dark Lord



himself! He gave me special powers, special items, he gave me everything I wanted! Power, gold, any woman I wanted, a future beyond working for the Ministry like my lazy father, I am Voldemort's right hand man!" Ron laughed at Harry who went over to Cho who was dead.

"How could you do this Ron? I've seen your left arm before, no Dark Mark, and how did you control Cho? You could barely cast a disarming spell at me in DADA yet you could cast the Imperius Curse on her?" Ron stopped laughing pulling the sleeve of his left arm up showing that he did have no Dark Mark.

"You see I wasn't useful to the Dark Lord just because of my connection with you and Dumbledore, I gave him a few great ideas. Didn't you wonder why I thought Hermione was a Death Eater? She protected her right arm, not her left, yet the Dark Mark is always on the left arm. I told the Dark Lord about this and he thought it was brilliant! His new recruits could have the Dark Mark put just about anywhere, right arm, shoulder, back, thigh, wherever they wanted! They could go out showing their left arm to anyone and not be suspected of being a Death Eater! I also came up with a couple other ideas but enough of this, guys?" The other Death Eaters turned to him. "Leave Potter to me, I will bring his dead body to the Dark Lord myself!" Ron took his cloak off first then grabbed the bandages around his right arm tearing it off revealing where his Dark Mark was.

"You bastard, how could you do this to me? To Dumbledore? To your family! When did you do this?" Harry was getting nervous, this was Ron, his Brother, how could he duel him seriously?

"Easily Harry, and when? A Death Eater came to me when I was in the hospital and recruited me. It was so simple Harry, no one would suspect little old me to become a Death Eater. I'm just glad I got the collar for Cho, having that slanted pussy to shag whenever I wanted it was great, and of course using her to spy on Hermione when she went to places I couldn't go like a Prefect meeting or the Prefect Bathroom. Of course I unlike the failure Mariah realized that I would have to order Cho to eat so she couldn't do what she did before. Cho was so much fun Harry to bad you never got the chance,

although when I am done with you I may put the collar on Hermione.” Harry realized what had happened, when he was sleeping, he saw Hermione wherever she went and it was Ron and Cho who were doing it.

“Why? Why would you do this Ron?” Harry was close to crying, he had been betrayed by his Brother.

“To mess with you, why do you think I made you and Hermione break up? Although I screwed up the cookies my other plan worked saving me from punishment from the Dark Lord.” Ron smiled evilly at Harry pointing his wand at Harry. “Are you ready Mate? I played you for a fool in DADA, I could have killed you easily but the Dark Lord wanted me to play injured so I could keep the bandage on my arm. Tonight you will die!” Ron cast a blasting spell which Harry dodged. Harry cast a stunning spell but had it deflected by a Shield Charm. “Come on Harry I killed Cho, I made you and Hermione break up, I killed a few others as well like Draco and his goons, aren’t you mad enough to get serious about this?” Ron cast a few more blasting spells before casting an Unforgivable Spell. “Crucio!” Harry dodged this but then heard screaming behind him. “Oops missed, oh well he will live for now.” Ron cast it again this time catching Harry in it.

“Don’t think that will work Ron.” Harry could feel the pain going through his body but didn’t let it affect him. He stood up pointing his wand at Ron. “Inpeco Loonis!” The spell hit a shocked Ron and dropped him to the ground screaming about how his eyes were burning. “Now for the rest of you!” Harry cast several other spells he had learned from the Necronomicon and other books dropping six other Death Eaters. “Ron, you may be my Brother but I am going to kill you, you don’t deserve to live, you aren’t human.” Before Harry could cast the Unforgivable Curse he had in mind the ground started to shake.

“Must be the Trolls, or the Giants, maybe even the Manticore.” Ron stood up wiping the blood from his eyes. “Damn good spell Harry I’ll have to remember it.” Ron pointed his wand at Harry. “But you must realize you have lost, the Dark Lord is attacking the Ministry with Werewolves and Dementors, Giants, Trolls, Death Eaters, and a

Manticore has destroyed Hogsmeade and now we have our aim set on Hogwarts. Once I am through with you I will hunt that despicable traitor Snape down and kill him. The Dark Lord shall grant me with even more power if I return with both of you." Ron cast the killing curse at Harry who dodged it casting one at Ron. "Wow Harry maybe I underestimated you." Ron cast another one at Harry who cast another one. The ground kept shaking and Harry could hear yelling from all around him. The sky went from night to day as a bright light shone from behind Harry. Harry turned around to see a shaft of light shooting upwards into the sky. Something was floating in the middle of it but the light was too bright to see what it was.

"Harry, Ron!" Harry turned around and saw two teachers supporting each other, Professor Snape and Professor Krats. "What are you two doing out here? This is no time to be playing hero, twenty points from Gryffindor." Professor Snape was in a bad way bleeding from a chest wound.

"The traitor! Oh this is too grand, I get Potter and the Traitor brought to me, must be destiny." Ron pointed his wand at Professor Snape casting the killing curse only to be blocked by Professor Krats. "Damn woman interfering where she shouldn't be, of course she was the DADA teacher so I guess this was bound to happen."

"NO! Harry cast a killing curse at Ron who dodged it casting one at Harry.

"Oh boo hoo Harry you had to see it coming, no DADA teacher lasts more than a year." Ron stuck his right arm out about to cast another killing curse when a white beam of light hit him where his Dark Mark was. Ron screamed in pain as the part of his arm in front of his Dark Mark fell off and blood began to pour out of the wound. Another beam of light shot out and hit Professor Snape's left arm cutting it off where his Dark Mark was. Harry turned to the source of the beams of light, the shaft of light that had appeared from before. Devin could see what was in the middle of it, Devin. More beams of light came out raining down on the Death Eaters.

“Professor Snape are you alright?” Harry ran over to Professor Snape who was bleeding badly. “Cast a sealing spell Harry, I can't find my wand.” Harry did what Professor Snape asked stopping the blood flow. “Run Harry, I'll stay here with Diane, make sure nothing gets to her.” Snape stumbled over and fell down next to Professor Krats putting his arm over her body. Harry felt something poke him in the back.

“To bad Harry it almost hurt enough to stop me.” Ron had his wand against Harry's back. “But I think this is when we say goodbye.” Harry could hear the words that had made him famous, the words that had killed his family.

“Diffindo.” Ron's wand was cut in half before he could finish the spell. Another teacher had saved Harry's life.

“Professor Trelawney!” Harry was amazed; the Professor that always predicted his death had just saved his life.

“I saw you were in danger so I came.” Harry felt like he was hit in the chest, the prediction Professor Trelawney had made to Ron, when the traitor exposed himself many will die, at least that's what Harry thought it said.

“Another woman interfering damn it!” Ron turned and started to run. Harry went to chase after him but Professor Trelawney stopped him.

“You mustn't I need help with these two.” Trelawney and Harry picked up Professor Snape and Professor Krats up, Trelawney helping Professor Snape walk and Harry carrying the body of Diane Stark back to the castle. The Death Eaters were falling back all of them missing limbs. The Trolls had been cut down by the beams of light also and had most of the Giants before the rest retreated. The only thing still standing was the Manticore.

“Where's Hagrid?” The Manticore had already destroyed his cabin and Harry couldn't see him anywhere which was something hard to do since he was so tall.

“I don’t know Harry, I wish I did but I was trying to stop the Trolls who were attacking the Astronomy Tower.” They got to the entrance of the castle and set Professor Snape and Professor Krats down. “Where could Dumbledore be? He had a plan to be back here in less than ten minutes but he hasn’t made it.”

“Really? I sent Dobby to get Dumbledore, we need him!” Harry sat down trying not to cry in desperation. “We need Dumbledore, we can’t do this without him, what the hell?” Harry thought he had gone blind before realizing the shaft of light had stopped shining. It was night again being light by the full moon so it wasn’t completely dark. The Manticore seemed to glow in the moonlight as the blood reflected the moon rays. It started to walk towards where Harry, Trelawney, Snape, and Krats were stepping on bodies along the way.

“Fire!” Dozens of arrows seemed to appear in the sky landing against the Manticore creating a thud noise with every hit.

“The Centaurs, I guess Hagrid was able to get to them.” Professor Trelawney looked towards the edge of the woods to see the Centaurs. Another volley of arrows was fired hitting the Manticore. The Manticore turned towards the Centaurs charging them.

“Run away!” The Centaurs turned and ran into the woods with the Manticore following.

“Good, a Centaur is faster than a Manticore and they know the woods well enough to lose that beast.” The Death Eaters called for a full retreat and grabbed different objects turning them into portkeys.

“Damn it they are getting away.” Harry didn’t feel like going after them though, he was tired from dueling with Cho and then Ron, he was tired from carrying the body of a teacher, and he was tired from being alive. The few Trolls still alive ran away into the woods leaving behind bodies of Death Eaters, students, Trolls, Giants, and a teacher. “I can’t believe this, it is my entire fault, Voldemort came here because of me, and Voldemort went after Ron because of me, all these people.” Harry wept into his hands wishing he had let Ron kill him.

“Don’t say such things Potter this is the fault of the Dark Lord and his followers. A kid like you could never be at fault for something like this.” Snape had sat up holding onto Professor Krats hand with his remaining hand. “She didn’t deserve this, what will happen to her kids?” Harry could hear the feelings in Professor Snape’s voice, Harry wasn’t sure but Harry thought he could hear love in those words.

“Kid, that beam of light was from Devin, I don’t think he made it.” Harry wasn’t sure what would happen to Monica though, she had lost her mother and her brother to the Death Eaters, Harry had lost his mother and brother to the Death Eaters, Voldemort had ruined someone else’s life.

“We need to get into the castle incase they come back.” A large man walked forward and lifted Professor Krats body up. “C’mom ‘Arry, Severus, Sibyll, before that animal comes back.”

“Hagrid!” Harry stood up and hugged Hagrid glad to see someone else had made it. “Where’s Fang?” Harry didn’t see Hagrid’s trusty beast of a dog.

“He didn’t make it.” Hagrid left Harry at that and walked with Professor Krats body into the castle.

Harry went to the Common Room opening the door and casting a Shield Charm just incase any Death Eaters had gotten inside since Ron was a Gryffindor so he would know the password. Thankfully he was welcomed with hugs and other forms of greeting except from two girls. He saw Monica was crying and Ginny was holding her trying to comfort her. Harry walked over and asked what the problem was. “Her Mom died, Monica said her ghost came and said goodbye and she hasn’t stopped crying.” Ginny rubbed Monica’s back answering for Monica.

“She’s right, Ron killed her.” Harry was thinking about not telling the truth but Ginny had to know what her brother had done.

“What? She was a Death Eater?” Ginny was confused by this.

“No, Ron was, is, he got away.” This time Ginny started crying with Monica. “I’m sorry Ginny I could have stopped him but he got away.” Ginny and Monica cried together for awhile as Harry spread the news of what happened, or what he knew.

“Dumbledore never made it?” Several asked this question as Harry completed his story.

“He might have been at the Ministry, Voldemort attacked there too so Dumbledore might have been busy protecting the Ministry.”

“But what about us? We are his students, he is our Headmaster, why didn’t he come and save us!” This came from a 3rd year.

“Well we fought them off without Dumbledore so maybe he knew we could do it without him.” It was the best explanation Harry could come up with, the other he didn’t want to think about, he had already lost one teacher that night.

“Harry you said that Ron was a Death Eater, but he is our little brother, it must have been someone using a spell or a potion.” The Twins couldn’t believe that their brother let alone any Weasley could become a Death Eater.

“I looked at the Marauders Map, something that can’t be fooled, and it said it was Ron. He betrayed everyone, he killed people, he used Cho before he killed her, he killed Devin’s and Monica’s mom, he is a Death Eater.” Harry had no other way to say it but bluntly. “It isn’t his fault, he wouldn’t have been targeted by Voldemort if it wasn’t for me, I’m sorry I did this to your family Fred, George.” This is why he wanted Hermione mad at him, if only he had made Ron mad at him he wouldn’t have been a target for Voldemort.

“Don’t say that Harry we don’t blame you do we Fred?” The other red head shook his head.

“Of course we don’t blame you Harry it is You-Know-Who and Ron’s fault that prat. I wish you could have stopped him though Harry if only

so we could find out why he did this.” Harry didn’t listen to them he knew it was his fault, if he had only just listened to Malfoy his first year, had only accepted that he belonged in Slytherin, then this never would have happened. Harry was about to go to his dorm room when Monica stopped him.

“Where’s Devin? I haven’t seen him in either form so he must be alive.” Monica said the last part as her voice cracked.

“I don’t know Monica, he saved Hogwarts though, it was him who killed the Trolls and Death Eaters, but then he stopped and I haven’t seen him since.” Harry wanted to tell her Devin was dead but Lindsey said she hadn’t seen him in ‘either form’ which Harry assumed meant she hadn’t seen Devin’s ghost. Harry got out his Marauders Map and looked for Devin and found him still in the Great Hall. “He might be hurt; we should go make sure he is ok.” Harry put the map away and went to the exit. “Anyone else want to come?” Hermione and Monica both nodded so they went with Harry to the Great Hall.

Getting to the Great Hall they found blood, bodies, and carnage. In the middle of all this was a body still intact. “Devin!” Monica ran over to the body and turned it over. “He’s breathing, he’s still alive!” She tried to pick him up but couldn’t, he was too heavy.

“Mobilicorpus.” Harry cast a spell to make Devin’s body float as though it was put on an invisible stretcher. “Let’s hope that Madam Pomfrey is ok, Devin will probably need a lot of work done.” Harry tried to ignore the smell, it reminded him of a butcher shop he had been to when younger, but that place was clean, the Great Hall was anything but clean. The three walked slowly checking the Marauders Map every minute just in case a Death Eater had somehow made it. When they got to Madam Pomfrey’s office they found Professor Snape, Professor Flitwick, and Professor McGonagall along with several students.

“More? Ok you can go over there until I get to you, Professor McGonagall could you help me with this?” Madam Pomfrey seemed to be in a state of mind that made it possible for her to do her job and not flinch at all the wounds or feel tired from all the work she was



doing. Harry did as she told him and took Devin over to the table and laid Devin down on it.

“We are taking up room, we should go.”

“No, I’m not leaving my Brother.” Monica wasn’t about to leave Devin, the closest family member she had left.

“Alright I and Hermione will go back to the Common Room you stay here and help Madam Pomfrey if you can.” Harry and Hermione left quickly wanting to get back to the Common Room as soon as possible. Getting there Harry was again greeted with hugs and was asked about what had happened with Devin. “We found him; he’s still alive, for now. Monica stayed with him and to help Madam Pomfrey with everyone who was there.” Ginny stood up and went over to Harry.

“I just got a hold of Luna, she was hiding in her secret place when the attack happened, and she got bad news when she went to the Ravenclaw tower.” Harry raised an eyebrow letting Ginny continue. “The students who were left said Cho came in and started attacking everyone, some of the older students were able to fight her off but so many of the younger students were killed before someone told her to leave the rest alone.” Ginny got out a mirror and tapped it three times, a few seconds later Luna’s face appeared on it.

“Ginny I am sorry to hear about what happened to your brother, is Harry there?” Ginny nodded and handed the mirror to Harry. “You say she was under Ron’s control? The students I talked to say she used spells not taught at school, did you stop her or did she escape with Ron?”

“She didn’t do either, Ron killed her when he was done with her, I’m sorry to hear about your classmates but can you find your Head of House?” Luna shook her head.

“I don’t know where they are and it is too dangerous to go outside the Common Room, sorry.” The mirror clouded up and then came

clear again showing Harry his reflection, he noticed he had blood in his hair and some of his face.

“Harry what do we do? How do we know they aren’t dead? What about Hagrid? His cabin is outside; he would have been in the middle of everything.” Harry told Hermione Hagrid was alright although his dog Fang hadn’t made it.

“Well I think the worse is over but we can’t let our guard down until Dumbledore gets here.” Fred, or George, was taking over things. “All who feel up to it stay here and stay awake in case any Death Eaters come back, the rest go to bed, especially you Harry.” Harry wanted to stay but his body told him to go to his bed and sleep.

A/N This is NOT the last chapter, one more to go, then of course book #6, and actually doing it differently, but you’ll have to wait for it to come.

## Chapter 14: Hellish Aftermath

Harry awoke the next morning still tired, muscles sore, and wishing for the morning to never come. He had to get up though and used the bathroom so he went to the regular one instead of going all the way to the Prefect Bathroom. Getting done he was washing his hands when he looked in the mirror and saw a stranger. The man looking out at him seemed older, had bags under his eyes, had the shadow of a beard growing, looked paler than him, but still had his eyes, his mother's eyes so it had to be him. Harry scrubbed his face getting what little blood he had missed before from when he was helping the bleeding Professor Snape. Looking back in the mirror he looked a little better, needed to eat, needed a shower, needed to get last night's evil off of him. For this he wanted to be alone so he did go to the Prefect Bathroom to beat the memories from last night out of his head with hot water. An hour later Harry left for the Great Hall seeing Hermione waiting for him at the entrance.

"Are you ok Harry? I saw you left for the Prefect Bathroom and was starting to get worried you did something."

"No I just needed to be alone Hermione, I wouldn't have done anything like that." Harry figured there had been enough death and adding another body wouldn't have helped. "Is Dumbledore back yet?" Hermione nodded.

"He is waiting for everyone who is up for it to come in for breakfast before he says anything else." Hermione and Harry walked into the Great Hall seeing the black banners hanging from the walls and ceiling, the blood, the gore, the carnage having been removed and the chairs and tables fixed or replaced. Sitting down at the Gryffindor table Harry looked around seeing all the empty seats, the majority being at the Ravenclaw table with almost the entire 1st-3rd year students having been killed by a controlled Cho. A few minutes later after several more students came in and Dumbledore had the doors closed.

"As you know several horrible events happened last night, one of them happening here. The School, the Ministry, Azkaban,

Hogsmeade, and several other places across England were attacked. We lost many students and a teacher here, we lost several Aurors at the Ministry and across England, and some of you have lost family members. I have never had anything like this happen and I am sorry I wasn't able to help, I was at the Ministry on school business and could not make it here, as my failure cost the lives of dozens of students I am planning on leaving my post as Headmaster of Hogwarts after this year." Gasps filled the room, how could Dumbledore be blaming himself for what happened? He said it himself he was at the Ministry and couldn't make it back to Hogwarts. "I will remain as an advisor to your new Headmaster, Professor McGonagall. I have a few actions to perform before I step down, first being the cancellation of the House Cup this year, second will be giving an honorary award to Head Boy Michael Nikktorn who lost his life defending this school, and third will be giving another honorary award to another student, Devin Starks, for giving his life to defend this school." Harry didn't understand this one, Devin was alive the last time Harry saw him, had he died in Madam Pomfrey's office? "I will also be canceling the exams this year." Normally this would have brought cheers but under the circumstances there was nothing. "Now for those of you who don't know the truth about what happened last night, Cho Chang was not a Death Eater but was being controlled; Miss Chang will not have her name tarnished for what she did last night as she had no control over them. Several Slytherin students were also killed, young Malfoy, Crabbe, Goyle, Kirkner, and Lott by another student who I am sad to say I never saw becoming a Death Eater. There was a traitor here in Hogwarts who betrayed all of us, his friends, his family, everyone. Ronald Weasley was controlling Cho Chang, had given a way to get into the castle to the Death Eaters, and killed a teacher, Professor Krats." The ones not in Gryffindor or Ravenclaw gasped at this, a Weasley becoming a Death Eater? Weren't they a Mud Blood loving family? Wasn't the dad obsessed with all things Muggle? "Which brings me to the last honorary award to a student who defended this school and saved Professor Snape, a student who although young was able to defeat several Death Eaters, a student who first warned me of the attack on Hogwarts, Harry Potter." Harry didn't even stand up just put his head on the table not wanting anyone to see his face.

“Come on Harry you did earn it didn’t you?” Hermione tried to get Harry to at least look up but failed.

“There is other bad news from the other attacks. I am sorry to say but the Bones, the Peachtree’s, the Dingot’s, and the recently pardoned Sirius Black were killed.” This brought Harry back to the world. “Their houses were targeted by the Death Eaters and the last one was with a friend when he was killed. I am sorry I couldn’t have done more, I should have seen this coming, but didn’t.” Dumbledore looked as though he was going to break, something Harry had never thought he would see. I am arranging for the Hogwarts Express to come early so you can all go home early, the ones that want to.” Dumbledore went to the staff table and sat down in his place. The staff table was missing people also, Professor Krats who was dead, Professor Snape who was still in the Infirmary, and Hagrid.

“Where do you think Hagrid is?” Hermione noticed Harry was back to the real world and tried to get him to talk.

“Probably burying Fang.” If there was anything left of him, Harry saw what the Manticore had done to the Trolls that had gotten in its way.

“We should go then, he would want us to, and we are his friends.” Hermione turned around and saw the Great Hall doors were still closed. “Maybe not.” Dumbledore stood up from his chair and gave one last announcement.

“The rest of the week will be for anything you want as long as it is on school grounds. Normally I would say take your free time to study but really that isn’t important right now, spending time with friends and classmates is. I need to see the remaining Prefects and the Head Girl before you leave.” Harry grabbed some toast and bacon eating it quickly.

“Hermione want to go with me to talk to Dumbledore? Then we can go see Hagrid.” Hermione nodded finishing the rest of her egg. The two went over to Dumbledore to see what he wanted.

“Harry Potter and Hermione Granger, you two are the main ones I needed to talk to. You will still be staying at Sirius’s house this summer; The Granger’s will be your guardians while there. Harry I am sorry that Sirius died but please don’t blame Remus, he already feels bad enough as it is even though he had no control of what he did.” This confused Harry.

“What do you mean? Why would I blame Remus?”

“Last night was the full moon, Remus uses the rooms at the Ministry they have for Werewolves who don’t have a dungeon to go to in their home. Your God Father was there in his other form to keep Remus company and to make sure he didn’t escape. When the Death Eaters attacked your God Father went to fight them, but before he could get out of the Werewolf area Voldemort was able to break the spells used to keep the doors locked, Remus escaped and attacked the closest person to him.” Harry couldn’t believe it, Remus killed Sirius, a Marauder had killed another Marauder, just like Wormtail and killed Prongs, and Moony had now killed Padfoot.

“But this can’t be true, Sirius had just been pardoned, I was going to live with him, I was going to have a dad, a house of my own to live in, a real family.” Harry knew Dumbledore wasn’t lying but he still couldn’t believe it. “You said Devin gave his life to protect Hogwarts but he was alive when we left him...”

“He isn’t dead but he isn’t alive, he is like a person who had their soul sucked out by a Dementor. He had special powers which gave him special problems, I am not sure he will ever wake up. I was also wanting to ask you Harry since you are Sirius’s closest family member if it would be alright for young Monica to stay with you and the Granger’s. I haven’t seen Sirius’s will yet but I don’t know who else he would have left his things to so I am assuming the house is yours.” Harry hadn’t thought about this, would he get Sirius’s house? He had never been there and now he might be the owner of it?

“I guess its ok, if Monica wants to. What about her dad? Doesn’t he live in America?” Dumbledore nodded.

“He can’t take them; his line of work in America makes it so he can’t have his family near him, at least not all the time, so I am asking you if Monica can stay with you. If her brother doesn’t recover he will stay here or at St. Mungos, if he does happen to pull a miracle and come out of his coma then he will live with you also.” Dumbledore waved his arm showing they could leave if they wanted. The two left the Great Hall and went towards where Hagrid’s cabin use to be.

“Hagrid?” Harry felt foolish calling out Hagrid’s name since Hagrid was big enough to be seen if he was there.

“ Maybe he went into the woods to bury Fang.” Hermione’s shoulders slumped and started to walk away.

“Hey you two shouldn’t you be in the castle?” Hagrid came out of the woods and walked over to them.

“We wanted to see you, thought you might be burying Fang and wanted to be there for it.” Hermione looked at the ground not wanting to look at Hagrid.

“Well I did that already, I already miss him.” Hagrid sniffed and tried to keep himself from crying in front of the two. I need wood for my hut though and went to get it, thanks for the thought though.” Hagrid set down the pieces of wood he had just gathered.

“Well is there any way we could help?” Harry couldn’t think of anything else to say or do.”

“You aren’t allowed in the woods and you know it. I need to get more wood though and don’t exactly have a place for you to sit and have some tea so you better head back to the castle.” Hagrid tried to smile but his heart wasn’t in it, his eyes were still red from crying over Fang. The two turned around and left for the castle.

“You’ve never been to Sirius’s house so I guess you don’t know how big it is.” Harry nodded. “Well at least I will get to be with my parents again, I miss them so much.” The two decided to go to the Common

Room and do nothing. In the Common Room Harry was barraged with questions from other students.

“Look everyone shut up and stop asking me about last night!” Harry got fed up with it and went to his room. Harry paced around the room not wanting to lay down in case he fell asleep, he didn’t need those dreams he had last night to come again, he didn’t need to see Ron laugh at him as he killed Cho again, as he killed Professor Krats again, the evil laugh that filled Harry’s ears when he fell asleep that night. Harry was so busy pacing and thinking he never heard the door open.

“Harry? Are you ok?” It was Hermione.

“What the hell do you think Hermione? I can’t go down to the Common Room without everyone asking me about what happened last night, I can’t sleep because my dreams are about last night, and I have no family left period! My brother is an evil bastard my God Father was killed by his best friend, and in a few days I get to go home to my house, not Sirius’s, mine. There is something else Ron told me, about you and me, but I don’t care about it anymore.” Harry wanted Hermione to leave, he wanted to be alone.

“If it involved you and me then I think you should tell me, if he said me and him did anything he was lying, I never did anything with him I swear Harry.” Hermione looked at her hands trying to keep Harry from looking into her eyes.

“No, he didn’t say that, he said he messed with both of us. He used Cho to spy on you when you were in Prefect meetings and in the Prefect Bathroom, and Ron spied on you when you were in the Common Room, it was those two who kept showing me you when I was knocked out. It was Ron who used a potion on us to make us break up, he did something to the cookies he gave us, but he gave them to the wrong people, he was trying to make it so I would hurt you and you would hate me, Ron was trying to hurt me without doing anything to me.” Hermione’s eyes got big at this news.



“You mean the reason I acted like that was because of Ron? The reason you didn’t like me anymore was because of some potion? But that takes advanced magic, skills we haven’t learned in school, damn it Ron could barely make it through Potions Class.”

“He was faking it, he didn’t care, and Ron knew he wouldn’t be around next year. He told me Voldemort had been giving him special training. I am sorry Hermione I let Ron do that to me, to you, I should have known something was wrong, I should have known...” Hermione put a finger on Harry’s lips to stop him from talking.

“How Harry? How could you have known? Don’t blame yourself for this Harry it wasn’t your fault.” Hermione hugged Harry hard and started crying; why she was Harry didn’t know.

“Are you ok Hermione? Everyone’s asked if I was alright but no one asked you, I’m sorry.” Harry hugged her back trying to comfort her.

“No Harry, you love me, I love you, it was those damn cookies that made you stop loving me.” This caught Harry off guard, what was she saying? “I hated you for rejecting me but you didn’t have a choice, it was whatever Ron put in the cookies that made you reject me. I still love you Harry, I will always love you, even when I hate you I will still love you.” Now Harry knew what she was saying.

“Wait Hermione, you don’t know what you are saying, think about it.” Harry pushed her away backing off into the wall behind him. “It may have been the cookies but you are just saying that because you are afraid of being alone. You can’t love me, because of me you have to stay at Sirius’s house instead of your own; you could have spent last summer with your parents on vacation but had to end it early because of your connection to me.” Harry didn’t want to say this, he wanted to tell her he still loved her but look at what happened to Ron.

“I don’t care Harry, a house is a house, and I will get to stay with my parents this summer, at your house. I love you Harry, don’t worry about what might happen since anything might happen. Please Harry tell me you love me too.” Hermione was close to pleading with Harry nearly breaking Harry. “I’m not afraid of being alone and I’m not afraid

of Voldemort or any of his followers, don't let them control you like this!" Harry wanted to say it, those three little words.

"Hermione I can't do that, I have to worry about who I care for, everyone I have cared for is dead, even ones I didn't like are dead because of me! Do you think I could stand losing you to the Death Eaters? Do you think I don't want to say those words? I want to Hermione but I can't, if I care about you then you will die." Harry was shocked by the slap but didn't say or do anything else.

"Then say them! I love you Harry and you just admitted you love me you just don't want to say the words. We will be living together this summer, we will have time to work on this, on us, we can do it Harry, don't let anyone stop something you want. Why not just give up on Quidditch? If you play in a game Voldemort might attack it, or if you work in the Ministry Voldemort might attack it, again, hell Voldemort might attack right now! You can't live your life on might's but on what is, and what is right now is my love for you, just say it back to me Harry, just say it back." Harry thought about it, Hermione was right, if he made a Quidditch team and played in a game the game would probably be attacked, would he stop playing Quidditch because of that?

"I don't know Hermione, I want to play Professional Quidditch but if it put other people in danger I guess I wouldn't play. Maybe over the summer we can do something together, go somewhere, and 'work' on this as you put it." Harry rubbed the back of his neck while Hermione stopped crying.

"Then say it, I know you love me just tell me you do."

"I, I..." Harry wanted to say it; he had it on the tip of his tongue. "I can't." Harry was still fighting inside his head, Hermione could defend herself, she wouldn't be corrupted like Ron was, she was a mud blood, not a pure blood, but she was in danger if he cared for her. She was already in danger though since she was a mud blood, and not doing something because Voldemort might do something because of it was letting Voldemort control his life. "Hermione, I need to think about this, you're right, I can't let Voldemort control me like

this but I can't put someone else in danger." Hermione turned on her heel and started to walk away. "Wait Hermione don't be mad I just..."

"Shut up! You tell me it was Ron's fault that we broke up, that it was him who fucked with us; you gave me hope that you still loved me then stomp on my heart! I love you Harry and damn it when you are ready to tell me that you love me too we can talk until then be safe and stop letting Voldemort control you!" Hermione slammed the door behind her storming down the stairs. Harry sat down on his bed resting his head in his hands trying to think. Hermione had to be mad if she said something like that, and it was his fault, he shouldn't have told her about it, he should have just let it go that Ron messed with him, with Hermione, and left Hermione alone.

"Damn it I need a break from this." Harry lay down on his bed staring at the ceiling. "Finding out I was a wizard was the greatest thing to happen to me, making friends, being loved, and now I wish I was still stuck under the stairs in the cupboard." Harry shut his eyes trying to meditate, trying to get all thoughts out of his, just four days until he goes home to a house he had never been to.

Harry got through the next few days trying not to scream at the top of his lungs about how unfair everything was. Hermione did talk to him but Harry was uncomfortable whenever she asked if he was done 'thinking'. Tomorrow would be his last day at Hogwarts for the year, he would go to his new home and try to live in a place Sirius had called home. Harry went to the Great Hall for dinner and sat next to Hermione. "So your parents are picking us up tomorrow?" Hermione nodded. Harry decided he would leave Hermione alone for the evening and just eat. Dumbledore got up for his last speech as Headmaster of Hogwarts still planning on leaving his post to Professor McGonagall.

"As the school year is ending a week early you will have an extra week at home with your family, spend this time wisely. In these dark times we must cherish the most precious things in life, our friends and family. The richest man can be poor if he has no one to share it with just as the poorest man can be rich if he has friends and family to be with." Harry was a little mad at Dumbledore for saying this, Harry was

rich but had no family, Harry went back to his food ignoring Dumbledore after a mumbled "Go away."

"Thankfully the Ministry has arrested many of Voldemort's followers leaving Voldemort without an army. This was due to the actions of Devin Starks and so will be getting the Order of Merlin, 3rd Class, from the Ministry early next month." Monica started to cry leaving the Great Hall. "Do not worry about Voldemort, do not worry about the Death Eaters, use this summer to get closer with your family and friends, use the time you have together as well as you can. For the students who took their NEWTs and OWLs this year good luck on your grades, for all students coming back next year I will miss being your Headmaster but I will not be leaving Hogwarts, your new Headmaster Professor McGonagall has already accepted my proposal to be Advisor and the new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher." This got Harry's attention, Dumbledore becoming a teacher? "This won't be a permanent job it will only be for a year and then we will have a new teacher to fill the position. Please enjoy this last meal together, remember the friends and family we lost this year, and try to get a good night's sleep." Dumbledore clapped his hands and the black banners hanging everywhere disappeared. Harry finished his food and left going to his room to finish packing. Going to bed that night Harry made a decision for tomorrow on what he would do to solve his problems.

The next morning Harry woke up throwing everything except Hedwig into his bottomless pouch including his trunk that he had shrunk the night before. Going down the stairs Harry went out to the train and found a place to sit since he wasn't busy loading his trunk. A few minutes later Hermione, Ginny, and Monica came into the car and sat down. "Thank you Harry for letting me stay with you, I wanted to stay at Hogwarts with my brother but Dumbledore said there wasn't any reason to, if Devin came back to us he would, if he didn't, well, I shouldn't sit around the castle all summer." Harry didn't reply.

"I hope you are still coming to the wedding Harry, Bill and Fleur are hoping you could be one of the Groomsman." Ginny sat next to Monica talking to her as the train left the station.

“Well Harry my parents won't be waiting for us on the platform, I tried to explain it to them but they don't understand about how the platform is only accessible by magical people. They are using a Ministry car so we will have plenty of room for our things.” Harry ignored her, he really didn't care. The train went on its way as Harry sat there ignoring everyone around him. Luna came in and tried to talk to him but Harry ignored her. The train pulled into the station stopping and letting the students off. “Harry after you get your things wait at the entrance for me ok?” Harry nodded and walked off the train. This was it, if he did this next part of his plan he would be free. Checking that his bottomless pouch was still on him Harry walked towards the exit. Walking through Harry looked around saw a Ministry car and people he figured would be Hermione's parents looking around the Muggle train station. Harry walked the opposite way leaving the wizarding world behind.

A/N This is it, the last chapter of my version of Book 5. Look for the sequel to this called “Harry Potter and The Other World”. Not sure when I will put it up though, just started working on it. Wow, I just sat and typed for over four hours, got two chapters up in one day! Thanks for reading, and please leave reviews!

Also I am now re-doing my first few chapters. Most will notice my writing style changed at uh, chapter 10. I am now going through early chapters and correcting them, also correcting words, sentences, so forth.

A/N Part Duex: Read my reviews and figured I would answer them, kind of.

law916: Thanks for reading! Glad to know you enjoyed it.

Garfie2000: Same thing as above.

firemoonhalk(not logged in): Thanks, and I am following Microsoft word on the to/too.

Steelfether: I don't plan on getting bored any time soon with writing. Also I will reveal who she is in book 7, maybe late book 6.

lost123: Don't worry not going to stop any time soon.

Yami Sora: I am correcting the early chapters so that should help and make sure to catch Harry Potter and the Other World. Also, trying to think how characters would act in a new situation was hard, but with Hermione she is into books, if you can't learn it from books she usually can't do it, like flying a broom, so I figured she would be more comfortable going to an adult place to read books on what to do then trying to do things without research. Also, the Dursleys? Like I said in the book, and I think read in five, as long as Harry didn't blow something up they acted as though his room didn't exist, so a witch in the guest room wouldn't exist either. Also they were paying to get the yard done professionally(Those guys got paid a lot better then I ever have, I think, not sure how pounds transfer into American cash) and Harry wasn't in the house so why would they care? As long as he didn't say the 'M' word.

Jestaman: Keep reading to find out! And yes I killed people, coldly, no mercy, but Death Eaters show no Mercy and I hate Ron so made him evil.

poorman89: Only other good HP FF I know of is the one I'm writing. I had the same problem you did, I read two and they sucked so I used my own ideas and made my own story.

Thanks Everyone!

A/N Part Twa Ok, people in and have asked me, What about this, how that happen, when.... Now some is answered in later books, but for curious to lazy to read them...

Harry Builds Muscles in only a couple weeks instead of months. Answered in Bad Wish.

Hermione rapes Harry but he is mad at himself! She didn't, as answered in this same book, they were both drugged. It wasn't until Harry's love for Hermione fought off the potion that his magic went crazy and Harry ended up in the hospital.

Sirius Pinned Harry's arms, how? Magic! Do you think someone like Sirius with as much skill and magic, far more than Harry, couldn't do it? Also Harry was trying to calm himself down at the moment and didn't think about resisting to the full extent.

Any teenage boy gets a girl naked in the shower he will take it! Not so fast, Harry is not a normal boy. Do you think he had any experience with this? Unlike most kids growing up, having a childhood crush, or playing "I'll show you what I got if you show me what you got" and being normal period Harry didn't. Not just being a wizard but Dudley, and the Dursley's, kept anything like that from happening. Also Harry was too good at the time, he was scared, and he loved Hermione too much to do so. In the story there is the scene where Hermione who is breaking down after Harry refuses her advancement asks "What's wrong with me? Is it this or that" so forth" Harry says that he loved her, not what they did. It was a cop out mostly to keep from doing anything he was too scared to do.

Harry earned way too much for the job he was doing. I have no idea the exchange rate is, also, you can get a triple whopper for 3.95 around here, or get pretty much the same burger at Ralphies for 5.99. You can get a hair cut at Bo Rics for 11 dollars or go to a big fancy hair salon and spend a hundred dollars for the same hair cut. The Dursley's are the kind of people to spend a hundred dollars for a hair cut, unless it was Harry then they just chop at it themselves.

Why does Harry apologize for things he didn't do, or something that he shouldn't apologize for? Well if you read Other World and Bad Wish will get a clearer picture... But if Voldemort sneezes Harry blames himself, it was his blood that brought Voldemort back, therefore ANYTHING Voldemort does Harry blames himself. Even if it isn't, he still does. But... you have to read the others to find out more on that. Also, to a certain person, Cynthia 1850, Hermione learns from books. Why she can't fly a broom, and why she broke into a particular store to read some of the books you could only get in that kind of place. This helps her with school work, but in life it hurts her. Also she has low self esteem about herself, with anything outside of school. She wants to make Harry happy but she doesn't know what will. She sees/hears the girls around her doing things and wants to do them with Harry because she thinks it will make him happy, love her

more. Also at the time that certain incident happens as readers now know she was drugged, with the wrong cookie. Harry was supposed to get the cookie Hermione got, making him 'want' her so badly as to lose control while she was supposed to get the cookie Harry got, making her dislike Harry, so Harry would hurt her in a way it would get Harry sent to Azkaban.



## UPDATE

Ok, I am going over my past chapters and fixing everything. This was my first story so the grammar is horrible I know. I am going over and fixing it. Three chapters done as this goes up. Thanks for reading and reviewing!